TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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WILLIAM TAIT, EDINBURGH;

SIMPKIN & MARSHALL LONDON; AND JOHN CUMMING, DUBLIN.

1832.

In a Postscript to our Sixth Number, for September, we addressed a few words to the Ministry, intended as a friendly warning of the consequence to themselves and the country, of their continuing to walk in the way of their Tory predecessors. That there are excellent men among them, we know. But we also know that there are enemies of the people in their ranks,—Tories in reality, whatever they may call themselves; whose influence has, in some instances, neutralized, in others overpowered, the good intentions of their liberal compeers. Looking at the manifestations of the general Ministerial will, we are almost ready to suppose that Ministers have, as a body, interpreted the universal cry for "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," too literally; and that having given us the Bill,—the whole Bill,—they intend to give us *nothing but the Bill*. We assure them, that if they have so understood the popular cry, they have made an unlucky mistake. However, if they will take the serious additional warning we give them in our leading article, this month, all will yet be well; and they may rely upon the support of nearly the whole nation against their inveterate enemies, the Tories and the Court.

In our Article, last month, on "Cheap Periodicals," we mentioned that "The Schoolmaster" had been so short a time "abroad," that it was impossible to predict what its success would be. We have now great pleasure in being able to add that this cheap weekly periodical has proved worthy of the high character we gave its conductor; and that the merits of the work have been already recognized by the public over all Scotland. There is no ordinary talent employed in the composition and selection of "the Schoolmaster." And the intention of the work, (instruction of the kind most wanted by the people, as well as amusement,) is worthy of the talent. We anticipate much good to the working people, from the circulation of this new periodical among them.

An address, signed by the Lord Provost, in the name of the inhabitants of Edinburgh, has been presented to the Ex-King of France, on his departure from this city. In this address we assure our readers in distant parts, the inhabitants, generally, did not concur. Indeed, few of them knew anything of such an address until the Edinburgh Newspapers told them that it had been presented. Its being signed by our Chief Magistrate, goes for nothing. That functionary was not elected by his fellow citizens; but is the head of a close Corporation, which has long ridden the city of Edinburgh, but which will speedily be thrown off, and with as much satisfaction as ever oppressed animal dropt its heavy load of rubbish.

We look, with great interest, on the canvassing that is now going on over the whole country for seats, in the New Parliament. In our succeeding Numbers we mean to indulge in a little speculation as to what sort of Parliament is promised by the character of the candidates in the field, and their reception by the Electors. In the success of the candidates, of liberal principles, especially those who seek the good of the country, independently of party, we take a lively interest, and shall be glad to say all the good we know of any of them. At present we shall only notice one candidate,—a man according to our own heart, Mr. John Arthur Roebuck, one of the candidates for Bath. We know him well; and can assure the people of Bath that they will have just cause to be proud of their representative. There will be few members in the House more distinguished either for natural abilities, profound knowledge, as a lawyer and politician, steadfast principles, or earnest devotion to the public cause.

A very full Index to our first volume shall be given with No VIII.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several papers which were meant for insertion in this number have been postponed for want of room. The Contributions sent us are so numerous, that we can insert only a small proportion of them. We entreat our Correspondents to excuse our not doing what is impossible, inserting the materials of several Numbers in one. Several articles by our most esteemed regular contributors are among those postponed.

TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

THE MINISTRY AND THE PEOPLE.

It is high time that the present Ministers should be distinctly informed of the relation in which they stand, as well to their old opponents, as to the people at large. Their situation is a peculiar one in the annals of this country; and from many circumstances which have lately occurred, it is plain that they by no means understand its difficulties, or seem prepared to pursue that line of conduct which, on this trying occasion, can alone save them from defeat and disgrace. It is in no spirit of hostility that we now speak of them. *Our* part (and we are of the people) is not difficult of comprehension. Whatever may be the fate of the present Administration, *that* will remain unchanged. The objects we have to attain, will be more easy of attainment, should this administration still continue; therefore, though under every contingency our purposes and conduct will remain unchanged, we are desirous of maintaining the present state of the Government. Let not, therefore, that party which has taken to itself the comfortable appellation of *moderate*, believe us to be their enemies. Desiring their continuance in office, we are about to give them wholesome warning.

The present Ministry, then, should understand, that the conquest of the Reform Bill was no *party* achievement. It was not a victory of the Whigs over the Tories; of one portion of the aristocracy over another. Its purpose was not to benefit any mere section of the nation. The victory was one of the friends of good Government over those of bad Government; of the people over the aristocracy; and its purpose was the well-being of the whole. The ministers, whatever may be their own opinion of the matter, were not the chief actors of the drama; they were merely the ministerial instruments of that great whole, the nation. They might, and did in some cases, give expression to the popular will; but they acted in the subordinate capacity of servants to that will. Some there are, who have dared to lay this fact to their charge, and as matter of reproach. They who have shamelessly deemed that Government was not a trust, but a heritage; who have considered the people as an estate, to be worked for their own peculiar benefit; these people acted

consistently, when they sneered at the Ministers for obeying the voice of the nation. Such virtuous obedience they naturally considered folly, having always preferred the part of dishonest and idle masters to that of industrious and honest servants. But the ministers, by seeming to feel this accusation as a reproach, will assuredly give a handle to their enemies; who, without hesitation, will assert that they are either imbecile or knavish. This repudiation of their true office, it will be said by their enemies, proves either that they know not their true position, and then are they imbecile; or that knowing it, they endeavour to escape from its obligations, and to deceive the people, and then it will be said they are knavish. To avoid these charges, they must steadily accept the taunts of their opponents; they must acknowledge that they are acting as the servants of the people. They must intrench them in this position, and then will they be inexpugnable.

If the present Ministry be considered in the light of a section of the aristocracy, seeking aristocratic purposes, and acting by aristocracy rules, then must every one, of common sagacity, perceive that their power is a mere shadow, and as compared with that of their opponents, thoroughly contemptible. The Tories (it is utter childishness to deny the fact,) are in truth the aristocracy. They correctly represent the feelings of the class, as a class; they are backed by them; they are distinctly their acknowledged agents; and on this account alone, they would be formidable. But they are powerful on other grounds. They are not numerically strong; but they are enormously rich. They thus are not disturbed by a multiplicity of councils; and what they resolve to attempt, lags not for want of money support. Moreover, the Tories, from long experience, are admirable men of business in their vocation; or, speaking more correctly, they have hired and framed for themselves men admirably fitted for the offices which they impose on them. We must not judge of the party by some of its noisy, empty mouth-pieces. Sir Charles Wetherell, for example, is merely the buffoon of the party, and is no more a correct specimen of them than would a court fool be of a court. It must be acknowledged, that in permitting his extravagancies, the Tories did not wisely. The people generally felt that such antics as he exhibited were not in accordance with the place in which they were enacted. The permission by the party of such absurdities, appeared a wanton insult; "and sober citizens sighed to see such subjects turned to farce." In the employment of this man, as well as that of that other jack-pudding, Dr. Croker, they seem to have erred like Napoleon at Waterloo, through confusion of ideas, brought on by the mighty crisis of their fate. Their admirable dexterity deserted them in these instances: but generally speaking, they are, that is, they who direct the machinery of the party, shrewd men of business, wily politicians; cool, subtle, and unprincipled; shrinking from nothing, because it may be base or dishonourable; (nothing being so considered among them, which is necessary for their safety and well-being;) dexterous in the management of fallacies, and thoroughly trained to ready unblushing assertion. In the conducting of official business, they are ready, clear-headed, and regular. Thus are they well fitted for party warfare. The Ministers, on the other hand, if we view them as a mere party, are in all these cases, immeasurably inferior. Not one of the whole party has been accustomed steadily to business. They have been trained merely to opposition; to desultory attack, not to systematic conduct of any sort. They possess not the art of dexterous imposition: whatever

their will may be, they fail wretchedly in putting a decent covering over knavery. As a party, too, they are feeble in influence. The aristocracy feel that the steady pursuit of aristocratic objects by Tory ministration is what they, the aristocracy, ought really to desire; and they believe the fencing of the Whigs, their bastard liberality, their wordy appeals to popular influence, to be a very dangerous mode of proceeding. It in no measure meets with their approbation. They never have given, they never will give, their hearty support to those who adopt it. It has been the fashion to speak highly of the talents of some of the more distinguished of the Whigs; and to believe that the showy qualities of these leaders would overbalance the less imposing, but far more serviceable fitness of their opponents. The event has not answered this expectation. In every matter of mere detail, they have been signally defeated. As a striking instance, the timber question may be cited; one in which they were right in principle; one in which every argument was in their favour: and yet so badly was every part of the business managed, that they experienced a marked defeat. In truth, on every matter, with the single exception of the Reform Bill, they have been in exquisite terror lest they should be left in a minority. They possess not skill in the training of ministerial majorities; so that where the majority is not made by the voice of the imperious multitude out of doors, defeat stares them in the face. The showy oratory, and power of vituperation, possessed by some of them, have been much overrated. A little talent and a good deal of courage, always sets at nought a mere talker; so that nothing has resulted from this boasted superiority, except some exceedingly unworthy vapouring, in which common sense and common decency have been forgotten. The Whigs then, as a party depending on themselves, that is, on a portion of the aristocracy for support, cannot, for a moment, hope to hold the situations which they now fill. How, then, it may be asked, have they contrived to retain their position during the last two years? The answer to this question will explain the true situation of the present Government, and point to the only means by which they can hope to continue in existence.

The present ministers have been maintained in office, solely to carry the Reform Bill. They have been supported by the people against the aristocracy; and have been thus supported because in this one case they have really forwarded the interests of the people. This great measure has been to the existing ministry, their safeguard; it has shielded them from the consequences of all their various manifold blunders; it has shored up and maintained the tottering fabric of their power, and rendered utterly ineffective the attacks of their opponents.

The feeling and conduct of the people on this measure deserve attentive consideration. They mark well the position of opposing parties, and must give every lover of his country confidence in our future safety and success. They plainly prove the people clear-sighted and prudent. A knowledge of their wants, a thorough understanding of who are their enemies, and of the mode in which those enemies are to be combated, is possessed by the people. This clear-sightedness and prudence have hitherto saved the present ministers. But the Reform Bill is now passed; and the same virtues on the part of the people, unless the ministers again distinctly come forward as their advocates and servants, will quickly place them in a position by no means agreeable to persons fond of the power and emoluments of office.

The Ministry ought to know that the time for party warfare has gone

past; that a greater contest has now begun; and that they have been saved by placing themselves at the head of one of the great contending interests. The people, as a body, are now banded together to obtain good government. They fight not now in the character of partisans of the aristocracy; this ignorant herd for the Whigs, that other equally ignorant for the Tories; but they fight for themselves. The war is declared between the people on the one hand, and those who maintain old abuses on the other. The result of the contest is certain. The people will triumph; but they have a hard battle yet to go through. If the ministers will frankly put themselves at the head of this national movement, they are safe; let them hesitate or palter but an instant, and their doom is sealed.

If any one will attentively consider the nature of the objects now generally sought by those who take part in political matters, he will not fail to perceive that this is the true character of the contest. The Reform Bill has been sought only as a means, as a step to further reforms; reforms as well in the frame of our government, that which is usually termed the constitution, as in the various laws which emanate from the legislature for our general guidance. The first grand object now so constantly insisted on, viz. the Ballot,—what does that aim at? The placing the control of the legislature completely in the hands of the people; which signifies (using a converse expression) taking the government out of the hands of those who now hold it, viz. the aristocracy. Why is there so general a demand for popular instruction, but that the people understand that to be strong they must be instructed? They know that ignorance has been the great friend of misrule, of those who have thriven by misrule; again the aristocracy. What is the general attack now made upon all monopolies but a part of that universal war declared against all privileges unjustly usurped from the people. The attack against monopolies is, in fact, an attack against that portion of misrule which results from creating trading aristocracies; these being among the worst branches of a very bad fraternity. The cry for law reform, for a reduction of taxation, for a general revision of the church establishment, are also important portions of this same great contest: the people being resolved, that law, religion, and office generally, shall be employed for legitimate purposes, viz. the good of the nation; and not as they hitherto have been, as fruitful sources of revenue to an idle and dissipated aristocracy. Party watchwords are not now used: in every case, the things implied being deemed the important matter, not the mere emotions which become connected with favourite phrases. Another peculiarity connected with this struggle, is, that no individuals are bound up with it. It depends, not on this or that person for its success or favour. No one now amongst us is a popular idol, whom the multitude worship, and whose success is the great object of their endeavours. The men now in favour with the public are all, without one exception, thus favoured merely as useful means to the end ever constantly and definitely kept in view, viz., the attainment of good government. So long as they prove themselves useful to this end, so long are they popular; the moment that it is plain, that they are useless or mischievous, that moment they cease to engage the good will of the public. Some striking instances have been afforded, during the late contest, of rapid changes in public estimation, grounded on this principle of judging; and the gradual, but steadily progressive decline of the popularity

of the Ministers during the latter part of the session, is another important illustration of the same state of feeling.*

There are some, doubtless, who will take this occasion of making much of that hackneyed commonplace, the ingratitude of the people. We shall have our feelings appealed to, in behalf of the ill-used Ministry. It will be said that having rendered a great service to the people, they should have been rewarded by the confidence and gratitude of the nation. It will also be averred, that the populace are, as usual, fickle and untrustworthy; and, then, there will be much solemn nonsense talked, respecting the empty nature of popular favour, and the folly of desiring it. This talk would never have been engendered had a correct public morality been common among politicians and political writers. These persons have hitherto supposed themselves conferring favours, when they have been simply doing their duty. To the people, however, as a whole, they never seem to understand themselves as lying under any obligation. Had the case been a private one, had they become servants of a private person, and charged with a private trust, they would perceive, that to fulfil that trust was a matter of strict *obligation* on their part, and that their employer had a *right* to demand such performance: that to fail in the performance of their obligation was a criminal breach of duty: that merely not to fail in it, demanded no applause. Being employed by a private individual, would they, on performing part of their trust, claim the eternal gratitude of their employer, and demand immunity for all future dereliction? Would they consider their employer ungrateful, should he refuse to accede to such preposterous demands? Mr. Thompson, the haberdasher, has a foreman, who, during the first six months of his employment, behaves with care, diligence, and foresight. By this proper fulfilment of his duty, he puts the affairs of Mr. Thompson, which had hitherto been directed by a set of knavish servants, into somewhat better order; but, during the seventh month of his employment, he becomes a drunkard, careless, and at length robs the till. Mr. Thompson wisely discharges him. Now fancy the discarded foreman thus eloquent against the ingratitude of the said Thompson. "This is another foul instance of a master's (popular) ingratitude. How weak is that foreman (Minister) who would seek to gain his master's (the people's) favour. To-day he basks in sunshine: to-morrow, on a sudden, come storms and terrible disasters. The idol of his master's (the people's) worship is cast down. The giddy, fickle master (people) treads into the dust the object of his former fondest smiles; and with base ingratitude, and without a pang, consigns him to poverty and disgrace. &c. &c." We need not continue the oration further. In the case of Mr. Thompson, every one would scout the ranting knave; in that of the people, the self-same drivelling would be deemed pathetic eloquence. Some Mitford would be found to indulge in bitter reproach of *democratic* ingratitude, and to transform the recreant Minister into the unhappy victim of a people's folly. The conduct that in Mr. Thompson would gain him the character of a prudent master, would bring down unalloyed reproach on the *demos* of Athens, or the people of England.

The people of England, however, are luckily possessed of too much sense to be thus talked out of their intentions. They have determined

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* We shall immediately remark on the circumstances which led to the diminution of the Ministers' popularity.

REPAIRED

to obtain for themselves a good government, and to allow no one to remain quietly in office who will not strenuously assist them in their purpose. They well know that names have nothing to do with the present contest. They understand that an enemy to good government can as easily be called a Whig as a Tory; and, moreover, they have a growing jealousy that all parties, formed from the Aristocracy, must possess aristocratic feelings, and, consequently, be opposed to the demands of the people. A very little want of straight-forwardness and zeal in their cause, will be sufficient to create in them distrust of Aristocratic leaders; and then the Ministers will, in their turn, discover the strength of popular opposition.

We may here be asked, why we thus indulge in these warnings, and, by our fears cast odium on the existing Ministry. Candidly, then, if we are compelled to confess, we, being of the people, feel as they do; *we* are jealous and distrustful; and, moreover, believe that we can shew our fears not to be wholly groundless. The generality of mankind do not pay to political matters attention sufficient to enable them to anticipate a very distant future. Those, however, whose whole life is passed in political investigations, become far-sighted; and events appear to them certain, long before their accomplishment is dreamed of, by others less conversant. In the present case, however, we hardly precede the popular feeling. Distrust begins very distinctly to be entertained by the people at large; and we are doing no more than giving it expression. Let us not be misunderstood, and thus appear to speak contradictions. We must distinguish between the feelings of the people as regards government generally, and as regards the present Ministers particularly. The jealousy respecting aristocratic rule above spoken of, and the determination of the people to combat for themselves alone, and not for any party, is a feeling of some years standing. It has long been in existence, and often expressed. Here we are not in advance of the general opinion. Besides this general distrust, however, there has, within the last few months, been gradually arising a feeling of doubt as to the party now in power. This mistrust, though becoming general, is new; it has not hitherto been stated in very express or definite terms; and therefore, to a certain extent, we may be said in this case to be somewhat in advance of the public. For the moment, we acknowledge the charge. We have looked with some care on political changes; have watched the signs by which they have been preceded and attended; and, like experienced sailors, we can predict a storm some time before it actually occurs. In the conduct of the Ministers, there have appeared many circumstances of late of an exceedingly doubtful character. For these, various excuses have been advanced; excuses which have now so often been called into play, that they also begin to be viewed with distrust. Their conciliation, as regards the enemies of the people, assumes the appearance of friendship, while their austerity towards the people themselves is very like bitter hostility; every where Tories are preferred to office, while liberal opinions are the sure means of disfavour. The desire of the nation to obtain good government is constantly thwarted by the machinations of their enemies thus placed in power; and the supposed good intentions of the Ministers themselves rendered nought by the same means. Of what use are professions thus constantly belied?

In support of these general assertions, it is easy to bring forward specific evidence.

The first circumstance to which we shall allude, is the case of Somer-

ville; and we do so because it evinces, in a remarkable manner, the conduct of the Government towards the Tories; and the next in order will be the affair at Clitheroe, because that marks their conduct towards the people.

A private soldier chooses to write a letter on the subject of dispersing the people, and therein very properly expresses repugnance to the task of riding down and sabring his fellow-countrymen. For this offence, a pretext having been found, he is flogged.* By whom? By a Tory major. Thus we see the Tory party, when they have the power, flog one of the people for attempting to thwart their charitable purpose of slaughtering their fellow-citizens. No one can accuse them of a desire to conciliate, or any hesitation in following out their intentions. What do the Whigs,—they, who, for the time being, are the leaders of the people,—on this occasion? Do they resent the vengeance thus taken? do they punish the offender? No. They have a Court of Inquiry, formed of officers of the Major's way of thinking, who very coolly tell the Major he was a fool for letting out the real reason for flogging the private soldier; but though they accuse him of folly, they say his honour is untouched, that he is as much a soldier and a gentleman as before. For aught we know, this may be true. In the code of a soldier and a gentleman it would seem that brutality is thought no blemish: acting as a judge and creating false pretences, is thought no crime. Really, after this code, Major Wyndham, we dare say, is a soldier and a gentleman. But did the Whig Ministry dismiss him? No. The Tory Court of Inquiry having determined that the Tory delinquent had behaved only with a little indiscretion, there the matter as regarded the Major ended. But what happened to Somerville? Why, he was permitted to buy his discharge, giving, it is said, £30 for the same; but lest this friend of his class, this man who did not altogether like the Tory service of hunting his defenceless countrymen, lest this fellow should escape with impunity, a libel on his character is read at the head of the regiment. He is accused of sowing sedition among the troops.† To say that you dislike cutting your neighbour's throat, riding down and trampling under foot his wife and children, is seditious. This, too, under the Ministry, who are a Ministry only because the people have been their friends. Lord Hill is the person who has enacted the latter part of this affair, and throughout he has been actively engaged in defeating the object of inquiry. We know, and defy any one to disprove what we assert, that some of the Ministers were honestly intent on having this matter sifted to the bottom. Sir John C. Hobhouse took immense pains to obtain the Court of Inquiry, and even went so far as

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* It may be said that the sentence of the court disproved this assertion. We shall be plain-spoken on this occasion. The sentence of the court has had no such effect. No man of common sense doubts that Somerville was flogged because he wrote his famous letter; and all the swearing to the contrary will never persuade any one that such was not the fact.

† If Lord Hill, the author of this letter, had been Somerville, we suppose he would have received a second flogging on this occasion; and certainly, if flogging be in any case admissible, with justice. The Court of King's Bench would have permitted a criminal information to be filed against the libeller, should the actors change places. Would they do so now? Would they grant such a favour to Somerville against Lord Hill? Certainly not. And yet we are said to live in a country where to the poor and the rich man the law is equal. Do we not live among a nation of hypocrites?

to threaten a resignation unless it were granted. He also had to watch with the greatest care the composition of that court; and yet, in spite of his efforts, which were in the highest degree praiseworthy, he and the rest of the liberal portion of the Ministry were defeated. Why was this? Because they permit men like Lord Hill, men inimical to a liberal policy, to hold high and powerful offices among them. In answer to this, it is observed, that it is advisable not to mix up the affairs of the army with political matters. We care not how advisable this course may be; what we assert is, that it is impossible. The army is a political machine; it is maintained purely for political purposes; and the mode of its employment is of the deepest import to the whole of the political affairs of this country. Did the Tories, when they were in power, consider it requisite to separate the army from the Government? Did they employ for its guidance persons of principles opposed to their own? Never. Why, then, do the present Ministers retain such persons as Lord Hill? Here is a case in which they themselves had every desire to act properly, yet, from their absurd spirit of conciliation, have they incurred immense odium. They are generally believed to have shielded Major Wyndham; to have wished to smother inquiry, and to have been careless as to the ill-treatment of the soldier. Yet we have every reason to believe, having evidence not before the public, that such was not the case. Lord Hill has been the real actor on the occasion, and has managed adroitly to throw the whole odium consequent on the transaction on the shoulders of the Ministers. If they be wise, and take warning from this instance, they will immediately rid themselves of the encumbrance of such a compeer as Lord Hill.* Their weakness in these matters is quite as mischievous as the most determined hostility.*

Now comes the affair at Clitheroe. We have seen the amazing lenity shown to Major Wyndham. We have seen, that a Tory ill-treating a private soldier, one of the people; that is, for shamefully, barbarously ill-treating him, has received no punishment. Now, then, let us turn our eyes to the noisy multitude of Clitheroe. They, forsooth, make a noise; and not liking Mr. Irving's proceedings, or his eloquence, refuse to listen to his oratory. This is said to be very unjust; and there is much idle talk of the freedom of debate, &c. It was not a matter of debate, be it remembered. Mr. Irving came to solicit suffrages; and the people took this way of telling him that they had no good opinion of his qualifications. On this the said gentleman grows furious; and, because the people would not listen, he rides them down, shoots and sabres them, with the aid of a party of soldiers. The soldiers and Mr. Irving are left unpunished. Now, mark the mode in which people will reason on the subject of using the army in this way. There are three pregnant circumstances connected with this question; two we have already mentioned; the third makes the chain complete: we mean the treatment, the severe inquisition of poor Colonel Brereton.

"It may be observed, (suppose one of the people now speaking,) from

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* It is more than probable that the back-stairs influence which prevented the creation of Peers, may retain Lord Hill in office against the will of Lord Grey. Should this be the case, we shall not hesitate to address a dutiful remonstrance to the King. These are not times for ceremony. We would counsel Lord Grey not to conceal the fact, if he is thwarted by the King in this matter. His Government would lose no strength by such an avowal; for that he and the more liberal members of the Cabinet are disliked at Court, is no secret; while the avowal of his wish to dismiss Lord Hill, would greatly add to the support he receives from the country.—E. T. M.

all these proceedings, that there is a strong feeling of animosity in the ministerial mind against the people, and of friendship towards those who oppose them. We see, and so must every one who has common sense, the nature of the great struggle now going on. We, the people, are on one side; they, the aristocracy, are on the other. The Ministers well know that this is the case; and, knowing it, how have they acted? A commanding officer evinces great repugnance to slaughtering his fellow-citizens; he does all in his power to avert the shedding of their blood; he acts in a truly humane and patriotic spirit. What is the consequence to him? He is pursued by a severe inquisition. He sees arrayed against him furious partisans of those who delight in trampling the people under foot; he sees ruin and disgrace coming on him for his humanity; and in despair, he puts an end to his existence. Thus is he a fearful warning to all soldiers who, hereafter, shall exhibit sympathy with the suffering people." "That is an unfair inference," says a friend of moderation. "Is it so?" says the sharp-sighted plebeian; "then let us see whether other facts will accord with, or oppose it. Not long after, a private soldier, in a letter, expresses the same feelings as those on which poor Colonel Brereton acted. He manifests humanity, and repugnance to butchery. He is immediately flogged; disgraced by the infliction of a degrading punishment; lowered to the condition of a slave; treated like a brute animal; robbed of the dignity of his nature, and branded with eternal infamy. I speak not of the mere physical suffering; I think of his mental agony; I see him choke with the stifling feelings of shame and horror. 'Tis the deadly sickening of his manly heart, when he beholds the ghastly preparations for his ignominious punishment, that I contemplate. Good God! has this man friends? has he a mother, a brother, sister, or wife? Can a gentleman, a man of honour, delight in harrowing up every tender, every generous feeling, by such brutal infliction? Can it be believed that a deadly desire of revenge haunts not the poor victim of this fearful system? There are men who, with steady, concentrated, calculating vengeance, would pursue the authors of these atrocities the wide world over; men, whose purposes no time would alter, nought but death could satisfy. Against the steadfast wrath of such men the world would offer no asylum; mankind in arms, and on the watch, would be no safeguard. Is it not wonderful, under such circumstances, that men can be found possessed of blind fool-hardiness sufficient to inflict such punishments? Let me, however, return from this digression, and make the case bear upon my reasoning. I put Somerville's case by the side of Colonel Brereton's. I find the self-same offence visited in the self-same spirit, with signal punishment. Is it strange, that my former conclusion or inference should be strengthened? The case, however, ends not here. The people at Clitheroe are ridden down. Now, here are soldiers and officers acting in the spirit opposite to that of Brereton and Somerville. Are they punished? Is a scrutinizing court-martial held over them? Do they see the people arrayed as witnesses, and the Ministers, the people's friends, as counsel against them? No, they see none of these things. They are allowed to go unmolested; knowing that they have the cordial approbation of Lord Hill, whatever the Ministers may think of the matter." Looking at the Ministry as a whole, and without reference to one or two of its members, we are compelled to say, that these inferences seem but too correct.

These, however, are hot the only circumstances which have induced

our suspicions, as respects the future conduct of the present Ministers. Among their other declarations, the one for which they most obtained the good will of the thinking part of their fellow-countrymen, was that in which they stated that they were hostile to all checks upon the diffusion of knowledge. They promised, solemnly promised, (Lord Althorp cannot deny this,) to take off all imposts which prevented instruction. When this solemn promise was made, the Ministers were actually dependent for their very existence, as Ministers, on the good opinion of the people? Had they, then, been unsupported by the popular voice, they would not have remained an hour in office. They knew this. In order to gain the all-important support of the people, they promised to their leaders this great boon.* The news went abroad to every part of the country, and was hailed as a sure sign of the good intentions of the Whigs. It was said, that they were not mere vulgar politicians; claims of a higher order were advanced on their account, and the world were not unwilling to admit them. But what has been the result of these great professions? Absolutely nothing. The Ministers have been two years in office, and those acts which were passed by Lord Castlereagh, in the most doubtful and distressed times of our history,—acts that disgrace even the statute-book, viz. the Six Acts, as they are called, are still unrepealed.† Nothing could exceed the indignation of the Whigs on the passing of them. Destruction was foretold by every loud-tongued orator of the day. There was much commonplace rhetoric thrown away on what they were pleased to consider and call our liberties. Yet, when they have power, the same foul blot remains. Under what pretence? The revenue is talked of; and Lord Althorp is ready, as usual, to say that he is not prepared to admit the change; he does not know that evil might not arise from their repeal. We distinctly say, this is a subterfuge. These acts were imposed expressly to keep instruction from the people. Lord Castlereagh in no degree hid his purpose. The Whigs of that day taunted him, abused him, raved about the atrocity of the act. With what conscience can they now talk about them as mere matters of revenue? Place the question for a moment on this ground, however. Are the Ministers prepared to defend the taxing of knowledge? Are they ready to take their stand with the herd of vulgar politicians, and declare that they think an ignorant can ever be a happy people? As a matter of revenue, do they pretend to assert that instruction is not the best police officer, the best judge, and thus the most efficient economist of expense? Out upon such sorry drivelling! The Government exists, not to maintain great offices, and to pay large salaries, and hear people talk nonsense in the House of Commons. Government exists in order that

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* The radical members of the House of Commons, on this express promise, postponed the agitation of the question. At the time, the postponement seemed to us unwise; for then, as now, we doubted the sincerity of such suspicious promises, made for the sake of delay. However, we appeal to Mr. Warburton and Mr. Hume in support of our statements, as regards Lord Althorp's solemn promise on the occasion; and we ask them, whether they did not consent to delay, on the faith of such promise?

† It cannot be said for Ministers, that they have not had time or opportunity for abating the Taxes on Knowledge. They have more to answer for, as to this matter, than merely omitting to do what they ought to have done. The Taxes on Knowledge were fairly brought under consideration, in the House of Commons, by Mr. H. Lytton Bulwer; and his good intentions were defeated by Ministerial influence, more than once plainly exhibited. E. T. M.

the people may be happy; and this they cannot be unless they are instructed. The first great duty of a Government, one as compared with which all others sink into insignificance, is to educate the people. One of the most efficient means to this great end is, to permit the free circulation of cheap publications. In consequence of the immensely increased power of machinery, and the growing feeling existing among the more highly instructed, that increased knowledge among the people is our surest means of defence against despotism, and anarchy, and popular imprudence, it would be possible to spread over every part of the country, to put into every man's hand, books which would instruct every class in the great duties of their several stations. We might soon have a people who would obey the law from reason and love; who would guard against misfortune by steady prudence; who would derive their pleasure from intellectual sources, and not the gratification of their brute appetites. Every thing proves that this would soon take place. The popular mind is in a ferment for instruction. The people actually pant for knowledge; and would hail, as their best friend, him who would sedulously convey it to them. This time of ardent desire is trifled away by a pence-shillings-and-pound calculation, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer; a calculation as false in its result, as it is hypocritical in its purport.* Advisedly do we say, that from the beginning to the end, the affair is a subterfuge. Honest intentions in our rulers, and the continued existence of these disgraceful checks upon the diffusion of knowledge, are utterly incompatible. It is a remarkable circumstance in the Whig administration, that they never show determination and courage against any body but the people. If a Tory magistrate or officer misconduct himself, no punishment follows. The public are told that conciliation is necessary. But let one of the people offend; then there is no impunity granted, and the law must have its course. The abominable laws against the diffusion of knowledge have on various occasions been condemned by the Ministers; nevertheless, while allowing the laws to be detestable, no sooner does a poor wretch break through them, than he is mercilessly hunted into jail. Within the last eighteen months, the number of persons imprisoned for selling cheap publications is three hundred. Mr. Carpenter's Political Letter was sternly suppressed, and he sent to prison. And all these things have been performed by an administration constantly making professions of their ardent desire to educate the people.

Our arraignment of the Ministers has not yet ended. The list is a long one, and the task of exhibiting it is a disagreeable task; yet, for their sakes and our own, we must unflinchingly continue.

The next accusation is that of extravagance. The circumstances already mentioned, mark, on the part of our rulers, great want of sympathy with the people in their moral well-being; this new one, too plainly shows that they care little for their physical misery. But while it thus demonstrates the absence of those higher qualities which distinguish

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* If it be requisite to obtain a revenue as large as the present, still there is no justification for taxing knowledge. Raise a revenue if you will: but never tax instruction. Tax any thing, or every thing, but that. The taxes on knowledge produce little more than half-a-million. It is quite possible to raise the present revenue without the assistance of this most impolitic impost. Lord Althorp does, or ought to know this; and therefore ought to be aware that his talk will be deemed a poor subterfuge.

REPAIRED

enlightened from vulgar politicians, it proves, with painful certainty, that the common sin of this last wretched herd is one in which they participate. A low desire of money, a thoroughly vulgar cupidity is prevalent in the ranks of the Whigs. With them, moreover, this wretched vice is attended with a disgrace unknown to their enemies. The Tories never yet have made professions as to the purity of their motives,—never have pretended that the expenses of the Government could be less than at present. Thus, their craving cupidity was not attended with low subterfuge, and manifest breach of principle. They boldly declared that such a sum was needed; and they took it. They made no secret of their favouritism: they paid their friends highly, and unblushingly avowed and defended the extravagance. Not so with the Whigs. They make constant professions of a desire to retrench. The moment they, in appearance, save a sixpence, that moment they claim, and loudly too, praise for their economy. Lord Althorp, at the commencement of his career as a public servant, was profuse in his enunciation of good principles. Nobody was to be paid who did not render service; and nobody was to be paid too highly for such service as he might render. These were cheering sounds to the starving multitudes, who believe that much of their misery results from overtaxation. But how has this promise also been kept? After the same fashion with those respecting the Taxes on Knowledge. Between 6000 and 7000 men are added to the army,—six thousand more than was demanded by the imperious Duke of Wellington. Not content with this increased army, they filled up the yeomanry, which Lord Goderich had reduced to four corps; then came the estimates on a scale of extravagance equal to any that the most profuse of the extravagant Tories ever attempted. Not satisfied with the breach of that part of their promise, which declared that none should be paid too highly, they have actually filled up every sinecure that has become vacant. We have before us a curious correspondence,* lately published at Poole, connected

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* The following extract from a letter of Mr. Hume, which forms part of the correspondence referred to, is quoted, to show how entirely what we have said as to Ministerial extravagance coincides with the sentiments entertained by that stanch friend of good government.

"Having supported Lord Grey's Government under the confident belief that they would put an end to all sinecures and useless offices as soon as possible, and would do every thing in their power to reduce the expenses of the country, I made, under their peculiar situation, great allowance for their continuing the large army and naval establishments for this year; and, in consideration of what they were doing in the Reform of Parliament, I did not oppose, as I ought, and would otherwise have done, the enormous estimates of the year: but, after the Reform Bill was passed, and restraint no longer necessary, I did, in the House of Commons, charge Lord Althorp and the Ministry with a dereliction of principle, and a direct violation of their pledges of economy, particularly in their filling up several of the sinecure Military Governorships which had just fallen vacant. One of these became vacant by the death of General Hart, Governor of Londonderry, and I called on Lord Althorp publicly to abolish the office, it being a perfect sinecure. The annual income is about 1100*l.* or 1200*l.*, and is made up of about 400*l.* paid from the annual votes (taxes) of the country, 200*l.* paid by the Irish Society in London, in virtue of an old grant, and there is an estate of 300 or 400 acres of lands, (crown land), which brings in 500*l.* a-year, or thereabouts. All that amount, I contend, might be saved, and ought to have been saved, if the Ministers had thought proper to keep faith with the public; but they, contrary to my protest, appointed Sir John Byng to Londonderry, and other officers to the other sinecure places, as I contend, most improperly, and against all principle of good and economical government.

with the filling up of a military sinecure. General Hart, Governor of Londonderry, died some weeks since, and thus left vacant a sinecure of £1200 per annum. The Ministry filled up the vacancy by appointing Sir John Byng. They could not, in this case, plead inadvertence: they could not say they were taken by surprise. Lord Althorp had notice, before the place was given to Sir John Byng, that questions respecting the conduct that would be pursued by Ministers as to this sinecure, would be publicly put to him in the House. He begged for delay, and said, that in a few days he would be ready to give all the information required. The delay was granted. Days passed over, and no information came. Remonstrance followed: still no answer;—when, at length, Mr. Dawson, a Tory opponent of the Ministers, brought the matter before the House, by attacking the Ministers for giving away this sinecure, and thus falsifying their promises. The delay that Lord Althorp demanded, served only to enable the Ministers to give away the place. They had recourse to this subterfuge in order to carry their wishes into effect. Had the thing been mentioned before the post had been disposed of, they could not have avoided abolishing it; so they employed an unworthy artifice, to gain time. This is only one instance out of many; and is mentioned, because, from its attendant circumstances, it is pregnant with instruction.

Thus, if we consider the nature of their general proceedings, or view the particular cases by which those proceedings are accompanied, causes of suspicion and distrust arise at every step: not such suspicion as would arise only in the mind of one prone to jealousy, but even in the minds of confiding friends. The people *were* confiding friends of ministry; and not till this hearty confidence had been shaken, by repeated trials, did they entertain or express any doubt. Now we have had two years' sad experience. Every day has brought something deserving of reproach; and the sum of their misdeeds has, at length, mounted so high, that the people can no longer be silent spectators of these proceedings. If the Ministers be really of honest intentions, they will take these remonstrances in good part; they will rejoice at being warned in time, and will regulate their future conduct by what they see to be the feelings of the nation.

Of the conduct of the present Government, as respects Ireland, we have spoken in a former number; and, in the present number, we have drawn a parallel between the persecution in Scotland in the sixteenth century, and that in Ireland in the nineteenth. It is therefore unnecessary that we should dilate upon the policy pursued by the Ministry towards Ireland here. Still, when bringing forward a list of our grievances, this great stain on the present Administration must not be forgotten. Mr. Stanley's whole conduct is more suited to the meridian of Turkey than of England;

"The answer given to me by Lord Althorp was not, as you suppose, satisfactory to me; but, on the contrary, was most unsatisfactory: and I regret that my reply to him was *not reported*. I said, 'that if sinecure offices are not to be abolished, how are the expenses of the country, and the heavy taxation of the country, to be reduced: that at the present time of the session, and under the particular circumstances of the Administration, I would not take the sense of the House against it; but that I hoped the Reformed Parliament would abolish all these and other sinecure offices without ceremony.' I further added, 'that I did not blame Sir John Byng for taking the office, so much as I blamed the Government for giving it to him, when there was actually a deficient revenue and excessive taxation.'"

and should he be allowed to proceed in the same rash and headlong manner, in which he has hitherto conducted himself, a war of extermination must follow. He is adding fuel to a fire already too fierce; and the result will be, either that we shall be compelled to march an army into Ireland, and put down rebellion by annihilating the whole of the Catholic population, or the Protestants now there will be exterminated. The continued irritation of the Catholics, as now practised; the unjust and preposterous attempt to prop up the Established Church, in spite of justice, in spite of the maddened feelings of the people, must make the breach between the two sections of the people eternal. Care, and an honest, intelligent endeavour to abolish the many great abuses existing in that unhappy country, would, we firmly believe, have reconciled the Protestant and Catholic Irish. But we fear that Mr. Stanley, neither by his talent, nor by the sympathies of his nature, is fitted for the arduous task of legislating for a divided people. He may be a quick and fluent debater; but here something is wanted beyond smart talking. Profound knowledge of the human mind, and faultless sagacity in the management of the various instruments which constitute the means of politically governing, are needed in a case so desperate as that of Ireland. Mr. Stanley's flippant sarcasm renders the matter still more hopeless. He evidently prides himself on his talk. He is ever ready to put down opposition, and brow-beat those who question his proceedings. He is great in his own conceit, and in the opinion of an ignorant House of Commons. But his presumption is doomed to signal discomfit. While he is arrogantly proving that his patient must soon be in high health, the patient will expire. Ireland, according to his shallow reasoning, must soon be brought to a sound condition: he will quickly have no Ireland to experiment on. Of the Lord Chancellor's conduct, as separated from that of the remaining portion of the Ministry, we shall at this time say nothing. Further experience may, in the opinion of some, be required before a decided opinion can properly be formed respecting it. We, therefore, wait that experience. In the mean time, we cannot here avoid remarking on the new doctrine his Lordship has thought fit to promulgate, respecting the law of treason, and popular resistance. The Catholic Irish people deem tithes paid to a Protestant priest so signally unjust and oppressive that they refuse, in a body, to pay them; and in order to render the distraint for them of no avail, they have determined not to bid for property when exposed to sale on a levy for tithes. This determination Lord Brougham calls treason. When, in order to pass the reform bill, to frighten the House of Lords into compliance, his Lordship presented the famous Birmingham petition, had he the same opinion respecting quiet, peaceful opposition to bad laws? He had not. Let him reconcile these contradictions. We cannot trust ourselves to speak at more length of his Lordship's conduct; and therefore abstain from further comment.

Our task becomes tiresome. Were the enumeration of evils continued, till the whole list were exhausted, the present number would be occupied solely by the Ministers and their follies. Here, then, the specific instances shall cease. Let it, however, be remembered, in order that some general and distinct conception of the Ministerial merits may be attained, that they found this country irritated by a Government which manifested no real sympathy in the welfare or misery of the people; and that they have done little beyond sometimes giving expression to liberal doctrines, to show that they, in the same way, and to the same degree, are not hostile to popular interests; that, on the other hand, they have done much

to continue suspicion, and heighten the irritation already entertained. Let it also be recollected, that they found the nation overwhelmed by an enormous expenditure, and, that after two years experience, they rather have increased than diminished our burthens: that after repeated promises of aid, they have done nothing to enable the people to obtain instruction; and that now they boldly declare that they mean to continue the odious taxes on knowledge: that hitherto, with only one exception,* they have made no attempts to improve the administration of justice; but have, on the contrary, increased the already overgrown salaries of certain judges, and thus rendered the evil still greater than before: that having come to office when the commerce of the country laboured under unnecessary and mischievous checks, they have permitted affairs to remain almost precisely as they found them: in short, with the single exception of the Representation of the country, in the House of Commons, *not one of all the great and numerous abuses existing in the government of the country, has been in the slightest degree reformed:* that in fact we are as badly governed now as under the dominion of the Tory party.

This state of things cannot last. A reformed Parliament will miserably disappoint popular expectation, if, under its superintendence, any such doubtful course is permitted to be pursued by the Ministers of the crown. The present Ministers, if they act fairly in the character of the people's friends, may obtain so powerful a support in the coming House of Commons, as to be able to set at defiance the opposition of their old opponents. But, in order to obtain this support, they must at once thoroughly change their whole course of proceeding. They must begin, first, by unsparingly dismissing every Tory functionary; must also, on all occasions, punish, with inflexible severity, every undue exercise of power; and honestly aid in obtaining the great object of the people's desires, viz. a good government. The people will cheerfully take them for leaders, if they will heartily support the character. Nothing was ever more false than the assertion, that the people desire vulgar demagogues as their champions. Everywhere a contrary spirit has been shown. The office of a representative, for example, is, by all the various bodies of electors, conferred on gentlemen. A man from the ranks of the people, or the burgeoisie, stands no chance of success, when opposed to a person, supposed, by his station, to have received a finished education; who is, in fact, of what is termed the upper classes. The heroes of parish vestries are nowhere deemed equal to the task of legislation; and, in spite of the brawling of this gentry for universal suffrage and vote by ballot, certain we are, that these would not, in the slightest degree, favour their return. The people have been so long accustomed to see men of high rank and station acting as rulers of the nation, that they are not yet prepared to see any other in that character. We speak thus, in order that the Ministers and their party may not mistake our present warning for a declaration of war. It is true, that, if the people do not find in them faithful stewards, and leaders in this their great struggle against the friends of bad government, they will seek for others in their own ranks; but this search will not be made, if the Whigs are true to the popular side.

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* Of the Bankruptcy act, we now say nothing, because Lord Brougham's conduct has been reserved for consideration at another period, if found necessary.

ELEGY FOR THE KING OF THE GIPSIES, CHARLES LEE,

Who died in a tent near Lewes, August 16, 1832, *aged* 74. *He was buried in St. Ann's Churchyard, in presence of a thousand spectators.*

Hurrah!—hurrah!—pile up the mould:
The Sun will gild its sod:—
The Sun,—for threescore years and ten
The Gipsy's idol God!—
O'er field and fen,—by waste and wild,
He watch'd its glories rise,
To worship at that gorgeous shrine
The spirit of the skies.

No brick-built dwelling caged him in;
No lordly roof of stone;—
High o'er his couch the vault of Heaven
In star-bright splendour shone!
The rustling leaves still murmur'd there;
The rambling woodbine flower
Its twilight breath, exhal'd to cheer
The outcast's desert bower!

To him the forest's pathless depths
Their mossiest caves reveal'd;
To him, fair Nature's hand bequeath'd
Her fruits of flood and field;—
The flower,—the root,—the beast,—the bird,—
All living things, design'd
To feed the craving, or delight
The gaze of human kind!

The pencill'd wood-flower, fair and frail,—
The squirrel's cunning nest,—
The granite throne, with lichens wild,
In broidered vesture drest;—
Sweet violets bedded in their leaves,
The first soft pledge of Spring;—
Such were the gifts by Heaven's own hand
Shed on the Gipsy King!—

The snow-drop glistening in the wood,
The crowsfoot on the lea,
Their gold and silver coin pour'd forth
To store his treasury;
The springy moss, by fairies spread,
His velvet footcloth made;
His canopy shot up amid
The lime-tree's emerald shade.

Buck,—pheasant,—hare,—some lordly park
Still yielded to his feast;
And firing for his winter warmth,
And forage for his beast.
Happier than herald-blazon'd Kings,
The monarch of the moor;—
He levied taxes from the rich,—
They wring them from the poor!

With glow-worm lamp, and incense cull'd
Fresh from the beanfield's breath;
And matin lark,—and vesper thrush,
And honey-hoarded heath;—
A throne beneath the forest-boughs,
Fann'd by the wild bird's wing;
Of all the potentates on earth,
Hail to the GIPSY KING!

BLANCHE ROSE.

The bells of Toulouse were chiming for primes.* The spires, steeples, and turrets fluttered with pennons and banners, and clustered with caps and bonnets like swarming bees. The main street was lined by the burgher guard, and crowded with citizens, strangers, troubadours, and minstrels, above whose motley shew the windows and galleries were hung with cindon † and arras, and filled with scarlet gowns, furred tabards, and all the riches, splendour, and beauty of "*Bel Languedoc.*" A deep stillness reigned in the crowd, and all eyes were turned towards the east gate, where a triumphal arch crowned with laurel, palm, and the white cross of Toulouse stood as high as the bartizan of the city port.

"Santa Madre! what jour de fête is this?" said an old pilgrim, as he pushed through the men at arms at the barrier.

"In the name of St. Jacques de Toulouse where did *you* come from?" replied one of the sergeants, ‡ glancing at his cockle-shell.

"That is no point of your charge," replied the stranger; "but I would know what saint you are going to celebrate."

"Truly we call him not saint as yet," replied the sergeant; "though I doubt not he is as good as St. Dennis, or St. George, or any other St. Chevalier in the calendar; but in respect of the canonization, he is yet only *Raymond de Toulouse—'La Fleur de Chevalerie'—'la lame de France,'* our young prince that shall return to-day, with the glory of heaven and earth, from the holy croisade."

The pilgrim crossed himself, and while he was yet speaking with the guard, the sound of cymbals, kettle-drums, and a "corps d'harmonie" came faintly through the still sunshine.

"*On viens!*" exclaimed the sergeant; and the billmen, eagerly clearing the passage, closed up their array, and stood silent under their arms.

The music advanced slowly, till the deep knell of an eastern march could be distinguished, and the thick heavy trample of horses upon the road; every eye fixed upon the gate, as the music approached, till suddenly the clattering hoofs and rolling drums echoed in the deep arch, and the dark *mailed horsemen and forest of lances* came through into the sunshine. The long black line of men-at-arms poured slowly down the street, till the bright tabards of the heralds appeared at the gate, followed by the great banner of Toulouse, and all the peers and paladins of the array.

In the midst of his knights, mounted upon a blanche Arab, and glistening in the white battle-habit of the cross, the Earl rode before his banner, surrounded by his officers, and followed by all the chivalry of Languedoc and Provence. His pale noble countenance was clear and serene as the sun that shone upon him, and his long black hair fell like waves of raven silk from the jewelled helmet and glittering lambroquin, which shook like a glory about his armed head. A rending shout, "*Vive! Vive! vive le Paladin del croix!*" § went up like thunder from

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* Noon mass. † Fine white linen.

‡ A soldier between the rank of an esquire and man-at-arms, who generally worked the engines.

§ Till the fourteenth century, the French language, particularly in the south, had great remains of the old Provençal and Romanish, once common to all the south of

the crowd; and the waving of bonnets, scarfs, and glaives, fluttered and flashed, and glistened down the street before the banner, like the tossing and glimmering of flowers before the breeze.

By the side of the Earl, rode his sworn brother in arms—the beautiful and gallant Auguste de Valence, son to King Remi of Provence—called "*La Fleur de France*," "*Le Bel du Monde*," * and the second knight of all the Christian chivalry; but the eyes of the people past over him as he rode beside the young prince, who, in the opinion of the troubadours, came nearer the beau-ideal of chivalry,—"*Sir Galahad du Sangraal*," than any other knight who had ever lived. All the way as he came, garlands, and crowns, and showering flowers rained upon his helmet and housings; and the people wept, and knelt and blessed him, and held up their children to see his face, and cry "*Vive la Gloire de France!*" The young prince came white as his surcoat, and bowed his glorious head to the pall on his horse's mane. "*Soli* DEO *gloria!*" said he, "*Soli* DEO *Gloria! et non Nobis* DOMINI!"

It was long before the court passed down the crowded street, but at length the Earl entered the Grande Place, and as he passed under a large house near the cross, looked suddenly up to the galleries. That house alone in the square was silent and deserted, the silk curtains were drawn close in the windows, and the heavy galleries empty and desolate. The prince turned suddenly and spoke to the grand almoner, and the colour came into the face of the old man, but what he answered could not be heard in the crowd.

In a few moments they reached the gate of the episcopal palace, and the long glittering lambroquins and tall lances poured through into the court till the gate closed, and the black column of men at arms filed past towards the castle. But the crowd still remained before the palace, and in a short time a sumptuous cavalcade of the city procession came through to the gate, and the stately companies of peers, knights, and ladies, began to arrive for the banquet prepared to give welcome to their prince.

All the noon and till the sun grew low, the clangour of the wild eastern music came from the portals, and the gates, stairs, and galleries were crowded with valets, pages, pursuivants, and men-at-arms; but as the evening came and the twilight began to fall, the quiet of closing day succeeded to the hurry of the noon, and only a bright page, or an overwassailled trooper was seen here and there flitting through the dim courts, or elbowing the narrow street, as if it was too narrow for a victorious crusader, who had ridden upon the plains of Zebulon and Naphthali.

It was near dark; the Chateau was dim and still, and the quiet of feudal solitude had succeeded to the hurry and glitter of the baronial pageant and military parade. At times a sudden roar of songs and voices came from the ward rooms, but only one still watch-light shone upon the moat, and already the pages were taking their respective turnpikes,†

Europe; hence, even in writing, it retained many constructions since localized to Italy and Spain, and thus, for "de la" "à la," &c. was used "del" "al;" "Rey" for "Roi," "Espée" for "Epée," "del Rey and al Rey" for "du Roy and au Roi," &c. hence the surname which yet remains in France, "*Delcroix.*"

* Du monde was a superlative epithet frequently bestowed upon the extraordinary degree of any quality, good or bad. Thus, there was "*The perilous Knight of the World*," "*The beautiful Ladye of the World*," &c. &c. &c.

† Old name for a winding stair.

and the seneschal was putting off his furred gown within his closet; for as yet the great had not fallen into those extravagant *late* hours which made them invisible to their *poor* suitors at *eight o'clock before noon.**

In the midst of this quiet, a tall figure wrapped in a dark mantle came out from the west postern, and turned hastily towards the Grande Place. The full moon was rising over the dim houses as he entered the square; and as he looked up to her bright face, it discovered the pale noble countenance of Raymond de Toulouse. He passed hastily to the house, which he had noticed at his entry, and stopping at a small port under the garden turret, unclosed the door and passed into a little wilderness of cypresses and olives. He walked forward through the dim alleys, like one well acquainted with their windings, till he came to a vast plane tree, which overshadowed a little green seat beside the Garonne.

A white female figure sat upon the turf, her long black hair loose upon her neck, and her silk gown glistening on the grass like a continuation of the moonlight which glimmered on the water, and to which she gazed with such fixedness that the knight was at her side before she heard his step.

"Blanche Rose!" said he, in a still gentle voice; she started and drew a long quivering breath, but as she looked in his face, she sprung from the ground,—"*My own very dear prince and brother!*" she exclaimed, and fell upon his bosom, and wept without a word.

The prince held her in his arms and bent over her till her emotion subsided into the low tremulous sobs of an infant's tears. Several times the Earl strove to speak; but his voice failed at that sad trembling breath that fluttered upon his bosom.

"Dear Blanche," said he at last, "what is this?—they would not tell me—but *you* will tell me."

The lady started and shuddered, and her face sunk closer on his mantle.

The tears came to the eyes of the young knight—"My own dear Orpheline Ladye—the child of my foster-mother—*you* do not fear to speak to *me!*—to your *brother?* look up on the face that used to rest on the same bosom—sleep in the same cradle—and this the hand—that was once the little helpless hand that clung to the same breast with yours—Now to Him be the glory! The battle arm that holds the thunder and the lightning against all that should do ill to my dear sister."

Blanche burst afresh into sobs, and would have sunk out of his arms but for his strong hand; but he supported her in silence, till at last her tears ceased, and she leaned still and breathless, and deathly heavy on his arm. Raymond looked upon her bright lovely head that lay motionless upon his cloak, and smoothed the raven locks from her pale brow. "Alas!" said he gently, "where is your own *white flower* that used to be so bright in these dark waves?"

"La-Blanche-Rose" trembled like the leaves that quivered in the moonlight—"*Fallen—gone—withered in the dust!*" she murmured faintly.

The Earl's hand shook, but he did not speak, and for a long time they stood without a word.

Blanche rose up from his arm, and swept back the hair from her pale

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* Latimer, in one of his sermons, complains that the dissipation and late hours of the courtiers, had advanced to such an excess, that they were unable to give audience perhaps, before eight o'clock in the morning.

death-face. "Raymond!" said she, "I will speak to you as a knight's daughter should speak to a knight's son.—I was—your very dear true sister. *I am*"—her voice choked and struggled—"no more your sister—no more my father's daughter—a poor—lost—fallen maiden! I was the last of his race that was the father of kings. I shall be the first—the mother of one—*who will never have a father!*" She sunk down upon the seat and buried her face on the grass.

Raymond stood silent and fixed, and held her hand—but it did not move again, and lay cold and still, and heavy as the dead clay. "My dear sister!" said he at last, "what, who has done you wrong?"

Blanche did not speak nor lift her face, but drew away her hand, and immediately it returned with something bright to the moonshine; as Raymond stooped it flew open, and he saw the glorious beautiful features of Auguste de Valence.

"*Le Bel du Monde!*" he exclaimed.

Blanche did not move nor answer, and his eyes rested fixed upon the miniature, as it lay open in her passive hand.

"What has *he* done!" said the Earl, in the deep calm terrible voice with which he used to speak in battle.

Her voice spoke faintly from the ground; "*He* has shed the rose from my brow that shall *never* bloom again!"

Raymond fell on the ground, his long hair spread in the dust, and his bright noble terrible battle-front bowed like a child. The white fingers of the maiden closed convulsively upon the gold, and the bright robe trembled on her slender form, like the lights upon the stream.

Raymond rose up; his lips were white as death, but his eyes calm and steady; and he stooped and took her passive hand and kissed her cold lips. "Ladye! my very dear love and sister!" said he, "it is gone! it is passed away!—to-morrow your white flower shall bloom on your brow, clear and stainless as ever it shone in the sun!"

Blanche started and glanced wildly up; but the sudden light of her eyes fell, and she clasped her hands on her face, "He is married to another!" said she.

Raymond grasped her hands. "Look up!" said he; "look on the fair moon; she is rising as you and I have seen her rise when we were happy, careless infants on this bank. When she rises again, you shall look upon her, clear, and bright, and spotless as her face that smiles upon you!"

Blanche looked long, and fixed, and calm upon him, and dropped her eyes, and shook her head. "The grave—the fire that washes out all spot—the mercy of God shall take away my stain, but never man on earth!"

The Earl turned away and held her hand, and the tears run down his face. At last he loosed his surcoat, and undid the white cross from his neck. "I took it at the holy shrine," said he, "at His foot where all sins shall be forgiven; it has brought me through battle, and tempest, and the black death,*— by His might it shall bring you through peril worse than death. Take it; pray for me; and when we meet again you shall be the bright, beautiful, glorious lady of the world that ever you were in life!"

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* The Plague in general, in particular a dreadful pestilence which desolated the north of Europe in the 13th century.

He tied the cord on her neck, and laid the pearl in her hand, and long spoke and strove to console her, but she could not be comforted, and sat still and silent upon the grass; her hands dropped in the cold dew, and her eyes fixed blank and dim upon the moonlight that floated in the water.

Raymond stood and gazed upon her till his face grew white as hers; but suddenly the light came to his eyes, he laid his hand upon the cross of his sword—"By His might and His hope, *I hold* the spell of your fate!" said he; "to-morrow it shall be broken!"

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The grey dawn was breaking in the forest of Maris, and the dim cold light began to glisten upon the pale flowers and the dewy leaves of the wood sorrel and colt's-foot which clustered about the feet of the old oaks. No sound came through the still thickets but the chime from the distant convent, and the light trip of the buck pricking among the leaves; even at that quiet hour he started at the mass-bell, suddenly stopped his cropping lips from the grass, and bent his ear, and held up his nose in the wind; but he returned to his browsing, and wavered through the wood, till he came to the brink of a small deep glade; he stopped suddenly, and pricked his ear, and glanced his bright eye into the hollow, and for a moment stood and felt the wind, but in the next his white single went over the long fern like a flash of light, and he vanished into the deep thicket. For an instant his short bound came from the moss, but nothing stirred nor appeared where he had looked, and the light began to brighten and the birds to sing, but all was still and solitary.

The red rose of the morning began to appear through the trees, and the white mist went slowly up from the glade, and under an oak leaned a tall dark man, his arms folded, his back to the tree, and his brown cap and deep mantle, scarce distinguishable from the knotted and fantastic shapes of the old trunks that stood about him.

As he leaned and gazed upon the path, a quick step rustled on the leaves, and suddenly the light noble figure of Auguste de Valence came out upon the glade. For a moment he stopped and glanced round. The man rose from the tree, and dropped his cloak, and came to the green—*Raymond de Toulouse.*

Auguste cast his mantle, and put off his glove, and they drew their swords and confronted each other without a word. For a moment they stood upon their guard, point to point, eye to eye, foot to foot, and neither gave hit nor foin; but in the next Auguste made a feint and plunge that might have foiled the best hand in France, but the blade glanced like a reed from the sword of Raymond, and for several moments the glade echoed to the quick clash and the heavy fearful trample of the mortal assault. But it might have seemed only a skilful "passage of arms," neither being able to foil the hand of his opponent, till Auguste made the foin that he was never known to fail, and the sword went through the kirtle of his antagonist, close beneath his arm. The point glittered at his back, and the blood gushed down his green hose, but he did not fall nor stagger, nor drop his hand, and they closed, and clashed, and showered blows, till the blood run from every limb, and breathless and exhausted they dropped their points, and stood apart to breathe. For an instant they wiped their brows and drew their breath, and undid their kirtles to the wind; and Auguste sat down upon a mole-hill, and the Earl leaned to a tree, and each glanced at times to the other, till suddenly they started to the green, and renewed the battle with the

same mortal determination. The sun was rising as they struck the first strokes; and whether it shone in the eyes of Auguste, or that the Earl had the better, he made a sudden feint, and in the next moment the hilt of his sword was against the breast of his antagonist, and the blade a red half ell beyond his back.

De Valence sprung like a stricken hart, and fell upon the turf without a word; the blood gushed out from his mouth and breast, and in a moment his eyes began to change, and his lips became blue and cold. Raymond threw himself upon his knees by his side, and clasped his hand, and raised his head, and strove to stanch the blood, and gazed wildly upon his closing eyes—"God give mercy and grace!" he cried, "that *I* should do this!"

Auguste opened his eyes and grasped his hand—"True and noble friend," said he, "you were ever kind and faithful to me in our lives, and this that you have now done is the best and truest deed of all.—I thank God—I bless you—pray for me—forgive me—but O *she* never can!"——and he turned his face to the earth.

The Earl's tears dropped fast upon his cold brow, and he held his hand without speaking, as his breath came in short painful sobs, and the cold death-dew rose upon his forehead; he gave a sudden shiver, and his hand caught upon the hand of his friend—"Say a prayer," said he; "bid God sain; and let *her* pray for me when I am gone!"

Raymond cast up a sudden look—"Holy saints!—and no priest!—none to say him shrift!"

The dying knight pressed his hand—"Hold up your cross," said he, "and let me look upon it till I pass away. If I had but a cup of water!"

Raymond glanced eagerly round the glade; a little blue streamlet fell through the grass upon a hollow of the mossy rock, and hastening to the spot, he filled his bonnet at the well, and hurried back to the dying man. The eyes of Auguste had closed, but when the water came to his lips he opened them and looked up; a faint light came to his cheek; and he raised himself on the arm of his once brother.

"I will confess my shrift to *you*, my true brother," said he, "and you shall tell the priest, and pray for me, and there will be mercy."

The Earl bathed his face, and held him in his arms, and lifted the cross before him; and the knight clasped his dying hands on his, and confessed to him, as if he had been a monk in holy quire. His strength ebbed away with his last words, and he sunk heavy and breathless upon the breast of Raymond. The knight dipped his hand in the water, and signed his brow, and put the cross in his cold fingers—"God be merciful to you and forgive you," said he, "and speak to you that word that I dare not speak, and that none is here to speak in his name!"

The hand of the dying knight closed upon the rood; his eyes fell, and one sharp shiver, and he stretched out, cold and still, and gone for ever.

The Earl gazed on his void face, and held his hand till it grew stiff and cold, and the eyes slowly unclosed and fixed in the death-glare. Raymond shuddered, and clasped his hands, and laid his head upon the turf, and the cross upon his breast, and spread his mantle over him, and knelt, and wept, and prayed beside him. At last he rose, and dried his sword on his sleeve, and put his bonnet on his head, and set his horn to his lips, and blew *the mort*.* In a few moments a little page came

* The death-mote, or the blast that was blown at the death of a stag.

lightly through the trees with his white Arab; and, as he led up the horse, looked upon the cloak, and trembled and turned pale.

"Sit beside him," said the Earl, "and watch that no beast nor bird come to do him wrong; and I will ride to the town, and he shall be buried as men should bury a king's son."

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The sun was set, and the twilight was almost gone; all Toulouse was in motion; the great bell of the cathedral tolled its heavy knell over the town; and the streets were crowded with a tide of people hurrying towards the main rue. All the way from the Chateau to the great church was kept by men-at-arms, and a constant wavering stir went among the tall lances, and an eager murmur of voices, interrupted only by the fearful toll of the bell that struck its death-knell at slow intervals.

"Gramercy! what is this, that the great bell tolls!" exclaimed an old peasant to his merchant as he pushed through the crowd; "I never heard that knell but for the death of our Earl."

"Then shall you well hear it to-day," replied the citizen; "for though he is not, as you shall say, dead in his body, he is dead in his glory and knight's fame."

"Saint Mary! of what speak you?" said the granger.

"Know you *La Rose Blanche?*" asked the merchant.

"Peine de ma vie!" exclaimed the old man, "do I know the moon, and the bright star when she rises at vespers?"

"Then shall you not marvel that the Earl had the greatest love for her that ever knight had for a lady," said the burgher.

"Nay, truly," replied the peasant; "but I make great marvel to hear a bell toll, when all the chimes in Toulouse should be ringing merry!"

"You shall not make the lark sing at your holiday," replied the merchant, "nor a maiden's love come for your harping. This, that was the brightest that ever the sun looked on, minded a fair crown and broad lordship no more than you should value a cowslip fee in fairy-land; and likely for that they had been foster-children together, she thought of Earl Raymond but as a maiden may of her true brother, and would not be his lady though he had been king of France; at the least she *said* so. The Count was near out of his mind, as all men know; but that which men know not—alas, that it should be to say—on the evening that he was to sail for the Holy Land, being alone with her to take his leave, fell such unknightly outrage as never prince did to a lady, unless it was Don Rodrique to count Palayo's daughter. The sweet gentle maiden never spoke charge nor word against him, but ever she was pale, and heavy, and broken of heart, and none knew why, till it could no longer be hid, and her shame flew fast and far as ever went the renown of the "*Blanche Rose*," that had never peer of any earthly ladye. Fearful!—fearful!—she had to dree* when the priest came to curse her, and the bishop to make her speak, and the proud peers, her kinsmen, spoke of burning her on a hill, like queen Guinever; yet she would never tell the name of her false knight till this hour. But now when the Earl came, he was all confounded in her peril; and for his great repenting, he hath confessed and accused him to the bishop, and now would do all

* Endure.

the amende that may be to the heart-broken maiden, and make her true lady and countess of Toulouse.

"And what is this that shall be done to-night?" said the peasant.

"The Earl goes in his penance to the great Church," replied the townsman; "and thereafter the Blanche Rose shall be your lady; and let no man nor maiden think her slight, because the silk mitten was not puissant as the mail glove."

"Truly I shall think her the truest and most dolorous lady that ever was named with lips," said the old man, "and the devil spit in his face that shall ever say contrar!"

As he spoke, a faint chorus of voices came from the Chateau, and a great light appeared beyond the black crowd of helmets and lances. It advanced slowly up the street, and at length the heavy tread of feet could be heard through the crowd, and a choir of monks chanting the penitential psalms. The solemn strain approached, and rose and fell at intervals, till suddenly the crowd gave back, and the white monks and bright torches came slowly into the square. All the convents of Toulouse followed in long procession, till a broad heaven of light shone upon the press, and discovered the dark shadows of the black penitents, preceded by their cross, and lighted by a thousand torches.

In the midst, bare-headed and bare-footed, divested of all his feudal ensigns, with a torch in his hand and a chain upon his neck, Earl Raymond walked, in the white gown of penance; but his face was whiter than the cindon, and his eyes bent on the ground before the gaze and murmur that passed before him. A thrill of grief, wonder, and admiration past through every heart which had so lately seen his crowned head, riding through that street, in all the light and glory of victory and the cross; and at each pause of the choir, a deep "*Amen!*" answered from the crowd. As the procession came to the high cross, the chant ceased, the train stopped, and the heralds lifted their hands and cried, "*Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! so should it be done to all knights, traitors to orphelines and maidens.*" *

A deep death-pause rested upon the crowd, and no voice answered back again; the heavy tramp went on, the chant rose up, and the procession past on towards the cathedral.

The long lines of monks vanished like shadows within the deep arch of the great portal, till the white gliding figures re-appeared in the light of the still choir, and the cowls, and gowns, and glittering glaives poured through the dim aisles, till the choir and nave was filled with the dark crowd. The church was hung with black, and lighted as for a soul-mass; and as the torches and the penitent advanced to the altar, the voices of the unseen choir, and the still peal of the organ, went up over his head, as if the saints and the seraphims mourned over him in heaven. Raymond wrapped his face in his mantle, and knelt upon the stone, and bowed his head upon the footstool of the altar, till the priest raised him, and set him on the "seige douloureux," in the sight of all the people.

The service of the penitents was performed, the monks extinguished their torches at the foot of the shrine, and the heralds advanced to the altar. Sir Raymond stood up and turned to the people, and the pursui-

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* Every knight by his oath was particularly sworn to succour and defend all maidens, orphelines, and "desolate ladies;" hence treason against any, in such character, was the highest act of villainy and infamy in a chevalier.

vants took off his white gown, and displayed his knightly habit and belt of estate. There was a terrible pause, and not a breath passed in the chapel. The heralds advanced to the Earl, and broke his sword over his head, and hewed the spurs from his heels, and rent the fur from his tabard; and immediately his shield and crest were spurned from the church door; the trumpets sounded on the steps, and the heralds cried, —"*Raymond de Toulouse! Raymond de Toulouse! Raymond de Toulouse! traitor to God and his lady, and mansworn of his knighthood; traitor knight, so is thy name cast out from true knights, and so I cast thy shame in thy teeth, and defy thee in the name of God, the defender of the orpheline and desolate!*"

The people stood cold and still, and hushed as death; and the blood went out of the Earl's lips, till they were white as his kirtle. The heralds sat down, but Raymond stood still and vacant, his arms hanging to his side, and his eyes fixed upon the air.

The bishop rose out of his chair and took the book in his hand; for a moment he stood and looked upon the knight.——

"In the garden of God, one little white rose grew amidst the flowers, very fair, and pure, and bright, the sweetest among the blossoms; the sun loved to shine upon it by day, and the moon by night; and the dew and the rain watered it in the heat, and the breeze kissed it in the morning, and said, God bless thee, and HE did bless it, till it was the fairest of the earth—and the trees bent over to keep it from the wind, and the birds sung to it at noon, and the angels of God looked down upon it, and blessed his name that had made it lovely.

"God gave thee the flower, and the forest to keep and watch, and defend from all wrong; and he gave thee the oak, and the palm, the fair fields, and the still, green wood, and all that walked therein—and if this had not been enough he would have given thee more.

"Thou spared to come to the cedar, and the oak, and plucked the little flower that was lonely, and put it in thy bosom when it was sweet, and when it faded, cast it on the ground to die, and went thy way!"

Raymond fell on his face before the altar; and the people wept and sobbed, and sunk on their knees, as if their hearts fell with his who bowed before them. The bishop laid his hand upon the book—

"When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive! Look up, my son; 'God is merciful and great to forgive us our offences!'—He will see thy repentance and say, '*Thou shalt not die!*'"

The Earl rose upon his knee, and the bishop laid his hand upon his head, and spoke the words of absolution, and laid the cross on his brow, and bid him rise. Raymond stood up and the prelate kissed him on the cheek, and belted him with a new sword; and the heralds braced clean spurs upon his heels, and put a crest of a new device upon his head, and cried, "God make thee a new and valiant knight, and keep these arms to his service, to aid the widow, orpheline, and every one distressed and desolate, and maintain the right against all men who may live and die!" Immediately the trumpets sounded, and the pursuivants proclaimed him, lord, earl, and knight; the furred mantle of state was cast over his shoulders, and he came out among his people Raymond de Toulouse.

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That night before the moon went down, Rose knew how she was

cleared—but long she lay and wept upon his feet and would not be comforted ; and when at last her strength and mind returned, it was in the strength of her despair, to fly to the bishop, and declare the truth ; the hand of Raymond held her like an infant on the grass, but she had no hearing for his words, and would but wring her hands, and cry to be released to do him justice, till she sunk exhausted upon the turf. He watched by her through the night, and in the morning, when her spirits ebbed away and the strength of her delirium was past, she was subdued by his tears, and swore upon his hand. The light came into his face and he kissed her and rose up—" *You never* broke your word," said he ; " now I will leave you !"

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On St. Bride's-day at noon, the Earl surrounded by all the chivalry and beauty of Languedoc, stood at the high altar, where he had done his penance. Blanche Rose bent before the priest in the white bridal amice, her pale brow glistening with pearls and gems, and the *white flower* shining like a star in the long glossy tresses that fell upon her neck for the last time.* The Earl put the ring upon her finger, the priest set the coronet upon her brow, and the heralds cried her, Countess of Toulouse, at the high cross, amidst the shouts of the people, and the waving of ten thousand caps.

All the city was in a transport, for the constancy " of the bright lady of the world," and the self-justice of her supposed traitor knight. " Certainly," said the vicar of St. John, " I think him greater for this repenting, than if he had never had tache or spot, not to speak of *the ninety and nine in the wilderness ;* he had then been but a *puisnie* saint, now he is lith and blood like to you and me, but so as you and I shall never be—the greatest mortal man that ever quelled sinful flesh."

A week of pomp and pageant, and all that the olden time held gay and splendid, past through Toulouse like a night's masque, and again all returned to the quiet sunshine, and still business of a simple summer's day.

The Countess lived in deep seclusion, partly for that the face of man was become terrible to her, partly for her feeble state, which might not suffer ceremony and fatigue. The leaves were falling, the birds had ceased to sing, and the sun looked sad and still upon the yellow fields, when the unconscious cause of her sorrow, was presented to the barons of Languedoc in the great hall of Toulouse ; " I do not wrong them," said Raymond, to its heart-broken mother, as she wept at his feet,— " My blood runs in the veins of none living ; there is none to claim the right—you shall make him worthy to hold the sword and the coronet of a brave people, and God and their service shall give him right, better than a name."

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It was the vigil of the cross ; the night was dark and still upon Toulouse. The quiet streets were silent and empty, and all lights had gone out, except here and there a red solitary candle shed its long still pen-

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* As late as the 17th century long hair was only worn by unmarried ladies, and it was closely confined under the coif or *crestine* as soon as they became matrons. It was remarked as an impudent assumption, that the beautiful, but scandalous Countess of Essex (in the reign of James VI.) wore loose hair after her infamous repudiation of her husband, and intrigue with the Earl of Rochester.

celle upon the waters of the Garonne. The black pile of the vast Chateau rose like a giant over the dim town, and within the wide courts were silent and deserted, and all dark and quiet except the stamp of a horse that waited beside the postern, and one still solitary watch-light that shone in an upper turret. About that light was gathered all the interest of Toulouse, and perhaps an eye, born upon the gifted night,* might have seen the dim spirits leaning together over the turret, speaking the destinies of him, the last of his race, who should inhabit those towers, and who now stood within that dim still room.

It was a small dark turret chamber, hung with coarse arras, and meanly garnished with such furniture as might become the use of a simple esquire, or frugal steward,—a low pallet, half concealed by a curtain of blue sey, filled a small recess beyond the hearth, and at its head stood a long white wand and a walking sword in a scabbard of green velvet. A black carved armoire and oak chest occupied the opposite corners, and the remaining space was no more than sufficient for a tall high-backed chair of black leather, and a wide olive wood table, on which a number of papers, an almoniere, an aunlace, and a heap of loose gold lay by a wax taper that burned under the rood suspended against the wall.

Earl Raymond stood before the light in his travelling cloak, and his grey seneschal sat in the chair, his embossed hands rested upon his knees, and his white bald brow lifted to the face of his master.

"You know her not," said the Earl; "*I*, who was nursed on the same breast, rocked by the same hand, have grown with her like the twin bud upon the stalk—*I* know her—and God knows her, the bright noble ladye of the world;—I loved her, I will not say *how* I loved her; she was very lovely to me———but I was only as a brother to her, how could I be more, and the glorious beautiful flower of all chivalry sworn to her service. Alas that he had been true as I was, and I would have been a brother to him, as she was a sister to me! and since I am the last of my race, they should have had fair Toulouse and my broad Earldom; and I would have been the soldier of the cross, and prayed that they might have been happy."

"God be praised, that has given you to be happy with her yourself," said the seneschal.

Raymond looked upon him as the spirits may look on man that cannot read the secret thoughts of the world above.

"To night," said he, "I go to the *Holy Land*."

"*Blessed Saints!* and leave your lady?" exclaimed the seneschal.

The Earl's cheek became white as his tabard, but his voice did not change; "Be you very true and gentle to her, as you have ever been to me," said he: "and serve her as if you were born in her father's house, as you were born in mine; and she shall still be your lady, and her lonely orpheline shall be your Earl, when I shall come no more."

"Alas! alas! what is this?" said the old man.

The Earl stood a moment upon his sword; "You have been young that now are old," said he, "you shall know that a maiden's love is like the sunshine and the sweet moon-light; it must shine in its own

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* It was an ancient superstition that persons born on Christmas-eve were endued with vision sensible of all spirits and supernatural objects. To this cause were referred the dark looks of Philip II. of Spain, whose mind was believed to be impressed by awful appearances to which he was subject.

summer and its own still hour, and cannot come through the cloud when you shall call it. I will never be the cloud to her face, nor a chain upon the heart, which I bound to me for its redeeming; but she shall be bright and free to shine like the sun upon the flower,—and God send a flower to blossom in her light, and be sweet and bright and grateful to her as the rose to the morning, when I am—where the sun shall never shine again."

"And you will not come back!" said the old man.

Raymond laid his hand upon the cross— "*Never!*"

The old man fell on his knees, and bent his white head upon his master's hand, and wept like a child.

For a long time the count held his trembling hand, and turned away his face, at last, "Aymer!" said he, "God reward your true and faithful service to me; I have done with this world; I was a solitary tree, without a parent, a brother, a sister, to fill my heart—the last of my race. *She* was a very bright flower to me, the rose to my bower, the sun to my glory, the lamp to my holy shrine; I am going——to die before the cross as your father and mine; and we shall meet together with them before His glorious throne."

The old man's sobs redoubled, and for a long while he knelt and wept, and the Earl said no more. At length his sobs subsided, the stamp of the horse came from the gate; the Earl lifted him in silence; for some moments he wrote upon the papers, and set his seal; and the old man told the gold and put it in his purse. The knight took off his hat, and kissed his furrowed cheek, and laid his hand upon his head, and for one moment grasped his hands, and looked upon the cross and turned suddenly to the door. The old man tottered after with the light; but Raymond put him back with his averted hand, and threw the cloak about him, and hurried down the stair. The groom started up in his seat and threw the bridle on the Arab, and Raymond leaped into the saddle; the boy touched his bonnet and said some word, but the Earl gave no answer, and spurring through the gate, took the street towards the east port.

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There is a blank in the chronicle of Toulouse; who could tell how Earl Raymond turned his back upon his people—the tower where he was born, the roof where he was nursed, the field where he had plucked the flower, and chased the linnet, the garden where the rose of his love had blown—that rose that was blighted, and faded, and never should bloom again—to him!

The monk did not write of it in his book, nor the troubadour sing of it in his song; they said only, "*Raymond de Toulouse shaped the cross on his sleeve and went to Holy Land.*"

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It was the third evening after the Earl and his company arrived at Acre. The men at arms were busily disembarking their horses to go forward for Jerusalem, and the knight sat upon a stone by the beach, looking upon the bright water and the sun that was going down, red and still, and far away on France.

While he yet gazed, a slender boy, in the dress of a page, came down the sand; he stopped and hesitated, and looked towards the knight as he approached, but at last he came to his side. Sir Raymond did not look up, and the boy stood and held his bonnet and twisted the feather, and the colour went and came in his face, "*Sir Earl!*" said he, at last

Raymond started as if one had struck him on the cheek, and at the sight of his face leaped from the stone and turned as white as clay. It was a moment before his look came back.

"What would you, fair childe?" said he gently. The tears came into the eyes of the timid boy. "Sir!" said he, "I am an orphan child. My Lord, that was very kind to me, is dead; I would serve you if it please you."

The Earl's breast rose, and he turned away, and looked upon the sea:—at last "from what country—what is your name?" said he.

"*Albert de la feuille morte,*" replied the boy,—"my father was of Provence," and his breath fluttered as if the memory of his father and his land rose in his heart.

"And have you no friends?" said Sir Raymond.

"I had—*one,*" replied the child.

"And where is he?" asked the knight.

The boy turned away, and sat down upon the grass, and leaned his head upon a stone.

The Earl took his dark hand, and the tears came to his eyes as he looked upon the slender fingers; "Alas!" said he, "this was never meant to burnish a helm, and hold a black stirrup!"

"I will be very proud to hold the stirrup of a KNIGHT of JESU CHRIST,"* said the child.

The Earl stood still for a moment, and held his hand with a grasp from which a mailed wrist might have shrunk, but the boy did not shrink nor tremble.

"God save you, gentle child!"—said the Earl at last—"if you will be pleased to serve me, I will be—not a master—but a brother to you while I am in this world; and when I am gone—God will be a Father."

The page fell upon his knee, and kissed his hand, and the tears trickled fast to the stone which was wet as the dew where his cheek had lain. The Earl did not speak, but raised him gently, and turned towards the town. As they went, he spoke him softly, and glanced to his dark beautiful features and faded habit; he looked yet scarce sixteen years, and wore the simple hose and green kirtle, such as usually the dress of pages in the south of France; but except for this, and his accent, his complexion was so dark, and his short curling hair so raven black, none had believed that he had ever known another country than Greece or Syria.—The Earl discoursed him as they went, and wondered at his "*gentilesse,*" and learning; and when he came to his inn, bestowed him in the especial charge of his old minstrel.

"Here is a flower that I did not think to find in this desart world," said he; "I pray you be very gentle to him."

The old man was himself a Provençal, and he laid his pillow in the alcove, and set his meat as if he had been his own son, and took his harp and played to him till he wept himself asleep like a stilled infant. "Certainly," said he, when the Earl asked about him the next day, "never such a gentle child served among stern war men!"—And in a little time, "*Le page noir* was the *mignon* of all the court." Unless at his service, however, he was always sad and alone, and never spoke of his native land and former days; and if the rude men urged him, he turned

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* There was an *order* of this title, but at an earlier period it was applied generally to Christian knights, and in particular to the Knights of the Croisade.

away, and the tears came to his eyes, and he would go to the sand or the rampart, though the sun was never so hot, or the wind never so wild.

At length, upon the morrow of St. Turiel, the Earl and all the Knights in Acre set out for Jerusalem, on sudden news that the great assault should be given in six days. Through all that long and terrible march* Albert rode beside the stirrup of Sir Raymond, and when the Syrian sun burned at noon, and the "dead wind" blew at night, he never eat till he had eaten, nor drank till he had drank, and served him at his board, and watched by him when he slept. When the heart of many a knight sunk in his hauberk, and the eye of the night guard closed under his helmet, Albert sat beside him, and fanned away the fly from his cheek, and the mouse from his pillow, and looked upon his face; and when his lips shrunk, and his brow came dark, dropped his beads, and raised his cross, and said—"God give thee rest!"

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It was the night before the assault. The camp was still and quiet, and no sound came through the tents but the fitful stamp of a horse at the picket, or the distant clank of a hammer at the forge, where some man-at-arms still waited his armour for the morning. The stars shone bright upon the dark field, and at times the watch might hear the night-call upon Jerusalem; and, as he walked before the tent, the whisper of shrift and absolution, where the knights made "*a clean breast*" for the "battle of God," and the rest in which so many should sleep when the night should come again.

Earl Raymond lay asleep in his tent, his banner by his side, and his sword at his head, where he had knelt before it when the sun went down. Albert sat by his shoulder, his pale brow fixed upon his face, and his still fingers rested on his crucifix. You could not see the breath come and go upon his lips.

The broad hand of the knight lay unbent upon the pillow, and his pale face calm, and his dark brow clear and smooth as a sleeping child. Albert had never before seen the deep frown relax from his front in all the nights that he had looked upon it. For a moment he glanced up, and a flush came to his cheek, and a light to his eyes; but all tears were gone, and they looked full and still as the calm stars that were above him. For an instant his lips moved, and he gazed upward; but again his eyes returned to the pallet, and his features to their watch.

All night he sat, and by degrees every sound died away; the horse was still at his picket, and the sentinel at his post, and for a short while there was a deep death stillness, and all was hushed in heaven and on the earth. It was the dead hour—the turning of the tide—when the soul passes, and the spirits in the grave are loosed—slowly a faint sweet strain of music came by on the silence, and voices sung in the air:—

> "Blessed is the heart when the sin-stain has gone;
> Blessed is the brow that His light shines upon!"

And ever a pale still light shone upon the brow of Albert, while he sat fixed and quiet as if he heard no sound, and felt no light; and, whether it was the monks that sung in the valley, and the moon that looked

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* It must be remembered that this was in the *twelfth* century, and in time of war—now it is only a ride of three days.

into the tent—but never song was so sweet on earth, and never light shone so fair upon a mortal brow.

At length a faint stir began to come from the field, and at intervals the jingle of bridles, the stamp of hoofs, the baying of a hound, and a sudden foot passing quickly by the tent. In a short while the far cry of the mollahs could be heard upon the towers, and the pale grey dawn stole dimly through the curtain of the tent. Albert sat, and fixed his eyes upon the light, as now a horse, and now a man came by, and now could be distinguished the tread of heavy feet pouring through the sand. Suddenly a trumpet sounded at a distance, and the page started up, and laid his hand upon the breast of the Earl. Raymond awoke. "The first trumpet has sounded," said the page.

The knight rose hastily, and put on his helm and hauberk. Albert laced his casque, and buckled the spur to his heels, and the broad belt to his side; and the Earl knelt down before his sword, and dropped his beads, and looked upon the cross with a look that made Albert's cheek come pale. In a few moments he rose and grasped the page's hand, and laid his broad mailed glove upon his head, and sat down to the little table beside the pallet. Albert served his frugal meal, and took his trencher to sit by the door; but the Earl made him sit beside him at the same dish.

"It is the last that I may eat," said he. "There will be no *salt** between me and thee where we shall meet again."

Albert bent his head over the board, and said no word; but the large round tear fell on his plate.

The short meal passed in silence, and the haste of those who every moment expect to hear the trumpet sound to arms. As soon as it was ended, the Earl rose up and crossed himself, and gave his hand to the page, and drank the grace cup; and when Albert had pledged him, he went to his mails, and took out a heavy purse, and loosed from his neck a little white cross.—"Dear and faithful child," said he, "God be gracious to you, and give you peace."—He put the purse in his hand.—"When thou and I shall part, return to thy country, and if thou hast none better—to mine, where thou shalt find a very gentle mistress, who will be to thee all that I would be."——

Albert took the purse, and looked calm in his face, and bowed his head, and said him—"*Yes.*"

The Earl looked on him for a moment, but his eyes did not change. "Brave and constant child," he said, "God shall not forsake thee; and now—for none may know His will to-day—take this little cross that must not fall among His enemies. If He give us the victory, thou shalt bury it with me in this holy Earth; but if in the great press, or the day shall go against us, and I may not be found, take it with thee, give it to my lady, from whom I had it, and say, Raymond of Toulouse is gone to his rest."

Albert had not changed before; but at the sight of that cross, and the sound of those words, his colour went out of his face, and the hand that he held out fell to his side, and he sunk down at the feet of the Earl. Raymond lifted him to the pallet, and snatched the cruce, and hastened to loose his collar. The hand of the page closed upon his arm, and he

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* The great salt-cellar was the division between the "gentles" and the "simples" who sat at the same table in the old time.

opened his eyes, and sat upright. For an instant he gazed half conscious to the light; but there was no tear in his eyes, and no flutter in his breast, and he rose up to take the Earl's command.

"Alas, my child!" said Raymond, "thou art spent and overwatched. Thy feeble body is too frail for thy spirit. Lie down and rest, and fear not—all will be well."

He put the cross upon his neck, and made him lie on the pallet, and covered him with his cloak, and taking his banner went out hastily from the tent.

Albert started up and gazed after him, and looked upon the cross, and wept, and knelt, and laid it on his head, and bowed his forehead on the mat that had been touched by the helmet of the Earl. Suddenly the trumpet began to sound, the quick clank of arms, and the deep tramp of horses went past as if the earth moved around him. Albert dropped the jewel, and listened, and gazed where the heavy sound went by. The long successive tramp continued without intermission, till a shock like a clap of thunder burst upon the stillness, and a far fearful rolling surge of shouts went up to heaven like the roar of a tempest. In another moment the whole camp seemed to tremble, bolt after bolt shook the walls of the city, and the mingled cries and shouts, and clash of arms, spread like a storm from the breach; and as the tongues of the hundred nations rose and fell, came suddenly the faint shout of the French, "*Mont Joye St. Denis!!** Albert started from the ground, and braced his dagger, and did on his bonnet, and rushed out from the tent.

The clear day was bright upon the camp, and the long black lines of men at arms were pouring through the white tents like torrents towards the town, but all beneath the wall was lost in dust and smoke, through which the tall black giant tower of assault † rose almost as high as the ramparts, where the dim grey battlements could be discerned crowded with men. Albert stood upon the rock under the standard ‡ before the tent, and watched the black columns pouring into the cloud, which swallowed them in its darkness. As the sun approached, the faint flash

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* The ancient war-cry of France.

† A wooden tower of a height equal to the wall of a besieged place, was one of the ancient engines of a siege. It was moveable upon block wheels, and provided with a "fall-bridge," one similar to a draw-bridge, to drop from the summit upon the battlement. The historians mention with astonishment two of prodigious size used at the assault of Jerusalem under Godfroi de Boulogne, and constructed by Count Raymond. The first when brought to the wall was found too low, and was afterwards burned in a sally of the Saracens; but the second had a small internal turret capable of being elevated by ropes and pullies. When the Saracens saw it brought to the wall, they treated it with contempt incited by the failure of the first; but their consternation was great when they saw the summit begin to move, and rise slowly up to a height greater than that of the battlements of the town. A successful lodgement was made by means of the "*fall-bridge*," and the city taken soon afterwards.

‡ There were two kinds of engines called "*war-wolves*." One was a sort of ponderous wooden grate used to break a battering-ram, &c.; the other, which is here meant, was a machine for casting vast stones. Edward I. at the siege of Stirling used one, which is said to have thrown pieces of rock weighing three cwt.—*Mat. Par.* Several kinds of engines were named from animals; as the *War-wolf*, for casting stones; the *Ram*, for battering; the *Tortoise*, for covering the working party under a wall; the *Cat* and the *Sow*, moveable coverings, or close sheds on wheels, under which the besiegers made their approaches to the ditch. From these names war engines were generally called in French *Beasteaux*, and in old English, *Beastial*, and *Beastial of Tree*.—Old romances, Barbour's Bruce, the Blind Minstrel, &c. &c.

of the crescents and crowded arms could be seen glittering along the ramparts, and at quick intervals the fearful shock of the *war wolves,** sent up a cloud of dust from the wall; and as it swept off, a deep black gap appeared in the battlements and glittering line of arms. All at once the vast dark mighty column of the tower began to move, and rose slowly out of the smoke till it looked over the rampart; a thunder of shouts rolled up from the host, and suddenly the flash of arms and banners receded like a bright wave along the wall. In an instant a little bridge fell from the top of the turret upon the battlement, and a white knight, followed by a glittering stream of glaives and lances, rushed over to the rampart. A terrific cry came from the turret, and re-echoed from the moat—"*Raymond of Thoulouse! Raymond of Thoulouse!*" and Albert distinguished the glorious figure of his master and the white cross of France. One moment he gazed, one moment knelt upon the rock, one moment lifted up his cross, and rushed down into the stream of the assault.

The black terrible tide went on like a torrent into the moat, and the storm of the escalade thickened under the breach; but nothing was visible in the thick darkness, and the black dense press went on and disappeared into the cloud, man over man, till it almost filled up the deep black visionless gulf of the moat which roared round it like the bottomless pit. At intervals the heavy shot† rebounded on the wall, and the rolling ruin and storm of the defence rained down fire, and thunder, and battle sleet, through the black cloud: but the slow dark iron tide went on—and on—and on—over the falling heaps, till suddenly there was an explosion as if the heaven and the earth burst amidst the darkness. A moment of fearful stillness prevailed, the smoke rolled away, and the breach appeared to the sun, and all the thick glittering stream of helms and crosses going up over the ruined wall like a swarm of locusts. Again there was rescue—again the charge—and as the cloud opened and shut—now helmets, now turbans glistened in the breach; but suddenly a broad bright gleam broke on the towers, and the white figure of Earl Raymond appeared on the top turret. A moment he stood amidst the smoke in the sight of all the hosts, and suddenly mounting the bartizan, pitched the white banner in the sun, and began to sing the battle hymn of Toulouse. The field—the breach—the crowded towers sent up a shout like the sea roar, and as the bright silk flew in the wind, the darts and shot clinked upon the knight's mail, and glanced through the fluttering banner like sharp sleet. Raymond stood still amidst the shower, waving his hand over the assault, and singing his chorus:

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* Anciently in a camp, every leader, of the rank of a Baron, had a banner (i.e.) a square flag emblazoned with his armorial coat, pitched before his tent. This flag was much larger than the banner *carried* with the troops, and being only used for pitching in the ground, was thence called a "*Stand-ard.*" The name is now confounded with common military ensigns; though it is properly regulated, by its use, and had an established stated dimension, according to the rank of its owner, from that of an Emperor to a Baron. None under this last rank could display his arms in a *banner*, properly so called, for that of a banner-et was only his guydon with the points cut off.

† The stones and various missiles of Balistæ, and other engines, were called "*shot*," as the engines and their materials were called "*artillery*" several centuries before the invention of guns.

" Soli Deo Gloria
Et Sancti Salvatori!
Corona de Victoria
Sub Cruci Vivi mori! *

As the coming stream poured up towards him, a sudden crowding, a dark object appeared upon a turret, and the black bow of a scorpion † moved on the wall, and levelled upon the knight. For an instant it lay upon the battlement, till suddenly the bright eye of the arrow looked at him over the stone; a universal cry and waving of hands and caps came from the assault, but Raymond stood still, waving his hand, and singing the song, till a wild cry, a flying shadow came through the smoke, and at the moment that the dart parted from the cord, *Albert* threw himself upon the breast of his master, the hissing shaft struck short and sharp in his back, and he dropped from the bosom of the knight upon the rampart.

The dart snapped upon the stone, but the bright point stood stiff and red through the breast of his coat; Raymond dropped the banner, and gave a cry of grief, and drew out the broken wood; and as the clear blood gushed after, tore open the breast of the page to stanch the wound, when, as he undid the gorget, he discovered, not the dark neck of a sun-burnt boy, but the white snowy throat of a maiden bosom!

She turned her face to the stone—" Thank God!" she said, " I die for you, *as you died for me!*"

Raymond raised her eagerly in his arms—" Who! Who are you?" he exclaimed, looking wildly upon her dark face and snow-white bosom.

" I was—*Blanche Rose!*" whispered the page.

Raymond fell upon her face, and for a moment held her to his mailed breast as still and silent as herself; but suddenly he started up, and rending his surcoat, bound the fillets round her bleeding breast; but still as he wound fold over fold with wild eagerness, the red blood came through the silk.

" It is not painful," said Blanche, " it will soon be past!"

Raymond dropped the last bandage, and gazed upon her with the fixedness of despair, as she lay still in his arms, her white passive face reclined upon his breast, and her cold hand resting quiet in his mail glove. For awhile she lay like one composing into sleep, at last she lifted her heavy eyes—

" I am happy! I die in peace!" she said; and turned her face to his bosom like an infant to its rest; and one long tremulous sigh, and her breast came still, her hand unclosed, the smile fixed on her white lip, and the tear in her eye, and she lay calm, and still, and placid, like a child on its parent lap.

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They buried them together in the valley of Jehosaphat, and raised

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* In the middle ages the vulgar Latin was little more than a patois through most parts of Europe. There are some MSS. almost unintelligible from the number of barbarous words, and the confusion of Latin and native terminations; and in many serious pieces the language was little more pure than the doggrel rhyme in which the English monks satirized the ignorance of the Lollards.

" My name is Tutivillus, my horn is blowen,
Fragmina verborum Tutivillus colligit horum
Belzebub algorum Belial bellman doliorum!"

† A small engine for casting darts on the principle of a cross-bow.

over them a grave of simple turf; for he said, "Let our pillow be the earth where HE has trodden, and let His light shine upon us by day and HIS dew come down upon our breast at night."

There is a palm-tree at the head of the heap, and a little well at the foot, and one white rose of Sharon that blossoms very sweet over the brink, and sheds the incense of the earth over their breasts who sleep below. At evening the gazelle comes to feed upon the green turf, and the bulbul sings on the bough over his flower, and the palmer at noon takes his branch from the tree, and a blossom from the bush, and sits in the shade, and drinks out of the well, and says,

"Illuminat Dominus faciem suum super te
Et det tibi pacem!"

Σ.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

WE have hitherto considered the character and fortunes of Rousseau as they regarded himself alone; the next, and now succeeding objects of consideration, however, are the views he took of the society into which he was thrown, the opinions he promulgated respecting the evils which infected it, and the remedies he proposed for the disease he fancied he had discovered. When these have been discussed, and the bearing they have on the opinions of the present day pointed out, the task we proposed to ourselves respecting Rousseau will have been accomplished.

Though endowed with quick sensibilities for himself, Jean Jacques yet extended his sympathies to his race. The injustice practised towards the poor made him the apostle of humanity; the misery inflicted on children kindled those lively feelings which led to the production of Emile, the most important work on education that ever appeared: the vices of social life induced him to compose, for the instruction of every coming generation, his remarkable romance "La Nouvelle Heloïse," in the hope of being able to build up some moral code in the place of that which he saw was utterly destroyed; while the reigning ignorance on the science of government induced him to compose his Contrat Social, for the purpose of establishing some definite principles of political science. In all these various works he endeavoured, as he himself observes, to re-construct the fabric of opinions, and to rescue men from the floating uncertainty then prevalent on most of the important subjects of thought; an uncertainty which, in any other than highly-cultivated minds, is but too apt to lead to carelessness respecting truth itself, and indifference to the well-being or misery of our fellows. Speaking of himself, as a third person, he says,

> In this age, in which philosophy is employed only to destroy, I saw this author alone attempting solidly to reconstruct opinions. In the books of all others I detected the passion which had dictated them, and the personal object the writer had in view. Jean Jacques alone seemed to me to seek truth with rectitude of purpose, and simplicity of heart. He alone appeared to me to point out to men the path of true happiness, by teaching them to distinguish between reality and appearance—between the man of nature and that fictitious, fantastic man which has been put in his place, by our prejudices and our institutions.

The system he framed, (almost entirely the result of his own meditations,) like every first attempt in science, was a compound of truth and

error. Still, although the errors he enunciated were of startling extravagance, the truths he eloquently established were of the highest import; and, while he left much to be performed by succeeding inquirers, he himself made a great advance in the science he was endeavouring to form.

His system, which has been egregiously misunderstood and misrepresented, was framed with constant reference to the existing state of society.* This state he saw was one of vice and misery: and the first great inquiry suggested to his mind, by this circumstance, was, whether men were doomed necessarily to be thus vicious and thus unhappy. In order to answer this question, he was led to inquire into the nature of man, and to dissect the constitution of society. The result of his investigations may be summed up in the following propositions: 1st, That men are, by nature, prone to good rather than to evil, and that they are capable of happiness.† 2d, That the chief misery that men suffer is the result of a mischievous social system. 3d, That the system which would confer on them the highest degree of enjoyment, is that which would bring them back to their *original* or *natural* state. 4th, That, since to do this completely and at once is impossible, the best that can now be effected, would be to modify the existing system, keeping in mind the natural state of man, and, in as far as it is possible, correcting, by that model, the present mischievous regulations of society. 5th, That since these regulations have reference to our social and our political state, the latter resulting from the former, and the former resulting from our education, we must, if we desire to modify our condition, politically or socially, to any great or material extent, make a revolution previously in our system of education. The individuals who compose society must be changed before we can hope for any fundamental change in society itself.

In this series of propositions, that which is peculiar to Rousseau, that which brought down on him the ridicule of the *philosophes*, and which was the ground-work of his whole plan of regeneration, is the 3d, viz., "That the system which would confer on men the greatest degree of enjoyment, is that which would bring them back to their original or natural state." The meaning, however, which Rousseau attached to this proposition was either misunderstood or wilfully misrepresented by his contemporaries. The spirit in which it was uttered was completely mistaken. The evils to which it pointed, and the remedies which it suggested, were alike misconceived by the critics of the day, and by the

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* It may safely be assumed, that the small wits, who, on authority, sneer at the extravagance of Rousseau, have not been aware that he ever penned such a passage as the following:

"Here is found, as it appears to me, the ordinary fault of the Abbé St. Pierre; which is, the never suiting his schemes to existing men, times, and circumstances; and the bringing forward, as means to facilitate the execution of a project, the very things that act as obstacles to it. In his present plan, he wished to modify a government declining through age, by means altogether foreign to its present nature; he wished to give it that general vigour which (if we may use such an expression) puts the whole person in action. This was, as if he had said to a decrepit and gouty old man, Walk, and labour; use your hands and your legs, for exercise is good for your health." *(Jugement sur la Polysynodie.)*

† This proposition brought down on him the anger and anathemas of the priesthood. If the reader be desirous of knowing the evils that fell on poor Rousseau, for his enunciation of this proposition, let him read the eloquent letter of Jean Jacques to the Archbishop of Paris, M. de Beaumont.

little wits who, since that period, have never ceased to laugh at Rousseau for what they have chosen to call his Savage System.* They could neither understand the reform he suggested, nor perceive the evils which he described as now inhering in society.

Driven by his own condition, and that of the millions who constitute the poor of every country, to contemplate the existing state of society, he could not but quickly perceive, that individual merit had little to do with the well-being of any individual. He saw that the rules of civilized life were so framed, that a blind necessity for the most part determined the situation of every one; that the rules which governed society were expressly framed, *not* to be influenced by the circumstances of any particular case:—that their supposed virtue consisted in their undeviating certainty. This certainty cannot be attained without striking out of consideration individual differences. Any rule which is drawn with reference to the peculiar qualities of individuals must of necessity vary; but varying, it creates uncertainty; and uncertainty is the evil dreaded. The rule, therefore, has been based upon circumstances foreign to the individual himself, and not liable to doubt or uncertainty. Thus grew up the law of property, the law of condition,—thus arose the relative situation of governor and governed, of subject and master, poor and rich, noble and plebeian. Thus originated the vices of our social condition,—the evils of government,—the misery of millions apparently for the well-being of a few.

The regulations of civilized life were said to be necessary to the happiness of society. The happiness of society is made up of the happiness of the individuals who compose it. But of the individuals who compose society, a very small, if any portion do enjoy any happiness. And if this be so, then the regulations have not attained the end for which they were established, and consequently are at best unnecessary.† But it is true that no portion of society enjoys any thing like happiness. The poor by all are allowed to be in a situation of horrible destitution and misery. The rich, with all their means of enjoyment, are, by their education, an education arising out of their condition, rendered incapable of making a useful application of those means. The poor drag out a miserable existence, with all their capabilities of happiness destroyed, because deprived of the means. The rich waste their lives in "strenuous idleness;" seeking for pleasure, ever to be disappointed. No wise man will say that the feverish excitement, or the listless indolence of a rich man is happiness.

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* Voltaire even mistook the meaning of Rousseau: and was witty at his expense. The exquisite style and wit of that wonderful man sometimes successfully hid want of knowledge and research. Great men—and none can be found greater than Voltaire—ought, however, to recollect, that their errors are oftentimes the texts of fools. The herd who never examine for themselves must have an authority and a leader. The fools who have sneered at Rousseau shield themselves under the name of Voltaire. The origin of many a sarcasm may be found in the following sentence of a letter from Voltaire to Rousseau:—

"J'ai reçu, Monsieur, votre nouveau livre, contre le genre humain; je vous en remercie. Vous plaisez aux hommes à qui vous dites leur verités, et vous ne les corrigerez pas. On ne peut peindre avec des couleurs plus fortes les horreurs de la société humaine, dont notre ignorance et notre foiblesse se promettent tant de douceurs. On n'a jamais employé tant d'esprit à vouloir nous rendre bêtes. Il prend envie de marcher à quatre pattes, quand on lit votre ouvrage." &c.

† It must be remembered, that we are following Rousseau's reasoning, not coinciding with it.

The regulations of society, then, do not fulfil the conditions on which they were established. But what are the conditions required to make the society happy? A previous inquiry is,—What are the conditions required to make the individuals happy? These are of two descriptions, *physical* and *moral*. A man's frame should be robust and healthy; and his mind should be so constituted that it lead him to seek for enjoyments, unalloyed with mischievous consequences either to himself or others, and to enjoy to the utmost such pleasures, as while mischievous to no one, are easily obtained. Unless his physical state be one of health and comfort, neither the mind nor the body can be at ease. Unless the mind be framed for happiness, no physical comfort will produce it. But, to the production of a healthy and robust frame, a pure and simple life, exercise, sufficiency, frugal and sober habits, are necessary. To the production of a sane and healthy mind, a state must be found in which there should be no temptation to acquire mischievous desires; the interest of the individual being never opposed to virtuous inclinations and conduct. Rousseau himself thus expresses it:—Speaking of his father's conduct, he says,

> This conduct, in a father, whose tenderness and virtue I so well knew, led me to make reflections on myself, which have not a little contributed to keep my mind virtuous. I drew from it this great maxim of morality, the only one, perhaps, which is of use in practice, viz. to shun those situations which place our duties in opposition to our interests, and which make us see that our own happiness is dependent on that which is mischievous to another; being certain, that, in such situations, however sincere may be the love of virtue we bring to them, sooner or later it becomes weak, without our perceiving it; and we are unjust and wicked, in fact, without ceasing to be just and good in our minds. (Confessions, L. 11.)

Thus far he would find many to agree with him. At the next step this coincidence of opinion would cease. In what state is this condition, physical and moral, most likely to be created? His answer was, The state not civilized; the state in which men's minds are not corrupted by false science, nor their bodies enervated by luxurious and profligate habits.

This answer is startling, and thus stated is undoubtedly incorrect. But the accusations brought by Rousseau against civilized life as he saw it, were true, were deserving of serious attention, and led to measures of education in the highest degree conducive to our well-being. He opposed the civilized state of which he was an eye-witness, to the state not civilized, which his imagination created; and making the comparison, he could not but prefer the latter. But this latter never existed; it was a fancy founded on the declarations of former writers, and the incorrect statements of travellers. Thus, though the conclusion of Rousseau was erroneous in point of fact, it led to exceedingly judicious plans of reformation. He saw what others were not inclined to admit, viz. the imperfections of the existing society. He in a great measure traced these imperfections to their right sources. He acknowledged that his *beau ideal* could not be attained, but he believed that an approach might be made to it. This approach is, in reality, all that is required. The modified plans of amelioration, plans modified by the existing state of society, are for the most part what the most consummate and far-sighted wisdom would have suggested.

Rousseau hastily and unwarily took upon trust the opinions of almost all preceding writers respecting the virtue and simplicity of a barbaric

state.* But more consistent than they, he carried these opinions to their legitimate conclusion, and endeavoured to bring back society to the position he admired. If virtue, he said, exist in this barbaric life, and since we see that in our own it is not to be found, why do we not endeavour to attain that more virtuous state?

The evils of civilized life he faithfully and acutely pointed out, and exposed many truths which the vanity of a self-styled scientific world refused to receive. He asserted, and with great truth, that much which men call knowledge, much of what they seek after and esteem, is wholly useless; that much is absolutely mischievous, consisting either of a mere idle recollection of useless facts or words, or of sophistical reasonings, useful only as a means to justify and create vicious habits. Socrates before him had said nearly the same thing, and his assertions were received in the same way. In the language of Cicero,—"Socrates mihi videtur primus a rebus occultis, et ab ipsa natura involutis, in quibus omnes ante eum philosophi occupati fuerunt, avocavisse philosophiam, et ad vitam communem adduxisse, ut de virtutibus et vitiis, omninoque de bonis rebus et malis quæreret; cœlestia autem vel procul esse a nostra cognitione censeret, vel, si maxime cognita essent, nihil tamen ad bene vivendum."† To Rousseau who lived among the dissolute aristocracy of France, it was evident, that the knowledge they had acquired had been turned to mischievous purposes: That they learned only to justify vice, and to be profligate without shame and without remorse. He saw that they were without the virtues which their fathers were supposed to have possessed; and he ascribed this altered state to the knowledge which they had acquired. Confining his view to this one fact, and to this one class, he hastily drew a conclusion inimical to art and science generally. He saw rightly that the vices of his time were incompatible with a rustic state; he therefore eagerly turned his wishes towards the

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* "Procopius," says Gibbon, "does ample and willing justice to the merit of Totila. The Roman historians from Sallust and Tacitus were happy to forget the vices of their countrymen, in the contemplation of barbaric virtue." (Decline and Fall, c. 43, vol. vii. p. 358.) Rousseau himself says in his discourse, in answer to the Academy of Dijon—"Let us compare with this description, viz. civilized states, that of the manners of a small number of people, who, preserved from this contagion of vain knowledge, have, by their virtue, formed their own happiness, and served as a model to other nations; such were the first Persians, a singular nation, amongst whom virtue was taught as science is now, who subjugated Asia with so much facility, and who alone have had the glory of having their institutions deemed a romance of philosophy. Such were the Scythians, of whom we have received eulogies so magnificent. Such were the Germans; in describing whose virtue, simplicity and innocence, an historian, tired of tracing the crimes of an opulent, instructed, and voluptuous people, has soothed and refreshed his spirit. Such was Rome in the time of her poverty and ignorance. Such has been in our days that rustic nation, so admired for a courage which no adversity could conquer, for a fidelity which example even could not corrupt." He speaks of his own people. Goldsmith viewed Switzerland with the eye of a philosopher. See the Traveller, the lines commencing—

> "My soul, turn from them: turn we to survey,
> Where rougher climes a nobler race display."

† Academ. l. i. c. 18. See the remaining portion of the chapter. The second School of the Academy said much the same thing—See Cic. de Nat. Deorum. "If a perfectly just man were to appear among you," said Socrates, "you would crucify him." Rousseau found that truth cannot be always spoken with impunity.

The reader will find Rousseau's opinions respecting false knowledge in some measure explained in the tenth letter of "La Nouvelle Heloïse."

attainment of that state. But this could not be attained so long as art and science were cultivated as they then were. "Let us then desert those studies," he exclaimed, "which prevent the happy consummation I desire."

One evil attendant on knowledge, as he saw it, and which he alone pointed out, requires the deepest attention; one so great, that, were there no alternative between the state which Rousseau witnessed, and that rustic life he sought for, we should feel inclined to adopt his conclusion, and be the enemies of science also. Science was then the monopoly of a few. It was an instrument used to oppress, to mislead, and corrupt the remaining portion of the people. "It is one of the great inconveniences of the cultivation of Letters," he says, "that, for some few that they enlighten, they corrupt a whole nation." It is quite evident, that a degraded peasant under a French noble, was not so happy, so virtuous, nor so enlightened a being as a savage. A few men, at his time, were possessed of knowledge; but, if this knowledge only enabled them to keep more certainly in subjugation the rest of their fellow-creatures, then was it a curse, and not a blessing. It is worse than idle to appeal to the great works of those days—to point to the bridges, the palaces, the roads, the pictures, the triumphal arches, the fine manufactures, the astonishing dominion of man over nature, that were then witnessed. These things, *then*, improved not the condition of the people. That fine velvets were fabricated; that silks enveloped the limbs of the rich; that Racine had composed his unrivalled dramas; that much good stone had been reared into an ugly edifice, and called the Tuileries; that Le Brun spoiled much canvass, and no inconsiderable quantity of good colour; that Louis the XIV. figured in stone, in various parts of the capital, now as Apollo, now as a Roman Emperor; that fine verses were common, and quantity of philosophy talked; that all these things should be, was no alleviation of the people's misery. But, that they had ceased to possess the rugged pleasures of a savage life; that, instead of wandering at will, and indulging in the enjoyment of unrestrained freedom; that, instead of being bold, hardy, and independent savages, they had become slaves, poor and wretched, without one redeeming quality to set against their misery; this was an evil not compensated by any good which civilization had hitherto produced. No one who knows any thing of savage life will say, it is a life of happiness, either physically or mentally. On this point Rousseau was egregiously in error.* But no one, on the other hand, who has compared the state of a wretched peasant with that of a savage, would, one moment, hesitate in preferring the latter. If, then, knowledge only led (which it does not) to the enlightenment of a few, and this degradation of the remaining portions of mankind, it would deserve the abuse which Rousseau has heaped on it. His objections were, however, not answered. The evils he signalized existed; and they were not compensated by any good which the defenders of civilization adduced in opposition. He said, you are vicious: the ruling society was

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* He fancied, for example, that savages were free from rheumatic disorders. The truth, however, is, (and personal investigation has satisfied us of the fact) that rheumatic disorders is one of the greatest physical evils the savage suffers. Rheumatism and asthma are universally prevalent among savages. Jefferson, be it remembered, however, who had many opportunities of judging, declared, that he was unable to determine whether the civilised life he enjoyed, or the wild life of the American Indians were the most happy.

vicious. He said, You have lost what virtues you had, through your knowledge, and you have nothing good in their place: this, to a certain extent, was true. You have subjugated the people—degraded them to a state of horrid ignorance, brutality, and wretchedness. This, alas! could not be denied. You have made them miserable without making yourselves happy. This, also, could not be disputed. What have you done to recompense the people for this? You enact good plays and bad operas; you have a corps of persons to put themselves into all sorts of extravagant contortions, which you call dancing; you have books to read, paintings to look at, large houses to live in; you ride about in coaches, where your forefathers walked;* you dress in fine clothes, and become unable to bear the inclemency of the weather; you have an extravagant king and an extravagant court; you sleep by day, and sit up during the night; and this you call civilization. This is the production of the arts and sciences. I admit, that the arts and sciences have been carried to a higher point, perhaps, than in any preceding age; but I deny that this is any proof of the superiority of this age over any other."

The only answer to these statements was never given. That answer would have been—1st, the shewing that knowledge and civilization, as it is termed, could be extended over the whole people, and be made their safeguard rather than their enemy; 2d, the proving that the pleasures which men enjoy in a state of high intellectual cultivation are more numerous, continuous, and vivid, than those which fall to their lot in a savage or uncultivated state.† That these propositions are true, could, we think, be easily established. This, however, by no means disproves the assertions of Rousseau, nor would it shew that the evils he pointed out did not exist as consequences from the causes which he signalized. Almost all moral changes are attended with certain portions of evil. The mode of defending the change is not falsely to declare that no evil follows; but, allowing what is true, to shew that the benefits resulting from the change will more than counterbalance the mischief. So in the case of the passage from ignorance to knowledge, much evil followed from the unequal manner in which knowledge was acquired. Moreover, much of the knowledge which men acquired was but half knowledge; and thus, though their acquirements were greater, their conclusions were often erroneous.‡

There is a class of philosophers who fancy that the well-being of a people is marked by the amount of wealth which the *whole* people possesses; and as large accumulations of property can seldom be made without great security, they are accustomed to believe times of excite-

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* The reader who is desirous of learning what changes were then supposed to have taken place in the character and manners of the French people, need only consult Mably sur l'Histoire de France, l. vii. c. 2.

† It may also be observed that, however desirable Rousseau or any one might deem this uncivilized condition, we cannot return to it. To reason men into barbarism is impossible.

‡ This is by no means an uncommon case. Conclusions which serve for premises in reasoning result often from a mere consideration of evidence: evidence *pro* and *con*. This evidence, though not complete, may yet be obtained in such relative proportion, that the right judgment may be formed; say, for example, in favour of the *pro* side of a question. The inquirer seeking farther, however, obtains evidence on the other side. He is in fact more enlightened, he knows more, but his conclusion will not be the same. His conclusion in fact will be erroneous.

ment and turbulence times of misery. Rousseau, who saw that wealth under any circumstances was but a means of happiness, that happiness was a mental state, resulting in various conditions from very various circumstances, clearly perceived the error of this assertion. Here, however, he was not content with the truth, or he was confused by the very fallacy he opposed. He observes, in a note to the ninth chapter of his Contrat Social, "when the *tracasseries* (we have no word exactly equivalent) of the great agitated the kingdom of France, and the coadjutor of Paris (Retz) carried a poniard in his pocket when he attended the sittings of the Parliament, this did not hinder the French people from being numerous, and living happily in comfort, honesty, and freedom. Thus heretofore Greece flourished in the midst of the most cruel wars; blood flowed in torrents, and yet the whole country was covered by people. It seems, says Machiavelli, that in the midst of murders, proscriptions, and civil wars, our republic becomes from that very state more powerful; the virtue of her citizens, their manners and their independence, having more influence in strengthening than all her evils in weakening her. A little agitation gives energy to men's minds; and that which truly increases the happiness of our race is less peace than freedom." The truth that lies almost hidden in this vague and general statement, is of the utmost possible importance. But before it can be practically applied, a definite and full knowledge of what it really implies must previously be obtained.

It is quite evident, that, although a nation may, relatively to other nations, be wealthy, large masses of its population may yet be in a state of deplorable misery.* Thus, the riches of a whole people is not a sure sign of a people's happiness and prosperity. Moreover, as prosperity and wealth result from the energetic action of a people, mere perfect security is not absolutely necessary, even to the accumulation of wealth. Action is dependent on mental states; and, it has often happened, that the mental state, best fitted to produce extreme energy and continuousness of action, has been produced in circumstances of comparative turbulence and commotion; and this state of mind will, if analyzed, be found most conducive to the happiness of the individual. It consists (to describe it in general terms) in a peculiar boldness or self-confidence of disposition; and a capacity for moral rather than mere physical pleasures. If the moral pleasures desired be such as result from the admiration of others, rather than those which arise from the mental cultivation of the individual himself, then extreme activity will be manifested in the accumulation of wealth, and in obtaining power. The insecurity resulting from war and commotion will be counterbalanced by vehement desire and sanguine hope. Perfect security, we daily see not to be requisite to excite the keenest desire to accumulate, and steady perseverance in so doing. In the present time, in our own country, we perceive a desire to be wealthy, and a constant struggle to that end seldom equalled in the world's annals; and yet there is a large defalcation from the whole proceeds of the producer, by means of demands made by Government. So, in turbulent times, although much may be, in various ways, taken from the industrious merchant and artisan, still what remains may be sufficient to reward his labours, and induce him steadily

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* This was actually the case in France during the time of Rousseau, as it is of our country at present.

to pursue his active course. If we suppose this defalcation to be sufficiently large to prevent very great accumulation, inducing a necessity for steady exertion, and forcing the person toiling to seek his chief pleasures in intellectual sources, we, in fact, suppose the situation of an intellectual man, of moderate means obtained by industry, in our own times and country; in other words, we suppose the situation, which, by universal consent, is allowed to be the most fitted for happiness of any we know.

But, according to the practical maxim of Rousseau above-mentioned, if it be wished that men should adopt the right course, their duties must not be placed in opposition to their interests. Before we can hope, therefore, to induce any large number of men to be content with, and seek the situation here described, there must be a feeling established, throughout society, of the wisdom of such a proceeding. At present, although men acknowledge that the most happy state is the one above described, they are accustomed to show much greater deference to him who has accumulated vast riches, than to him who, by regulating his desires, and cultivating his intellectual powers, has shown himself a wise man. The millionaire, possessed of no more intellect than an ox, will, throughout this our enlightened country, obtain more real respect than the most instructed man in the community; and his opinion, even in the determination of the most intricate affairs of state, will be of greater weight. But, if this be the case, how can we hope that men generally will forego this estimation, and at once lower their desires to the wise standard? The first step in improvement is to wish for the good will and applause of our fellows. When we have acquired a high degree of moral and mental force, we may be satisfied with self-approbation; but this higher state can seldom be acquired, but by commencing with the former. How, then, shall this false standard of estimation be overturned? How shall men be induced to train themselves to this wiser condition? They must be trained, by early habits, to other classes of pleasure than those which arise from wealth; and their minds and bodies must be so framed, that all those multitudinous appliances, which constitute what is termed civilization, shall not be necessary to their comfort or welfare.

The most common effect of the regulations of society on the character of the individual, is to generate in him a helpless dependence on his fellows. His physical wants are supplied by the united aid of many thousands, who divide the labour requisite to produce what is required; and although they thus acquire great skill in the narrow circle of their operations, they seldom are able to produce any one thing that can be immediately applied to our uses. Production is wonderfully increased by this: but the dependence of every man on every man is, by the same means, completely insured. This is one case; and, in itself, the single instance is highly beneficial; but, if dependence be made to extend much beyond this point,—if it break down all confidence in one's-self,—if it make us utterly dependent for our pleasures, as well as the satisfaction of our wants, on our fellows, then has the thraldom of society stretched far beyond the limit required. The most powerful tendency of social regulations, however, is to this end; and if great and continuous exertion be not made to counteract it, the result dreaded will inevitably occur. A general feebleness of mind will be created; all habits of original thought destroyed, and all boldness of action utterly precluded. Listless luxurious ease will be the highest enjoyment, even among those who possess

the means of satisfying their wants; while misery and oppression will be the lot of nine-tenths of the population.

It was one of the great objects of Rousseau to counteract this tendency; to point out the advantages resulting to each individual, and to mankind at large, from the possession of a simple and independent character; and to frame a plan of education, by which such a character might be formed.

They who have written or spoken respecting the writings of Rousseau, have usually been so startled by his declarations against civilization, that they have neglected, and even wholly passed over this great end of his endeavours, and the many admirable practical precepts he has left on record, in order to attain it. They have forgotten that he stands unrivalled as an eloquent advocate of virtue; that throughout his writings, beyond those of all other men, there breathes that pure and delicate spirit, which destroys alike the gross tendencies of sensuality, and the aspirations of a mere vulgar ambition. Simple, refined, and of unequalled sensibility, the mind of Rousseau pictured to itself a life of such delicate and elegant enjoyment, that to his contemporaries, absorbed as they were by the ruling passions of the day, it appeared the dream of an idle, rash, enthusiast. Yet, with all Rousseau's simplicity, he was not so childish as they who sneered at his reveries. They pursued an empty, gaudy phantom, while he would teach us to prize the ever-springing, ever-delightful pleasures resulting from the contemplation of the natural objects which surround us, from the gratification of simple tastes, and from the enjoyment of a calm unruffled life. He, who has been considered the advocate of riot and confusion, has, beyond all other men, taught us the benefits of peace and good will. With the splendour of his eloquence, has he exalted all peaceful pleasures; with honest indignation, has poured the phials of his wrath upon the reckless course pursued by ordinary ambition, and faithfully and fearlessly exposed the empty joys which are sought and highly prized by the advocates of what is called civilization.

Any further description of his writings is incompatible with the limits to which we are confined; a minute examination of them would require a volume, and any thing short of that would be useless. Our purpose will have been answered, if attention has been excited in the mind of the reader to the *subjects* which Rousseau handled, and the *tone* of mind he endeavoured to create. The tendency of the present time is strongly set to overrate the benefits of what is termed civilization. The end is forgotten in the means. There is an everlasting strife and exertion to obtain the means. The days of our youth and our manhood are wasted; and we, in old age, are left to lament that we have lost the time when we might have tasted the pleasures of our life. There is now no repose, no healthy confidence in one's self; our pleasures are the pleasures to be derived from the admiration of others. Unless we can surprise and excite envy in the bosom of our neighbours, we are unhappy. To this end we sacrifice youth, and health, and ease; and when he have attained the object of all our wishes,—when become the admiration and envy of those less successful than ourselves, we sicken at the emptiness of the joy we sought, and die, having discovered that our life has been one long folly. This may be called trite. It is true, however, and at the present time, apposite. If we could be persuaded to seek enjoyment for itself, and not in order to shew relative superiority; if we could be content to be happy; the simple pleasures within the reach of

almost every one,—pleasures requiring not wealth, and joined with no splendour,—pleasures continuous and uncloying,—would make our youth, our manhood, and our age, alike happy, and undisturbed. Philosophy can have no higher object than to create this happy frame of mind. Such was the object of the much calumniated and unhappy JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

BENTHAM AND HIS WORKS.—No. I.

THE BOOK OF FALLACIES.

IT is curious to observe the progress of opinion. The bulk of mankind will live on for centuries, either vegetating in the relations in which they are born, without thinking at all, or if attempting to think, going no further than the appropriation of certain set forms of thought, or rather expression, which they find in vogue. Accidentally, however, as it were, one stumbles upon an awkward truth, which he can by no ways reconcile with any existing system; and another, who has no connexion or intercourse with him, upon another. Gradually, these opinions, these exceptions from the received creeds of society, swell to a great number, floating vaguely, unconnectedly, harassingly, through the minds of men. At last a mind of an original stamp arises, which attracting to itself, as the magnet does iron filings, all those novelties, remains inaccessible to the worn-out dry husks of old opinion, and compresses by its innate power the hitherto *disjecta membra* into a luminous and convincing system. Such minds are the heralds of a new era. They are in the moral world, what those fragments of a superincumbent stratum, which geologists uniformly find imbedded in the lower rock where one formation ceases and another is super-imposed, are in the physical. But inanimate nature feebly shadows out the powers of the soul. A more correct figure would be to call these men the creative minds destined to mould the habits of thought of succeeding generations.

Of this class was Jeremy Bentham. He was one of those men, of whom Hazlitt says, that they advance so far before their contemporaries as to be dwarfed in the distance. The multitude could not comprehend, and either laughed scornfully at him, or passed him unnoticed. Like every thing that is great, however, he was working in silence. The time in which he lived was a state of transition. Men had cast themselves loose from fixed opinions. Old principles and old establishments were worn loosely for want of a better covering; but they were like the snake's last year's skin, retained loosely hanging about it, till the new shall be tough enough for the wear and tear of ordinary life. It was an age of scepticism: there was no positive belief. Amid this clamorous and empty crowd, jostling and quarrelling without any definite purpose, Bentham, in his quiet habitation in Westminster, was calmly extending and systematizing his own views, gathering around him a cohort of half or whole converts, destined to diffuse his principles and opinions throughout the world; forming as it were a link between the state of society, from which vitality was fast ebbing, and that which was to succeed. His mind is no longer manifested to us through a corporeal medium, but his thoughts holding many subject to his power, and about to hold more, he may truly be said still to live among us.

In the number of our Magazine which appeared immediately subsequent to the death of **Bentham**, we announced our intention of paying, on a future occasion, a tribute to his memory. We did not understand by this, collecting a number of little personal anecdotes concerning him, stringing them together, and calling the thing a memoir; although such a task would have been neither ungrateful, nor its accomplishment useless. Still less did we dream of a superficial, formal *éloge*, dealing in cold generalities, and saying of our teacher what has been said of so many, that he was a great man, a *very* great man. We felt that his noblest monument was the works he left behind him; that the best tribute of homage we could bring to his memory would be to diffuse more widely the knowledge of them; an undertaking which, if successfully accomplished, would not be more honourable to the dead than useful to the living. The world is but emerging from a state of infancy. The structure and government of society have hitherto been rather vaguely felt than rightly understood. Laws, it is true, were acknowledged to be necessary,—rules sanctioned by the application of physical force, which, if they could not render men virtuous, might at least restrain their outward actions within a line approximating to that which the spontaneous prompting of virtuous emotion would have suggested. But the basis upon which these laws was to rest, and the real nature of the force which was to carry them into execution, were ill-understood. The priest sought to juggle mankind into obedience, the warrior to force them, the moralist to persuade them. One and all expressed in their different idioms a faint foreboding of the truth, that good laws can only exist in that society where the majority will what is right, and lend their arms to enforce its observance. Enlightened conviction on the part of the citizens, is the only guarantee for good laws and their observance. Many nations are already, and more are daily coming of age. We, among others, have vindicated our right to act for ourselves. Whether our liberty shall work for our good or our evil, depends upon the extent of our knowledge. Deeply convinced of this truth, we adventure not without trembling on our self-imposed task, of conveying to our readers, in a series of articles, some general notion of the writings of the first man who reduced legislation to a science.

The work which we have selected, as the subject of our first prelection, "The Book of Fallacies," is, perhaps, the one of all our author's published writings, of the merits and character of which it is the most difficult to convey an adequate impression, by means of a summary. It has been selected, because it affords an opportunity of dwelling upon some of the features of Bentham's intellect which seem to have determined the bent and tenor of his labours, without entering into the detail of any of his positive opinions.

One fact regarding his mental characteristics is immediately recalled to the mind by the perusal of this volume:—that Bentham, comprehending within the grasp of his almost boundless mind, the whole range of his science, yet perceiving, at the same time, with microscopic accuracy, its minutest details, was too much engrossed with his fervid progress of thought to be able to submit to the drudgery of committing his labours to words. Those who are familiar with his writings will find, that every subject is treated of in a manner that shows the author had referred it to its place in the comprehensive system he had formed in his own mind. Traces of the outline of that system are to be found in his larger works. Enough of matter to fill up the outline has been left

by him, in remarks on the details, full and exhaustive in themselves, but not so hewn as to dovetail, in their present state, into each other. His almost boundless view embraced, at once, every point of the immense field of his labours, and as one or other struck him, he pounced upon it; but even his lengthened life was insufficient for fitting together and polishing the rich ore he had quarried. To this circumstance are we to ascribe the fact, that much of the results of his investigations, which have been published, has been worked up for the public eye, by the hands of friends and disciples. The writings of Bentham, like those of his great prototype Socrates, are known to us chiefly through the medium of his pupils. The matter is Bentham's, but the form and polish have been given by feebler hands.

This is the case with "The Book of Fallacies." One redaction of the fragments which have been published under that name, was given to the world by Dumont, in French. The English version was published in 1824. Bentham had no share in preparing either of these works for the press. The work which he contemplated seems to have been one, in some measure, of transitory interest:—a collection of the favourite fallacies used by parliamentary debaters. He had classed them under three heads:—fallacies of the ins; fallacies of the outs; either-side fallacies. His purpose was a work of immediate and local interest; and, probably, a feeling of how inferior in importance the unmasking of the child's play of the British senate was, to the completion of his more important duties, prevented the idea ever being committed to paper, except in very hasty and imperfect jottings. The MS. coming into Dumont's hands, that writer, stripping Bentham's hints of their local colouring, and arranging them according to a principle of classification suggested by his friend Sismondi, appended his work to a treatise, entitled "Tactique des Assemblées Legislatives," compiled, in like manner, from Bentham's papers. The English editor has preserved, with a slight variation, the arrangement and distribution of Dumont. Instead, however, of re-translating the work, he has employed, as far as it went, the original MS. of Bentham, and has retained most of the allusions to our parliamentary practice. The value of the English redaction is greatly enhanced on this account. We can trace, in many passages, the pure ore of Bentham; and his remarks, bearing immediately upon the actual circumstances of the society in which we exist, have a greater practical utility.

The deficiencies of the work are plainly referable to the two editors. What was meant by Bentham, for a treatise on fallacies employed in political debate, and within the sphere of a definite locality, has been manufactured into an elementary treatise on fallacies in general. The work is announced as intended to fill up the blank existing in logical literature from the time of Aristotle, who was the first and almost the last who attempted to classify fallacies. But the very nature of Bentham's object rendered it impossible that his MS. could furnish materials for an exhaustive treatise on this subject. A collection of parliamentary fallacies could stand to such a work only in the same relation as a treatise on any branch of applied mathematics does to "Euclid's Elements." Another blemish may be traced to this source. Some of the fallacies have been beautifully elucidated and exposed in the original MS.; but others seem to have been loosely enumerated with a word or two of general reflection appended. Many passages have been retained, which, had the work been prepared for the press by the author, would undoubtedly have been rejected

as inconclusive. The weak points of "the Book of Fallacies" may therefore be considered as these: a certain degree of unsatisfactoriness arising from the work not containing all that we are led to expect; a diminution of the raciness of the original by tormenting it out of its original form; occasional passages of weakness and common-place, the joinings of the editor, or paragraphs retained which Bentham would mercilessly have lopped away.

Taking the work, however, as an exposure of the political fallacies most prevalent in English society, by tracing them to their source, and throwing a broad glare of light upon their futility and irrelevancy, the work is invaluable as a manual of political knowledge, and as affording us a picture of the pure, benevolent, playful, firm, clear-sighted, comprehensive, powerful mind of the author. The materials of Bentham are distributed among an introduction and five parts. The introduction contains an exposition of the nature of fallacies in general, and political fallacies in particular; of the nature and rationale of the classification of them adopted in the book; and hints respecting the importance of a good system of nomenclature. The object of the work is further illustrated by contrasting it with Hamilton's parliamentary logic. The fifth and concluding part resumes the consideration of this subject, points out the character common to all fallacies, the causes of their utterance, the particular demand for them created by the peculiarities of English government and society, and the utility of their exposure. The four intermediate parts are devoted to the exposition of particular fallacies. The editor regards all fallacies as calculated either to repress inquiry altogether, and that either by an appeal to authority or by intimidation; or to postpone inquiry; or to confuse the minds of hearers when inquiry can no longer be avoided. The chapter on the Fallacies of Authority opens with a beautiful and satisfactory dissertation on the nature of authority, and the cases in which any appeal to it is fallacious. Sophistical appeals to authority are included under four heads: appeals to the wisdom of our ancestors; appeals to irrevocable laws and promissory oaths; appeals to precedents; assumption of authority on the part of the speaker, and praises of the authors of the measure defended. All attempts to repress investigation by fallacious inuendoes of dangerous results are included under five heads:—the device of repressing inquiry by attributing bad motives to those who demand it; the old-wifish clamour of no innovation; the timid question, "what is at the bottom?" even of the least dubious plan of amelioration; the confusion of the personality of bad officers with the benefits of the duties they have to discharge; and brow-beating threats. The fallacies employed to obtain delay, the object of which always is final frustration, are, that there has been no complaint made; that people still more unfortunate than the complainants may easily be found; that it is not yet time; that it is dangerous to undertake too many things at once; that some other measure, (neither matured nor preferred,) would be more advantageous than that suggested. The fourth part contains by far the most numerous assortment of fallacies; almost all that may be employed to confuse and distract debaters, when discussion can no longer be delayed; "question-begging appellatives," "impostor terms," "vague generalities," "sweeping classifications," and the like. The arrangement, which we do not mean to describe as bad, but simply not such as Bentham might have made it, serves to aid the memory; and most of the topics are treated in the great author's happiest manner. The collection exhausts and ex-

poses the predominant fallacies with which men have hitherto been so fond to deceive themselves, and is at once the best guide to political thinking that has been published, and the best key to the author's more technical works. It ought to be mastered by every one who is anxious to discharge the duties of a citizen.

It is, however, chiefly as illustrating some of the most prominent features of Bentham's intellectual character that we have selected this work for the theme of our introductory essay. Of these the first in importance is that unwinking steadiness with which he always gazes on the sun of truth; that quiet prompitude with which, in the most ravelled question, he comes always to the right conclusion. This was the characteristic of his mind from boyhood until death. Its first fruit was his searching investigation of the English Church establishment; its next, his resignation of the practice of the law for the nobler task of teaching what law ought to be. He had but one object in life, to discover truth and to declare it. He could not blink a conviction for the attainment of any object. This characteristic disqualified him from influencing the immediate workings of a society, over which passion, with its motley array of half-truths and intrigues, exercised an unlimited sway. But it enabled him to shew how much better and nobler a being man might be; and his example spread with an insensible contagion. Already his modes of thought are catching hold of those who are not aware of it, and ere long they will be at least professed by all.

His wide comprehension and yet microscopic power of attention to details which have already been in some measure alluded to, will appear more clearly when we come to consider his more important writings. But there is one feature of his mind which must not here be passed over in silence, and that is its essentially practical character. His views on the sphere of theory's utility may be best expressed by himself:—

> The fear of theory has, to a certain extent, its foundation in reason. There is a general propensity in those who adopt this or that theory to push it too far: i. e. to set up a general proposition which is not true until certain exceptions have been taken out of it,—to set it up without any of those exceptions,—to pursue it without regard to the exceptions, and thence, *pro tanto*, in cases in which it is false, fallacious, repugnant to reason and utility.
>
> The propensity thus to push theory too far is acknowledged to be almost universal.
>
> But what is the just inference? Not that theoretical propositions, i. e. propositions of considerable extent, should from such their extent be concluded to be false *in toto:* but only that in the particular case, inquiry should be made, whether, supposing the proposition to be in the character of a general rule generally true, there may not be a case in which, to reduce it within the limits of truth, reason and utility, an exception ought to be taken out of it.
>
> Every man's knowledge is, in its extent, proportioned to the extent as well as number of those general propositions, of the truth of which, they being true, he has the persuasion in his own mind: in other words, the extent of these his theories comprises the extent of his knowledge.
>
> If, indeed, his theories are false, then, in proportion as they are extensive, he is the more deeply steeped in ignorance and error.
>
> But from the mere circumstance of its being theoretical, by these enemies to knowledge, its falsehood is inferred as if it were a necessary consequence; with as much reason as if from a man's speaking it were inferred, as a necessary consequence, that what he speaks must be false.
>
> One would think, that in thinking there were something wicked or else unwise; every body feels or fancies a necessity of disclaiming it. "I am not given to speculation."—"I am no friend to theories." Speculation, theory, what is it but thinking? Can a man disclaim speculation, can he disclaim theory, without disclaiming thought? If they do not mean thought, they mean nothing; for unless it be a little more thought than ordinary, theory, speculation, mean nothing.

To escape from the imputation of meditating destruction to mankind, a man must disclaim every thing that puts him above the level of a beast.

A plan proposes a wrong end; or the end being right, proposes a wrong set of means. If this be what a man means, can he not say so? Would not what he says have somewhat more meaning—be a little more consistent with the principles of common sense—with common honesty—than saying of it that it is theoretical—that it is speculative?

All his writings are a practical commentary upon these views; and we may instance more particularly his Panopticon, and one of his latest productions, a letter addressed to the Commission for Inquiring into the State of the Law of Real Property, on the Subject of a General Register, printed in the Appendix to their Third Report. Not contented with suggesting a general plan of management, he inquires into the most minute financial details, and obviates every, the most trifling, physical obstacle to the realization of his ideas.

These are the qualifications which enabled him to select and store up the materials of thought, and to mature them into comprehensive and sagacious plans: we have now to advert to these characteristics which determined the mode of their enunciation. Nothing can be more absurd than the idea that Bentham's writings are dry, *outré*, and repulsive. In virtue of their subject they are not to be understood without the exertion of continuous and painful attention; but those who are able to bring this power to their perusal will encounter no other difficulty. Bentham devoted his faculties to the elucidation of the science of legislation, and his first great endeavour is to make himself clearly understood. He observes the most strict precision of language. He is technical, for otherwise no man can be accurate; but his technicalities are based upon scientific views and the nature of his subject, not upon slovenly and meaningless hereditary usage. In treating of details, he keeps constantly in view their reference to the whole structure, and refers to what has been already said, or to what yet remains to be told at every step of his progress. Yet this anxious striving after perspicuity and completeness never interferes with the manly dignity of his nervous style. Beyond any writer of the day, he possesses that most necessary ingredient of true and resistless eloquence, the power of condensing all the bearings of his subject into one brief survey. His words are weighty and imposing as oracles. In his illustrations he evinces a rich flow of fancy, and frequently a quick sense of the beautiful. His flow of humour, when he gives way to it, is worthy of Butler, and his sarcasm is withering. And on every occasion, these powers, which of all are the most apt to run riot and carry away their owner, are kept in the most strict and beautiful subordination to the end they are directed to attain.*

A few specimens of Bentham's style are here added, less by way of justifying what has been said than of inviting attention to the writings, of which they are scarcely fair specimens. The following fine piece of declamation may not unjustly be called the sledge hammer.

Alive to possible-imaginable evils, dead to actual ones,—eagle-eyed to future contingent evils, blind and insensible to all existing ones,—such is the character of the mind, to which a fallacy such as this can really have presented itself in the character of an argument possessing any the smallest claim to notice. To such a mind,

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* We must be understood as speaking here of Bentham's more finished writings. Even in his Sibylline leaves, however—his rude jottings—the internal lustre of the diamond sparkles through its rough outer coat.

that, by denial and sale of justice, anarchy, in so far as concerns nine-tenths of the people, is actually by force of law established; and that it is only by the force of morality,—of such morality as all the punishments denounced against sincerity, and all the reward applied for the encouragement of insincerity, have not been able to banish, that society is kept together;—that to draw into question the fitness of great characters for their high situations, is in one man a crime, while to question their fitness so that their motives remain unquestioned is lawful to another;—that the crime called *libel* remains undefined and undistinguishable, and the liberty of the press is defined to be the absence of that security which would be afforded to writers by the establishment of a licenser;—that under a show of limitation, a government shall be in fact an absolute one, while pretended guardians are real accomplices, and at the nod of a king or a minister by a regular trained body of votes black shall be declared white; miscarriage, success; mortality, health; disgrace, honour; and notorious experienced imbecility, consummate skill;—to such a mind, these, with other evils boundless in extent and number, are either not seen to be in existence, or not felt to be such. In such a mind, the horror of innovation is as really a disease as any to which the body in which it is seated is exposed. And in proportion as a man is afflicted with it, he is the enemy of all good, which, how urgent soever may be the demand for it, remains as yet to be done; nor can it be said to be completely cured of it, till he shall have learnt to take on each occasion, and without repugnance, general utility for the general end, and, to judge of whatever is proposed, in the character of a means conducive to that end.

Bentham's power of moral portraiture may be inferred from this passage:—

Here and there a man of strong appetites, weak understanding, and stout heart, excepted, it might be affirmed with confidence that the most indigent and most ignorant would not be foolish enough to wish to see a complete dissolution of the bonds of government. In such a state of things, whatsoever he might expect to grasp for the moment, he would have no assured hope of keeping. Were he ever so strong, his strength, he could not but see, would avail him nothing against a momentarily confederated multitude; nor in one part of his field against a swifter individual ravaging the opposite part, nor during sleep against the weakest and most sluggish: and for the purpose of securing himself against such continually impending disasters, let him suppose himself entered into an association with others for mutual security; he would then suppose himself living again under a sort of government.

Even the comparatively few who, for a source of subsistence, prefer depredation to honest industry, are not less dependent for their wretched and ever palpitating existence than the honest and industrious are for theirs, on that general security to which their practice creates exceptions. Be the momentary object of his rapacity what it may, what no one of them could avoid having a more or less distinct conception of, is, that it could not exist for him further than it is secured against others.

So far is it from being true, that no Government can exist consistently with such exposure, no good Government can exist without it.

We subjoin the following as a specimen of how his mind could at times revel in grotesque imagery.

According to Bishop Warburton's Alliance, the people in the character of the church, meeting with all themselves in the character of the state, agreed to invest the expounders of the sacred volume with a large share of the sovereignty. Against this system, the lawyers, their only rivals, were estopped from pleading its seditiousness in bar. In Catholic countries, the churchmen who compose holy mother church possess one beautiful female, by whom the people are governed in the field of spiritual law; within which has been enclosed as much as possible of profane law. By Protestants, on holy mother church the title of Whore of Babylon has been conferred: they recognise no holy mother church. But in England, churchmen, a large portion of them, compose two *Almæ Matres Academiæ*—kind Mother Academies or Universities. By ingenuity such as this is, out of "lubberly postmasters' boys" in any number, one "sweet Mrs. Anne Page" is composed, fit to be decked out in elements of amiability to any extent. The object and fruit of this ingenuity is the affording protection to all abuses and imperfections attached to this part of the official establishment. Church being so excellent a being, none but a monster can be an *enemy*, a *foe*, to her: *Monster*, i. e. anarchist, Jacobin, leveller, &c. To every question having reform or improvement in view as to this part of the official establishment, the answer is one and the same—"You are an enemy to the church:" for

instance, among others, to such questions as follow: 1. What does this part of the official establishment do, but read or give further explanation to one book, of which more explanation has been given already than the longest life would suffice to hear? 2. Does not this suppose a people incapable of being taught to read? 3. Would it not be more read if each of them, being able to read, had it constantly by him to read all through, than by their being at liberty some of them to go miles to hear small parts of it?—

Sarcastic bitterness:—

There is a particular sort of grin—a grin of malicious triumph—a grin made up of malicious triumph with a dash of concealed foreboding and trepidation at the bottom of it—that forms a natural accompaniment of this fallacy, when vented by any of the sworn defenders of abuse: and Milton, instead of cramming all *his* angels of the African complexion into the divinity school disputing about predestination, should have employed part of them at least in practising this grin, with the corresponding fallacy, before a looking-glass.

Proportioned to the difficulty of persuading men to regard a plan as otherwise than beneficial, supposing it carried into effect, is the need of all such arguments or phrases as present a chance of persuading them to regard it as impracticable: and according to the sort of man you have to deal with, you accompany it with the grin of triumph, or with the grimace of regret and lamentation.

There is a class of predictions, the tendency and object of which is to contribute to their own accomplishment; and in the number of them is the prediction involved in this fallacy. When objections on the ground of utility are hopeless, or have been made the most of, objections on the ground of practicability still present an additional resource. By these, men who, being convinced of the utility of the plan, are in ever so great a degree well-wishers to it may be turned aside from it: and the best garb to assume for the purpose of the attempt, is that of one who is a well-wisher likewise.

Till the examples are before his eyes, it will not be easy for a man who has not himself made the observation to conceive to what a pitch of audacity political improbity is capable of soaring: how completely, when an opportunity that seems favourable presents itself, the mask will sometimes be taken off;—what thorough confidence there is in the complicity, or in the imbecility of hearers or readers.

Was the feeling of contempt ever more powerfully expressed than in his illustration of the folly of debating the question of Reform with men who, by their solemn oaths, and their desire to maintain their status in society, are bound to uphold the present system, in all its rottenness?

To a man thus circumstanced, to talk reason would have something ungenerous in it and indecorous; it would be as if a man should set about talking indecently to his wife and daughter.

Here close we our first lecture on the writings of our great master.

THE HOWDIE.—ANENT BAIRNS.

No. II.

(*Continued from page* 714, VOL. I.)

ALTHOUGH I have not in the foregoing head of my subject mentioned every extraordinary han'ling that came to me, yet I have noted the most remarkable; and made it plain to my readers by that swatch of my professional work, that it is not an easy thing to be a midwife with repute, without the inheritance from nature of good common sense and discretion, over and above skill and experience. I shall now dedicate this second head, to a make-mention of such things as I have heard and

known anent the bairns, that in their entrance into this wo..., the grace of God through my hands.

And here, in the first place, and at the very outset, it behoves me to make an observe, that neither omen nor symptom occurs at a birth, by which any reasonable person or gossip present can foretell what the native, as the unchristened baby is then called, may be ordained to come through in the course of the future. No doubt this generality, like every rule, has an exception; but I am no disposed to think the exceptions often kent-speckle; for although I have heard many a well-doing sagacious carlin notice the remarkables she had seen at some births, I am yet bound to say that my experience has never taught me to discern in what way a-come-to-pass in the life of the man was begotten of the uncos at the birth of the child.

But while I say this, let me no be misunderstood as throwing any doubt on the fact, that births sometimes are, and have been, in all ages, attended with signs and wonders manifest. I am only stating the truth as it has fallen out in the course of my own experience; for I never misdoubt that it's in the power of Providence to work miracles and cause marvels, when a child is ordained with a superfluity of head-rope. I only maintain, that it is not a constancy in nature to be regular in that way, and that many prodigies happen at the times of births, of which it would not be a facile thing for a very wise prophet to expound the use. Indeed, my observes would go to the clean contrary; for I have noted that, for the most part, the births which have happened in dread and strange circumstances, were not a hair's-breadth better, than those of the commonest clamjamphry. Indeed, I had a very notable instance of this kind in the very first year of my setting up for myself, and that was when James Cuiffy's wife lay in of her eldest born.

James, as all the parish well knew, was not a man to lead the children of Israel through the Red Sea, nor she a Deborah to sing of butter in a lordly dish; but they were decent folk; and when the fulness of her time was come, it behoved her to be put to bed, and my helping hand to be called for. Accordingly I went.

It was the gloaming when James came for me; and as we walked o'er the craft together, the summer lightning ayont the hills began to skimmer in a woolly cloud: but we thought little o't, for the day had been very warm, and that flabbing of the fire was but a natural outcoming of the same cause.

We had not, however, been under the shelter of the roof many minutes, when we heard a-far off, like the ruff of a drum or the hurl of a cart of stones tumbled on the causey, a clap of thunder, and then we heard another and another, just like a sea-fight of Royal Georges in the skies, till the din grew so desperate, that the crying woman could no more be heard than if she had been a stone image of agony.

I'll no say that I was not in a terrification. James Cuiffy took to his Bible, but the poor wife needed all my help. At last the bairn was born; and just as it came into the world, the thunder rampaged, as if the Prince of the Powers of the air had gaen by himself; and in the same minute, a thunder-bolt fell doun the lum, scattered the fire about the house, whiskit out of the window, clove like a wedge the apple-tree at the house-end, and slew nine sucking pigs and the mother grumphy, as if they had been no better than the host of Sennacherib; which every body must allow was most awful: but for all that, nothing afterwards came to pass; and the bairn that was born, instead of turning out a necromancer

...au so much reason to expect, was, from the breast, as or a ...n windlestraw. Was not this a plain proof that they are but of a weak credulity who have faith in freats of that kind?

I met, likwise, not in the next year, but in the year after, nearer to this time, another delusion of the same uncertainty. Mrs. Gallon, the exciseman's wife, was overtaken with her pains, of all places in the world, in the kirk, on a Sabbath afternoon. They came on her suddenly, and she gave a skirle that took the breath with terror from the minister, as he was enlarging with great bir on the ninth clause of the seventh head of his discourse. Every body stood up. The whole congregation rose upon the seats, and in every face was pale consternation. At last the minister said, that on account of the visible working of Providence in the midst of us, yea in the very kirk itself, the congregation should skail: whereupon skail they did; so that in a short time I had completed my work, in which I was assisted by some decent ladies staying to lend me their Christian assistance; which they did, by standing in a circle round the table seat where the ploy was going on, with their backs to the crying mother, holding out their gowns in a minaway fashion, as the maids of honour are said to do, when the queen is bringing forth a prince in public.

The bairn being born, it was not taken out of the kirk till the minister himself was brought back, and baptized it with a scriptural name; for it was every body's opinion that surely in time it would be a brave minister, and become a great and shining light in the Lord's vineyard to us all. But it is often the will and pleasure of Providence to hamper in the fulfilment the carnal wishes of corrupt human nature. Matthew Gallon had not in after life the seed of a godly element in his whole carcase; quite the contrary, for he turned out the most rank ringing enemy that was ever in our country-side; and when he came to years of discretion, which in a sense he never did, he fled the country as a soldier, and for some splore with the Session, though he was born in the kirk;—another plain fact that shows how little reason there is in some cases to believe that births and prognostifications have no natural connexion. Not that I would condumaciously maintain that there is no meaning in signs sometimes, and maybe I have had a demonstration; but it was a sober advice that the auld leddy of Rigs gave me, when she put me in a way of business, to be guarded in the use of my worldly wisdom, and never to allow my tongue to describe what my eyes saw or my ears heard at an occasion, except I was well convinced it would pleasure the family.

"No conscientious midwife," said she, "will ever make causey-talk of what happens at a birth, if it's of a nature to work dule by repetition on the fortunes of the bairn;" and this certainly was most orthodox, for I have never forgotten her counsel.

I have, however, an affair in my mind at this time; and as I shall mention no names, there can be no harm done in speaking of it here; for it is a thing that would perplex a philosopher or a mathematical man, and stagger the self-conceit of an unbeliever.

There was a young Miss that had occasion to come over the moor by herself one day, and in doing so she met with a hurt; what that hurt was, no body ever heard; but it could not be doubted that it was something most extraordinar; for, when she got home, she took to her bed and was very unwell for several days, and her een were blear't with greeting. At last, on the Sabbath-day following, her mother foregathert

with me in coming from the kirk; and the day being showery, she proposed to rest in my house as she passed the door, till a shower that she saw coming would blow over. In doing this, and we being by ourselves, I speired in a civil manner for her daughter; and from less to more she told me something that I shall not rehearse, and, with the tear in her eye, she entreated my advice; but I could give her none, for I thought her daughter had been donsie; so no more was said anent it; but the poor lassie from that day fell as it were into a dwining, and never went out; insomuch that before six months were come and gone, she was laid up in her bed, and there was a wally-wallying on her account throughout the parish, none doubting that she was in a sore way, if not past hope.

In this state was her sad condition, when they had an occasion for a gradawa at my Lord's; and as he changed horses at the Cross Keys when he passed through our town, I said to several of the neighbours, to advise the mother that this was a fine opportunity she ought not to neglect, but should consult him anent her dochter. Accordingly, on the doctor returning from the castle, she called him in; and when he had consulted the ailing lassie as to her complaint, every body rejoiced to hear that he made light of it, and said that she would be as well as ever in a month or two; for that all she had to complain of was but a weakness common to womankind, and that a change of air was the best thing that could be done for her.

Maybe I had given an advice to the same effect quietly before, and therefore was none displeased to hear, when it came to pass, that shortly after, the mother and Miss were off one morning, for the benefit of the air of Glasgow, in a retour chaise, by break of day, before anybody was up. To be sure some of the neighbours thought it an odd thing that they should have thought of going to that town for a beneficial air; but as the report soon after came out to the town that the sick lassie was growing brawly, the wonder soon blew over, for it was known that the air of a close town is very good in some cases of the asthma.

By and by, it might be six weeks or two months after, aiblins more, when the mother and the daughter came back, the latter as slimb as a popular tree, and blooming like a rose. Such a recovery after such an illness was little short of a miracle, for the day of their return was just ten months from the day and date of her hurt.

It is needless for me to say what were my secret thoughts on this occasion, especially when I heard the skill of the gradawa extolled, and far less how content I was when, in the year following, the old lady went herself on a jaunt into the East Country to see a sick cousin, a widow woman with only a bairn, and brought the bairn away with her on the death of the parent. It was most charitable of her so to do, and nothing could exceed the love and ecstasy with which Miss received it from the arms of her mother. Had it been her ain bairn she could not have dandalized it more!

Soon after this the young lady fell in with a soldier officer, that was sent to recruit in the borough, and married him on a short acquaintance, and went away with him a regimenting to Ireland; but "my cousin's wee fatherless and motherless orphan," as the old pawkie carlin used to call the bairn, stayed with her, and grew in time to be a ranting birkie; and in the end, my lord hearing of his spirit, sent for him one day to the castle, and in the end bought for him a commission, in the most generous manner, such as well befitted a rich young lord to do; and

afterwards, in the army, his promotion was as rapid as if he had more than merit to help him.

Now, is not this a thing to cause a marvelling; for I, that maybe had it in my power to have given an explanation, was never called on so to do; for everything came to pass about it in such an ordained-like way, that really I was sometimes at a loss what to think, and said to myself surely I have dreamt a dream; for, although it could not be said to have been a case of prognostications, it was undoubtedly one of a most kittle sort in many particulars. Remembering, however, the prudent admonition I had received from the auld leddy of Rigs, I shall say no more at present, but keep a calm sough.

It is no doubt the even-down fact that I had no hand in bringing "my cousin's wee fatherless and motherless orphan" into the world, but maybe I might have had, if all the outs and ins of the story were told. As that, however, is not fitting, I have just said enough to let the courteous reader see, though it be as in a glass darkly, that my profession is no without the need of common sense in its handlings, and that I have not earned a long character for prudence in the line without ettle, nor been without jobs that cannot be spoken of, but, like this, in a far-off manner.

But it behoves me, before I go farther, to request the reader to turn back to where I have made mention of the poor deserted bairn, Willy Facings; how he was born in an unprepared hurry, and how his mother departed this life, while his ne'er-do-weel father went away like a knotless thread. I do not know how it happened, but come to pass it did, that I took a kindness for the forsaken creature, insomuch that, if his luck had been no better with Miss Peggy Needle, it was my intent to have brought him up with my own weans; for he was a winsome thing from the hour of his birth, and made every day a warmer nest for his image in my heart. His cordial temper was a mean devised by Providence as a compensation to him for the need that was in its own courses, that he would never enjoy a parent's love.

When Miss Peggy had skailed the byke of her cats, and taken Billy, as he came to be called, home to her house, there was a wonderment both in the borough-town and our clachan how it was possible for her, an inexperienced old maid, to manage the bairn; for by this time he was weaned, and was as rampler a creature as could well be, and she was a most prejinct and mim lady. But, notwithstanding her natural mimness and prejinkity, she was just out of the body with love and tenderness towards him, and kept him all day at her foot, playing in the inside of a stool whamled up-side down.

It was the sagacious opinion of every one, and particularly both of the doctor and Mr. Stipend, the minister, that the bairn would soon tire out the patience of Miss Peggy; but we are all short-sighted mortals, for instead of tiring her, she every day grew fonder and fonder of him, and hired a lassie to look after him, as soon as he could tottle. Nay, she bought a green parrot for him from a sailor, when he was able to run about; and no mother could be so taken up with her own get as kind-hearted Miss Peggy was with him, her darling Dagon; for although the parrot was a most outstrapolous beast, and skrighed at times with louder desperation than a pea-hen in a passion, she yet so loved it on his account, that one day when it bit her lip to the bleeding, she only put it in its cage, and said, as she wiped her mouth, that it was "a sorrow."

By and by Miss Peggy put Billy to the school; but, by that time, the condumacious laddie had got the upper hand of her, and would not learn his lesson, unless she would give him an apple or sweeties; and yet, for all that, she was out of the body about him, in so much that the minister was obligated to remonstrate with her on such indulgence; telling her she would be the ruin of the boy, fine creature as he was, if she did not bridle him, and intended to leave him a legacy.

In short, Miss Peggy and her pet were just a world's wonder, when, at last, Captain Facings, seven years after Billy's birth, being sent by the king to Glasgow, came out, one Sunday, to our town, and sent for me to learn what had become of his bairn. Though I recollected him at the first sight, yet, for a matter of policy, I thought it convenient to pretend doubtful of my memory, till, I trow, I had made him sensible of his sin in deserting his poor baby. At long and length I made him to know the blessing that had been conferred by the fancy of Miss Peggy, on the deserted child, and took him myself to her house. But, judge of my consternation, and his likewise, when, on introducing him to her as the father of Billy, whom I well recollected, she grew very huffy at me, and utterly denied that Billy was any such boy as I had described, and fondled over him, and was really in a comical distress, till, from less to more, she grew, at last, as obstinate as a graven image, and was not sparing in the words she made use of to get us out of her habitation.

But, not to summer and winter on this very unforeseen come-to-pass, the Captain and I went to the minister, and there made a confession of the whole tot of the story. Upon which he advised the Captain to leave Billy with Miss Peggy, who was a single lady, not ill-off in the world; and he would, from time to time, see that justice was done to the bairn. They then made a paction concerning Billy's education; and, after a sore struggle, Miss Peggy, by the minister's exhortation, was brought to consent that her pet should be sent to a boarding-school, on condition that she was to be allowed to pay for him.

This was not difficult to be agreed to; and, some weeks after, Bill was accordingly sent to the academy at Green Knowes, where he turned out a perfect delight; and Miss Peggy sent him every week, by the carrier, a cake, or some other dainty. At last, the year ran round, and the vacance being at hand, Bill sent word by the carrier, that he was coming home to spend the time with Mamma, as he called Miss Peggy. Great was her joy at the tidings; she set her house in order, and had, at least, twenty weans, the best sort in the neighbourhood, for a ploy to meet him. But, och hone! when Billy came, he was grown such a big creature, that he no longer seemed the same laddie; and, at the sight of him, Miss Peggy began to weep and wail, crying, that it was an imposition they were attempting to put upon her, by sending another callan. However, she became, in the course of the night, pretty well convinced that he was indeed her pet; and, from that time, though he was but eight years old, she turned over a new leaf in her treatment.

Nothing less would serve her, seeing him grown so tall, than that he should be transmogrified into a gentleman; and, accordingly, although he was not yet even a stripling,—for that's a man-child in his teens,—she sent for a taylor next day, and had him put into long clothes, with top boots; and she bought him a watch, and just made him into a curiosity, that nowhere else could be seen.

When he was dressed in his new clothes and fine boots, he went out to show himself to all Miss Peggy's neighbours; and, it happened, that,

in going along, he fell in with a number of other childer, who were sliding down a heap of mixed lime, and the thoughtless brat joined them; by which he rubbed two holes in the bottom of his breeks, spoiled his new boots, and, when the holes felt cold behind, he made his hat into a seat, and went careering up the heap and down the slope with it, as if he had been a charioteer.

Everybody who saw the result concluded that certainly now Miss Peggy's favour was gone from him for ever. But she, instead of being angry, just exclaimed and demonstrated with gladness over him; saying, that, till this disaster, she had still suspected that he might turn out an imposture. Was there ever such infatuation? But, as I shall have to speak more anent him hereafter, I need not here say how he was sent back to the academy, on the minister's advice, just dress'd like another laddie.

(To be continued.)

FINANCIAL REFORM, No. II.

By an account laid before the House of Commons on the 18th of July, it appears that the excess of expenditure over income in the year ending the preceding 5th of July amounted to £1,263,187.

We shall endeavour to explain how this excess of expenditure, or, in other words, deficiency of revenue, has arisen; and also, to give a clear statement of our actual financial condition. This we conceive to be essentially necessary, in order to arrive at a correct opinion with respect to the measures which the new Parliament will have to take.

Although the system of making up the public accounts is still extremely imperfect, it is much more easy to form something like an accurate notion of the real amount of the public income and expenditure, than it was a few years since. For so long as payments for instalments of the Dead Weight loan continued to swell the amount of income received, and so long as the old sinking fund of a fixed sum of five millions a-year continued to be applied to redeem debt, it was nearly impossible to learn, from the annual Parliamentary accounts, the true amount of the income and expenditure.

It was in the year 1828 that the Bank paid the last instalment of the dead weight loan; and, therefore, in the succeeding years, the accounts have been free from the confusion which this loan occasioned. In calling this dead weight transaction a loan, we are aware we give it a character wholly different from that which the authors of this notable hocus-pocus sought to impress upon it; but we feel we shall have the sanction of the authority of every fair thinking person, who has examined the nature of the bargain, for calling it a mere loan; because the sole result has been, that the public has received from the Bank a sum of £13,000,000, for an annuity of £500,000, payable for forty-five years. The history of this transaction shews what schemes Ministers have at all times been ready to have recourse to, when in money difficulties, sooner than make reductions in public expenses; and the upshot of the whole of this scheme of anticipating the falling in of military and naval pensions, being nothing else than raising a loan of £13,000,000 in the midst of profound peace; it also shows how quietly the public are willing

to allow themselves to be duped by gross misrepresentations of the nature and effects of financial measures.

In consequence of the recommendation of the Committee of Finance of 1828, in their third report, the sinking-fund plan of 1819 was changed. Till then, the law required that five millions a-year should be paid out of the consolidated fund to the commissioners for redeeming the national debt, whether or not the public income exceeded the expenditure by that sum. The way by which this application of a fixed sum of five millions was managed, was by making good any deficiency of income occasioned by it, by borrowing the amount of the deficiency on Exchequer bills. But, as in point of fact, the surplus income constantly fell short of five millions by two or three millions a-year, the practical result of this piece of financial policy was the borrowing of money to pay debt. This appeared to the Committee of Finance to be such a monstrous absurdity and abuse, that a majority of them came to the decision of advising the discontinuance of the plan. It also was found upon investigating the operation of creating new debt to redeem the old one, that it was attended with great loss; because the interest paid on the new debt was greater than that saved upon the purchases made by the Commissioners of the National Debt. The measure recommended by the Committee of Finance was to apply for the future to the reducing of debt no more than what really was an excess of income over expenditure.* It is worth while to notice here the pertinacity with which the worst parts of our financial system are adhered to, and vigorously supported; a circumstance completely established by the fact, that the greatest resistance was made in the Committee by persons of the highest authority in matters of finance, to the decision which the Committee came to. The question for getting rid of the system of a fixed sinking-fund was carried only by one vote; and in the minority, no less distinguished financiers appeared than Mr. Huskisson, Mr. Tierney, Mr. Baring, Mr. Harris, and Mr. Goulburn.

The dead-weight payments, and the old sinking-fund, having ceased in the way now mentioned, the annual Parliamentary account for the year 1829 is the first that gives anything like a fair and clear statement of the annual income and expenditure, although it is still extremely imperfect; and we shall therefore begin what we have to say, in order to explain our present financial condition, with this account.

According to this account, the revenue of 1829 was £50,706,000, the expenditure £49,075,000, and the surplus of income over expenditure £1,711,548. With this surplus, Mr. Goulburn commenced his financial operations for 1830. To this surplus he was able to add, in calculating the Ways and Means of 1830, a saving in the interest on 4 per cent. stock, and on exchequer bills, and a reduction to be made in the annual estimates for the army, navy, &c., as follows:—

Surplus income over expenditure in 1829, . .	£1,711,000
Reduction of interest on 4 per cent. stock, . .	750,000
Reduction of interest on exchequer bills, . .	180,000
Reductions in the estimates for the army, navy, &c., .	1,100,000
Carried forward . .	£3,741,000

* An act was passed early in the session of 1829, for carrying this recommendation into effect.

Brought forward	£3,741,000
And he was further enabled to increase this estimated surplus of 1830, as compared with 1829, by the expected produce of an additional duty on spirits,—taken at, .	330,000
Making a total surplus of, ...	£4,071,000

Mr. Goulburn having this great surplus to assist him in conducting the financial measures of 1830, wholly threw aside the policy of his predecessors, as to the redemption of debt; for instead of applying the surplus to this object, he repealed taxes to the amount of £3,875,000, and left, accordingly, no more for the future surplus of income over expenditure, than a few hundred thousand pounds. The taxes which Mr. Goulburn repealed were the following:—

Beer, ...	£3,000,000
Leather, ...	400,000
Cider and Perry, ...	25,000
Sugar, ...	450,000
	£3,875,000

We do not blame Mr. Goulburn for repealing taxes, in preference to continuing the sinking-fund. This policy was clearly right on general principles, considering how many of the existing taxes were higly injurious to the industry of the country. But we are decidedly of opinion, that his selection of the beer tax, as the most fit to be repealed, was an egregious error. For if he had acted on anything like sound principles of taxation, he would have turned to account the means of making a reduction of £3,000,000 of revenue, to getting rid of those duties which fell on the manufactures of glass, paper, soap, &c., and to the reducing of those excessive duties which give rise to the prosperous trade of smuggling.

But the repealing of the beer duty served the interests of that class out of which members of Parliament are chosen, and of the members themselves; and votes in the House of Commons were more immediately an object to Ministers, in the early part of the session of 1829, than the promoting of the national industry.

When Lord Althorp became Chancellor of the Exchequer, the amount of taxes repealed by his predecessor left him only a surplus income of a few hundred thousand pounds, as has already been stated; and consequently, without any means of repealing more taxes, except reducing the public expenditure. But although he was thus situated, he repealed more taxes, and at the same time increased the expenditure; and produced, as an inevitable consequence of such proceedings, the present existing deficiency of the revenue.*

The following is the plan proposed by Lord Althorp, in his first budget, on the 11th of February, 1831, for repealing or reducing taxes:—

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* The estimates voted in 1831 were greater than those voted in 1830, for the Army, by the sum of £225,150; the Navy, £360,250; Miscellaneous Services, £743,490; making a total increase of £1,328,890. But deducting from the Miscellaneous Services, a sum of £322,711, formerly charged on the consolidated fund, the real increase was £1,006,079.

On Tobacco,	£1,400,000
— Newspapers and Advertisements,	190,000
— Coals and Slates,	830,000
— Printed Calicoes,	500,000
— Glass,	600,000
— Candles,	420,000
— Auctions,	60,000
— Miscellaneous Articles,	80,000
	£4,080,000

In order in part to make good the revenue which would be lost by reducing these duties, he proposed the following new taxes :—

On Wine,	£240,000
— Timber (by regulation of duties,)	600,000
— Cotton Wool,	500,000
— Steamboats,	100,000
— Timber Duty,	1,200,000
— Coals Exported,	100,000
	£2,740,000

The successful opposition which was made to this scheme of finance, for repealing old bad duties, and imposing less injurious new ones, left, for the general result, when the session closed, the following old taxes repealed, and new ones laid on :—

Duties repealed in 1831.

Coals and Slates,	£830,000
Printed Calicoes,	500,000
Candles,	420,000
	£1,745,000

New Duties laid on in 1831.

On Wine,	£240,000
On Cotton Wool,	300,000
	£540,000

Deducting the estimated produce of the new duties from the sum which the revenue was to be reduced by those repealed, the actual reduction of revenue amounted to £1,205,000 ; being very nearly the exact sum which the revenue appears, by the Parliamentary accounts, to have been deficient on the 5th of July, 1832.

This correspondence between the sum, which it appears would be the deficiency, on tracing out the effects of the measures of Mr. Goulburn and Lord Althorp, in 1830 and 1831, and the sum which, in reality, was the deficiency, leaves no room for doubt as to the accuracy of the statement here given, and as to the manner in which the deficiency has arisen. It is made quite clear that this result has followed from persisting in repealing taxes, without making any proper effort to reduce the expenditure. The keeping up of the expenditure at its greatest possible amount.

has been all through the great error of our ministers of finance; and the consequence of doing so, fully shows that until retrenchment is made the basis of repealing taxes, the finances cannot be free from the embarrassment in which they now are.

Before we proceed to state what is requisite to be done to place the finances of the country on a sound footing, we shall shortly allude to the chief defects of the existing system. Now that the law has declared that there shall be no sinking fund, unless there is a surplus of revenue, the deficiency which has taken place has put an end to all those expectations which the public have been so long told to form of the extinction of the debt. This is, in itself, a matter of grave consideration; for, surely, with a debt of £800,000,000, we can never be quite right, until the financial circumstances of the country admit of a real sinking fund, of a large amount, being formed for the paying off a large portion of it. Although it was perfectly wise to abandon such schemes of redemption as have hitherto been acted upon, no financial reform will be complete, which shall not provide the means of gradually getting rid of at least from one third to one half of the present debt.

The next great defect in our system is the taxing of industry, directly, for obtaining a large amount of revenue. The duties on glass, paper, soap, and other manufactures, are so many direct restrictions on the employment of labour and capital, and the accumulation of national wealth. These duties should all be repealed; but this cannot be done without a loss of revenue, to the amount of nearly two millions a-year.

Another conspicuous blot in our system, is the keeping the duties so excessively high on tobacco, foreign spirits, and a few other articles, as to create a trade of smuggling of such a vast extent, that it requires an annual expence to be incurred of nearly a million a-year in attempting to suppress it. But to cure this evil, the reduction of duties, which are necessary, would be accompanied with a loss of revenue to the amount of nearly three millions.

In point of fact, these two classes of duties, namely, those which fall on manufacturers, and those which create smuggling, must be got rid of either by imposing other taxes, or by reducing the amount of the public expenditure. It is no doubt possible, to obtain the means of reducing five millions of existing taxes, by laying on a property tax. But such a measure ought not to be proposed, or acceded to, until the practicability of reducing the expenditure from three to five millions, has been submitted to the most severe test. This has never yet been done. The progress which the last committee of finance was making in this work, led to its sudden extinction. The assertion of Mr. Goulburn, when he was Finance Minister, and of Lord Althorp in his last budget speech, that the reduction of the expenditure had been carried as far as possible, are mere words, that ought not to have the smallest influence on any man's mind. Ministers deceive themselves egregiously in thinking that the reasons which serve to convince the House of Commons, that the expenditure is not too high, produce the same effect on the public. These reasons are nothing better than a few commonplace cant phrases strung together, to suit the purpose of raising cheers from the supporters of Government. They contain nothing like proof of any distinct proposition. But the time is now come when it will be quite impossible for any minister to obtain a vote for nearly fourteen millions a-year for the Army, Navy, and Ordnance.

The more the state of the finances of the country is inquired into, the more certain it appears, that the first great question the reformed House of Commons will have to take in hand, will be, the expediency of reducing the public expenditure to a very large extent; not by a few hundred thousand pounds here, and a few more there, but by some millions. As all the expenses incurred in the army, navy, ordnance, and miscellaneous services have been voted annually, there can exist no vested interest to be set up against any reduction which may seem to be expedient; not even by the receivers of half pay or of military pensions. And, although no one probably would propose wholly to get rid of these charges, the House of Commons may, with the strictest propriety, revise the several parts of the non-effective service, and thus save the public a large part of the expense now incurred upon it. If Lord Althorp shall be the Minister of Finance in the new House of Commons, he will find that he cannot again declare that the reduction of the expenditure had been carried as far as possible, without raising hundreds of voices to deny the truth of this assertion. If the electors do their duty in choosing their representatives, he will find a great majority of the House against him. He will, in point of fact, if he employs such language as this, at once put an end to the administration. What Lord Althorp should do, without farther loss of time, is to make the Lords of the Treasury discharge the duties of a Commission of Inquiry. They should sit every day, and have before them, for examination, the heads and chief officers of each public department of expenditure. These persons should be made to explain, and defend as well as they can, every item in their proposed future estimates. The evidence should be taken down in short hand, and the Board should make a minute on each case, expressing its judgment upon it. The whole should be completed and printed, and ready for delivery to each member of the House of Commons, when the new Parliament shall assemble. But more than this should be done. Ministers should determine to appoint a new Committee of Finance, to be composed of the most intelligent and most independent members of the House, for the purpose of examining and reporting upon the estimates for 1833. Unless some measures, such as these now suggested, be adopted, it is difficult to conceive how the financial business of the country can ever be carried through the House of Commons; for if the estimates shall be at all similar in amount to what they hitherto have been, and if they shall be brought before committees of the whole House, without any previous inquiry and reports, the time which will be occupied in debating them will preclude the possibility of going on with any other public business.

As the greatest practical evil which the nation endured under the corrupt system by which the House of Commons was constituted, was the waste of its treasures, so the first great practical good it should derive from the change which has taken place in the constitution of the House, is the reform of all financial abuses. To what extent the influence of our kings has been employed, and is still employed, in governing their ministers in matters of extravagance, will now be made manifest; as also to what extent the influence of noble proprietors of close boroughs has had its way for similar purposes. The first contest which will take place amongst old friends, in consequence of the reform in Parliament, will be, or at least ought to be, between the ministers and these influences. If they are weak enough to make themselves any longer subservient to them, they will soon find, to their cost, that the

newly created influence of the public in the House of Commons will be too powerful for them. If they act wisely they will acknowledge the necessity of arranging their financial plans for 1833 with reference to this latter influence, and thus secure for themselves the only support which can keep them in their places.

Lord Althorp, in his speech, when preparing the budget on the 27th of July, said nothing that could lead us to form a rational expectation that the deficiency of the revenue on the 5th of January, 1833, would be less than the deficiency on the 5th of last July. He even admitted that the Customs revenue would necessarily continue to fall off. The diminution he estimated as follows.

On corn imported, . . .	£500,000
Reduction of duties by the new customs act, .	100,000
Loss of revenue by allowing for drainage on sugar,	80,000
Loss by allowing for duty paid on Wine in 1831, .	120,000
	£800,000

With respect to the excise revenue, Lord Althorp stated he expected there would be an increase in 1832 of about £250,000; but little dependence can be placed on such a loose conjecture. He seemed to rely chiefly, for an improvement in the relative state of the income and expenditure, on the reduction which he estimated would take place in the public expenditure in 1832; the parliamentary grants for 1832 being less than those for 1831 by two millions. But it is to be observed, that the grants for 1831 were of greater amount than the grants for 1830 by one million; and, in addition to this, it must be further observed, that whatever diminution has been shown on the estimates for 1832, no reduction whatever has been made in the great establishments of the country. The diminished grants for 1831 have been produced by not purchasing the usual quantities of naval stores, and by the expenses incurred on the militia and yeomanry in 1831 not being continued in 1832. No reduction has been made in the army, or in the number of seamen and ships in commission. We have had a fleet cruising in the channel the whole summer, as if we were actually at war. No reduction has been made in the regiment of artillery, in the sappers and miners, or in expenses on military buildings at home and abroad. In point of fact, no real and honest reduction whatever has been made in the expenditure so as to secure permanently for the future a surplus of income over expenditure.

In a future article we shall show in what way such a reduction may, and ought to be accomplished.

NIGHT—BURIAL AT SEA.

FYTTE I.

It was a mariner bent and grey,
An English mariner old,
Came wandering by the church-yard way
While the slow death-bell tolled;—
He sate him down, and saw us lay
Our brother in the mould.

He saw us mourn, but not like those
Whose sorrow waits on Fear;—
For we had trust, that God, who chose
To call our brother dear,
Had crowned in death, with sweet repose,
His blameless sojourn here.

At the soft hour of even-fall
We made his quiet bed,
Beneath the ivy-green church wall,
Amongst the village dead;
And near the sunny fields, where all
His placid years had sped.

Now when our solemn rite had ceased,
The mariner rose, and said:
"Thus sleeps an infant, on the breast
Of a fond mother laid;—
For holy is the slumberer's rest
Within the altar's shade!

"And 'tis a blessed lot, to lie
Beneath familiar ground,
Where ever friends are wandering by,
And kindred sleep around;
And many a living memory
Clings to the burial-mound.

"Such rest, since death is common doom,
With grief may scarce agree;
But would ye know how full of gloom,
And cheerless death *may* be,
Ye should stand by when the mariner's tomb
Is made in the deep, deep sea!

"When, for his passing-bell, the gale
O'er the brief funeral raves;
For mourner's song, the sea-bird's wail—
For tomb, the dark sea-caves;—
Ay! I could tell a solemn tale
Of sailors' wintry graves!"

Thy words have strongly won mine ear—
Say on, thou aged man!
"Ay, me! how many a brave career"
(The mariner grey began)
"Hath closed on such a weltering bier!"
And thus his story ran;—

TALE OF THE ENGLISH MARINER.

"Ye deem our course all storm and sport,
Hot strife, and revel light;
And well our rugged life may court
The throb of wild delight;
And glad should seem their lion-port,
Who wield proud England's might!

"God wot, great joy it is, to range
The blue waves to and fro,—
A joy the mariner would not change
For all that crowns bestow:
But the sea hath seasons sad and strange,
That landsmen little know.

"'Tis fearful, when the angry gale
Strips the curled ocean bare,
And the boiling spray and bitter hail
Are mingling sea and air;
And for all our light, the cloudy veil
Streams with the levin's glare.

"'Tis awful, in the midnight lone,
When clouds are pacing slow,
To hear the sea-sprite laugh or moan
From the dull wave below,
In some loved mate's remembered tone,
Though buried long ago.

"And sad, in ocean dark and vast,
When death has struck his prey,
A parted brother's corpse to cast,
A lonely thing, away;
To drift beneath the tombless waste
Till the great Judgment-Day!

"Yet have I stood where sick men die,
Where slaughter rife hath been,
And learned to look with steadfast eye
On many a dismal scene;
There's one upon my heart would lie,
Though ages came between.

"'Tis fifty summers past and more;—
We had sailed in seventy-three;—
For full two years since touching shore,
We cruised, and kept the sea:—
Our ship was a lovely forty-four—
A gallant bark was she!

"As fair and nobly did she ride,
As rarely scud and steer,
As though she answered to our pride,
And knew we held her dear;—
Well might we love that ocean bride,
And boast her brave career!

"She was long and low, and sharp below,
With a gently curved side,
With sloping stern and piercing bow,
And white decks, flush and wide,—
So sweet a mould you could not shew
In all the seas beside.

"Her yards were square, her spars were slim,
Well set by stay and shroud;
Her snowy canvass, broad and trim,
Swelled o'er her, like a cloud;
It was a joy, to see her swim,
That made your soul grow proud!

"And close and black, in grim array,
Her warrior-decks along,
The lips of England's thunder lay,
Right terrible and strong;—
God! what a stormy voice had they,
When battle gave them tongue!

"Her speed was as the arrowy sleet,
Winged by a northern gale;
And when away, with flowing sheet,
She loosed her broad mainsail,
The surge behind her rushing feet
Shone like a comet's trail.

"Her rest was as a giant's sleep;
Her chase, the stoop of war;
Her rush was like the eagle's sweep;
Her roar, the earthquake's jar;
Her prow, the sceptre of the deep;
Her flag, the ocean star!"

St. George! how proud the old man grew!
He rose, and waved his hand:—
Then, pausing, sate him down, and drew
Strange figures on the sand,
'Till with calm voice he gan renew
His tale, at my demand:—

FYTTE II.

" There was a boy, a fair young lad,
Sailed in our frigate then—
A gallant spirit, warm and glad,
With heart enough for ten ;
Ay me ! too little strength he had
To bear the toils of men !

" All loved the child ; for hope and joy
Like sun-light round him shone ;
We trembled for the noble boy,
And watched him night and noon,
Lest the quick spirit should destroy
His slender lamp too soon.

" And when he fain our watch would share,
And every storm abide,
We sought his tender years to spare,
But could not tame the pride
That bore him on to do and dare,
And might not be denied.

" Full little thanks the urchin bold
For all our cares repaid;
' He was,' said he, ' too stout and old
For fondling like a maid ;
Nor did he fear, for toil or cold,
To learn his gallant trade.'

" The joy of every heart he grew,
The pride of every eye,—
There was not one of all the crew
But smiled as he went by ;
And merry gibe, or question threw,
To meet his quick reply.

" But when the winter nights came on,
With sea, and snow, and gale ;
His little strength ran out anon,
And his fresh cheek grew pale ;—
The time was all too stern for one
So flower-like and so frail.

" Though nought would urge him to complain,
We marked him wan and weak ;
For the brave lad strove to hide his pain,
And bore, but did not speak ;—
And when we took him down, would fain
Have lingered on the deck.

" Alas ! his eager spirit pined,
While idly sick he lay :
For all our cares, and tendance kind,
He withered day by day ;
Silent and fast his life declined,
—— At length he passed away !

" He passed away, as the cold sun rose,
From the cold sea beneath ;
Just as the night-watch sought repose,
The child had ceased to breathe !—
They hardly marked his eyelids close,
So peaceful was his death !

" Nor did he turn like other dead,
All ashen-white and cold,—
His lips still wore a faint, pure red,
Like rose-buds' inner fold ;
And there a sweet smile lingered,
Even as it wont of old.

" The ancient mates did then declare,
(I ween they deemed aright,)
His soul around its dwelling fair
Was hovering ere its flight ;
They said it now would tarry there
Till close of that day-light.

" Then up and spake our captain brave,
(For that we loved him well,)
When he had heard those old men grave
Discoursing as I tell,—
' Ye shall not cast him on the wave
Before the evening bell.'

"So we kept the child throughout the day,
A dull and sorrowing crew ;
The air was chill, the sky was grey,
And the sea of sullen hue :
While as the day-light waned, alway
Wild, and more wild it blew.

" Ere the red sun sank down, the north
Lowered black and tempest-browed :
And when the evening bell rang forth,
The waves were singing loud :—
We brought the body from its berth
Wrapped in a hammock-shroud.

" Mournful and slow, with heavy cheer,
By the lee gangway laid,
We stretched it on the simple bier,
Till the last rites were paid ;
While somewhat of unwonted fear
The hearts of all dismayed.

" The night had fallen swift and black,
With spouts of sudden rain ;
The swelling blast, at each attack,
Made our strong frigate strain,
And, plunging on her windward track,
Groan, like a soul in pain.

" An awful time it seemed, and fit
To match our task of wo :—
The shroud-hung lanterns wavering lit
The troubled groups below,
Whose lips compressed and brows hard-knit
Looked spectral in the glow.

" Then some that watched to windward said,
Right in the tempest's eye,
The Phantom-Ship, with sails all spread,
Swept in the darkness by ;
Till, what with grief and ghostly dread,
Our hearts were like to die.

" And cheerless was our weltering plight
With pain and sea-spray wet,
And cold at heart with strange affright,
And cold with dumb regret—
Lord Christ ! to think on that chill night,
It makes me shiver yet !"

And sooth, as leaves with winter's blast
Thrill in the withered brake,
The mariner, like a child aghast,
Through every limb did shake :
Long time he closed his lips : at last,
Gravely the old man spake :—

FYTTE III.

"Now when his stand the chaplain took,—
He was a weak old man,—
So loud the grinding timbers shook,
So loud the wild sea ran,
Scarce could we hear, as from the book
The service he began:

"'*The resurrection and the life*
I am,' the Lord hath said;
'*And he shall live who trusts in me,*
Although that he be dead;
Whoso on me doth rest, in faith,
His life is ransomed!'

"And ever as the rite was read
More shrilly rang the gale;
And heavier rain, in torrents shed,
Hissed in the panting sail;
Thus few of all the words he said
Might o'er the din prevail.

"'*I know that my Redeemer, Christ,*
In heaven liveth aye;
And he shall stand upon the earth
In the great Judgment-Day:
Yea, though the worms my dust consume,
As for this mortal clod,
Even in the flesh, I yet shall see
The presence of my God!'

"And when he breathed that holy word
The gust it raved so loud,
That further speech might none be heard,
So rattled sail and shroud:
Still we could see his thin lips stirred,
And oft his head he bowed.

"The burdened mainsail, smitten sore,
Strained wild at brace and sheet;
The climbing seas, with hoarser roar,
On the crushed bulwarks beat;
And, hissing, as the ship lay o'er,
High washed the corpse's feet.

"Great awe was ours, and whispering spake
Each man to man around,
That the great sea-snake lay in our wake,
That laughs when fleets are drowned:
The next brief lull, this sentence brake
Through the vexed waters' sound:

"'*When thy strong breath doth scatter them,*
Even as a sleep they pass:
All suddenly they fall away,
And perish like the grass:
At morning, green it flourisheth:
Lo! ere the even-tide,
Its beauty falls before the sithe,
Is withered up and dried.'

"At once the gale uprose again:
It seemed, that instant still
Were breathing space for louder strain;
For, trumpet-voiced and shrill,
It came with such a gush of rain,
As though the ship must fill.

"Unheard, thenceforth, the chaplain read;
He had as well been dumb;
But we saw his face by the lamp o'er head,
And when the time was come,
He made a sign to cast the dead
Forth to its stormy tomb.

"Now, when the corpse to sea we gave,
Christ! through the pallid night,
Full on the ship a whirlwind drove,
So swift and full of might,
It swept the unburied from the wave,
And bore it from our sight!

"And the mariners gave a shuddering cry,
A cry of wild dismay,
To see the corpse pass whirling by,
Ere it could break the spray.—
For thus, they deemed, the Enemy
Had torn the child away.

"Short leisure, 'midst the storm's descent,
For awe or thought had we,
As straight, through sails and rigging rent,
Down gushed the dark green sea;
While reeled our ship, as though she meant
To founder by the lee.

"Beneath the varying shocks o'er-strained,
A quivering hulk she lay;
The waves, like monsters fiery-maned,
Seemed gathering o'er their prey;
Lord! how the deafening gusts, unchained
On every side, did bray!

"We could not hear the Captain's shout,
Yet well we guessed the word,
As, hissing loud, the waterspout
Burst terribly on board,
And from its flash the light flew out
Keen as a flaming sword.

"We could not aid the good ship's toil;
For masterless, and crossed
By countless blows, at each recoil,
More helplessly she tossed:
We could but hear the mad sea boil,
And gave our lives for lost!

"But ere we drave ten fathoms wide,
After the corpse flew past,
The gale went down, and lulled, and died;
And the sea smoothed so fast,
That ere mid-watch, we seemed to glide
Across a waveless waste.

"And where the Eastern billows slept
In the moist starlight dim,
Uprose the loving moon, and pept
O'er the full ocean's brim;—
And a faint murmur round us crept,
Sweet as a seraph's hymn.

"Then did our praise to Him who wrought
That blessed calm, ascend;
But awe bechilled us, as we thought
Upon our parted friend;
Each questioned much, and answered nought,
For none could counsel lend:

" Till up and spake the oldest mate,
And thus his rede was given ;—
' For that child's soul the demon's hate
With Angel bands had striven ;
Whose conquering wings up-bore it straight
In the wild storm to Heaven.'

" Howe'er it be, though well I deem,
The child is with the blest,
That burial, like an ugly dream,
For ever haunts my rest,—
Though when I pray, there falls a beam
Of comfort on my breast.

" But none who mourn in churchyards green,
Where the dead sleep pleasantly,
Can know what awe and sadness mean,
Or what stern death *may* be,
Till they have watched a funeral scene,
In the midnight gale, at sea ! "

SOME LATE PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF JOHN BULL, ESQ.

(Continued from Page 599, VOL. I.*)*

CHAPTER VII.

Shewing how Bill Boswain lost his Breeches, and what came thereof ; the Stramash in John's Family, and the Rumpus at the Mitre.

BILL BOSWAIN did not well remember how he tumbled into bed on the night of the hop, after the dismissal of Gaffer ; but all night long he dreams of the 'Squire transformed into a bear in a rage ; and of Gaffer and his Broom talking ; and of the message he behoved to send in the morning. And then, that his wenches were frying the old dish, and Hookey standing by, staring at him like a mad doctor, using a horn to make him swallow it. The message to Gaffer, to say truth, was ready cut-and-dry, long before ; though Bill, poor soul, might not know as much.

Late in the morning he rubs up his eyes, with something of a head-ache, and perhaps, something of a heartache too, if he had owned it ; but he put the best face on the matter. " Where's my wife ?" quoth he. " In the back parlour with Hookey, darning a stocking ;" for it was always making a pudding or darning a stocking she was. This good housewife was never meddling with John's matters—not she ! " Then bring me my breeches," quoth Bill.—But up or down, high or low, no such article was to be found. " Where's my breeches," shouted Bill, manfully ; for his wife was now gone out to chapel. " What a spot of work is here," quoth that pert gipsy, Jenny Driver ; " I daresay that rogue, H. B. has stolen them to make a picture of them, and they may be in Rag Fair by this time." " I'll *have* my breeches," cried Bill ; " If the 'Squire hear of this—" " Sure you have no more need of such an article than a Highlander for kneebuckles," said the forward, saucy wench, whose shrewish, merry humour made her a great favourite with Bill ; " A'n't you a brisk Jack tar, and shouldn't sport shorts. There's Hookey on the stairs : throw any thing on you for decency ; and get up, and put that prig Gaffer out of his pain. Here's an old petticoat of my mistress's, and here's a wrap-rascal of ———'s." It was impossible to make out the name ; whether the last flourish was the up-swirled tail of an *n* or *r*, or the sweep of an *e* or *d*, no man could tell ; and of which garment Bill availed himself, or if he donned both, history is mute ; but up he got, in time to hear that his message to Greysteel had caused a commotion in John's family, to which all that had ever happened before was mere moonshine in water ;

and the beauty of it was, that Prince Rusty, and the Old Gentlewoman were now almost as anxious as John that Madam should be brought in, if that would only make peace in the house, so mortally afraid were they of Sister Peg, and Brummagem Tom.

Every *Steel* was on the alert, "*All hands aloft*" was the cry, and "Down with Hookey;" and even Prince Rustyfusty himself seemed less hateful to them at this time than the old Drill. And ever and anon they would shout, "Bill Boswain has sold Madam!—sold her! and betrayed John Bull!" and every five minutes a fresh scout of the Rusty faction would bounce into Bill's parlour, which no *Steel* would now look near, and where neither Tims nor Chronie would be admitted, when they begged to tell Bill the rights of the story.

"Mrs. Bull, the vixen," cried one, "is still insisting on keeping the keys." "Well, Moses will lend us a couple of pieces for a few days, to carry on the war," cried Hookey, nothing daunted yet; "I have thrown as much in his way before now." But Moses "pegged the prave and callant Hookey would exquies de poor Cherman Chew, who was a stranger, and did not wish to meddle or make in 'Squire Pull's familish." Hookey, it is said, lent him a kick, made him bounce out at the window, where, in falling, he knocked down Old Bags, Mad Charley, and the Pettifogger, like as many nine pins set up for practice. But as a faithful and veracious historian, I must premise, that this part of my narrative is not authenticated, and that it is as like Hookey would have been sly enough to apply privately for funds to *That Most Mighty and Potent*, &c., &c., before trying a Jew money-lender. But to return.

"What next, goose-face?" cries the Old Corporal, as Silly Billy came in, blowing and puffing, Hookey's hands now as full of work as if there had been a grand cock-match next day; besides having all the wenches hanging on him. "Peg," cried Silly Billy, "is coming striding up the North Wynd,* her petticoats kilted to the knee, laying about her with a rung,† her eyne like a wild-cat's, and Donald hard behind her, ettling at the *Skien Dhu*."

"Peg has been at her whisky bottle this morning," quoth the Raw Duckling;‡ but had you seen the pair of black lucken brows Peg bent, when this was told her, ye might guess the reason Duckie was fain to sing dumb, and eat in these same words of wisdom.

"Pat is whooping over the bog like a mad bull, flourishing his shillelah, and swearing by the Poker to be the death of the Old Gentlewoman, and to break every bone in Hookey's body," said Derrydown Georgy, or Paddy Roddy, or some one or other of those spalpeens that had provoked Pat to this.

"What next, Gents.?" cried Hookey sulkily; and between hands he and the wenches were sending off gossoons and caddies to every quarter —to Sly Bob, to Chanticleer, to the Chuff, &c. &c. "What next, your honour? If this is not enough, there's Brummagem Tom, beating up, on his iron griddle, and all the hive gathering at his tail, brandishing Sheffield whittles, and swearing to make mince-meat of you." "The Devil they do," quoth Hookey, pretending still to be nothing daunted. "Peg and Tom are swearing a Solemn League and Covenant against you." Peg's heart jumped to her mouth when she heard of this Covenant.

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* See Horne Tooke. † See Jamieson.

‡ The D—— of B——. See his memorable speech on Cheap Whisky.

"And what then?" cried Hookey the brave. "Bad enough in all conscience. The *Dominie* has been down in the country with ***Brown Bess,**** and has all her ear. The Bailiff of the Yorkshire Farm has written to Bill that he suspects the sneaking knave has all her ear; and he would not wonder if they pretend a Scotch marriage. Any way she's damnably sulky, and mutters she'll be blown before she take your part, or move hand or tongue against the 'Squire, whose bread she eats, and to whom her mother was very nearly related."

"Brown Bess jilt me!" shouted Hookey in despair; and he clapped his hands to his ears, and strode across the room, all the wenches and *getts* screaming about him, or sprawling on the floor in the exies, in the most extraordinary attitudes, and Bill's wife all of a twitter, wishing herself, for the time, in her father's poor cabin in the Oak Forest; and the Old Gentlewoman in a dead swoon, with neither Bags, Topplestone, nor Toby to hold her head. Poor Bill himself was a droll figure enough; still unable to stir one way or other for want of his breeches, and afraid the 'Squire might find out his doleful plight, and laugh at him.

An agreeable family party it was that John's view-halloo rather disturbed at this time, though still heard at a distance; but as on it came, there was rare confusion. "Every man for himself, and the Devil for us all," was the word. "What's here to do?" quoth Bill. "Hark!" Few now a-days better knew the roaring of the *Steels*, or John's angry bellow, than the old Drill, who pricked up his ears. "John—blatant Beast!" quoth he; but say the word, Bill, and please the pigs, I'll run a ring in his nose;" and all the Getts, and the cheesemonger, and his wife, and Lumbercourt, and Swashbuckler, Some-Howe-or-No-Howe, and every varlet, seed and breed of them, set upon poor unhappy Bill, tweaging and pinching, and pulling at him; scolding and coaxing, and slobbering all of a breath. "You don't care for me a brass farden, so you don't," cried the foremost wench, "if you refuse me such a trifle as ringing up that mad brute who has thrown me into such a quandary; and when you know I have set my heart on having that priggish Gaffer, and his Broom, turned out of doors; and the brave Hookey, the favourite of *My Most Mighty and Potent Cousin-German* get the place: you mind John Bull, and his vulgar wife, and low-lived family, more than me or mine, so you do;" and here there was a blubbering chorus among them all.

"Take it all your own way, good folks," cried poor Bill, who liked to eat his junk and sip his grog in quiet. "You'll drive me across the herring-pond ere you stop; that's as sure as a gun. But be done of it any way,—and let's know what's for dinner."—"Deuce a fear of you, my old boy!" cried the young Monster; "Trust all to Hookey and I.—Look ye! John is sheering off already—cowed as soon as Hookey popped the bridge of his heroic nose out of the stair window." Bill sighed; but the fact was, John was really retiring; and why? Madam's friends, and Tom and Tims were again at his elbow, begging him to keep quiet if he ever hoped for good at Madam's hands. All Hookey wanted was a row, and to clap John in the bilboes, and throw his affairs into Chancery as a lunatic not fit to take care of himself. It was owned to be a miracle of nature to see how the 'Squire, though in his worst paroxysms, would

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* The Greys, at Birmingham, and the representation made by Earl Harewood, had prodigious effect in the crisis.

become at a word as gentle as a lamb, and promise to go home to bed till Madam bade him get up.

"I'm obliged to Madam for this lull, any way;" said Bill Boswain, when they drew off. "John swears I promised to bring *her* in too; I'll be hanged if I mind rightly aught about it—I had just got the office, then, and was all a-buzz at the time."—"I'll make it all plain about your promises," cried Pettifoger. "You promised to make clear way for the plaguy jade as far as the door of the second pair; and a most rash and inconsiderate promise that was, for give her an inch and she'll take an ell; but you never promised to break open the door for the baggage, if Prince Rustyfusty refused her admittance."—"Right, Foggy, bam me if I did! or if I will!—Do you hear that my dear? Hark ye, Atty, a word;" and Bill led Hookey aside, the wenches now in high glee, fancying all was right at last.

"I hope my wife don't hear us—she, poor dear, don't know John's ways yet,—she don't understand his lingo, or bad trim, and fancies I may manage Master John with as high a hand as the landlord of the Black Bear does his 'Squire's affairs. My wife says you can lend us a lift, my fine fellow; but if you can please my wife, Madam Reform, John's Mother, and the 'Squire himself, all at once, I'll call you a deuced clever one, for its more than ever I could do. But I fear me ye'll need to smuggle in, Madam, after all; only take off a few of the fal-lals Gaffer has tricked her out with, and so please Rusty." Hookey laid his finger to his long nose,—"I'm steward, then?" said he;—and Bill gives him his hand on it. "You are; and Lord let's have something good for supper, and make a jolly night of it for once. That cursed *Bubble and Squeak* makes me hate the very name of Gaffer worse than the devil's dam. It's deuced bad eating, I can tell you, for elderly gentlemen. Hark ye wenches! Hookey is our man—avast the Gaff there! Hookey's our mizen! split me! ha! ha!"—And Hookey kissed all the wenches round, and promised them rare junketings—a hop at Shrove-tide,* and new cherry-coloured top-knots a-piece, now that he was again steward; and how they did chatter and laugh like so many monkies and magpies!

But there was still much to be done. "Boot and saddle!" cried the old trooper; and as his white donkey was already tied to Bill's latch, down the backstairs he rattles, promising Bill's wife to take bread and cheese and give them the news at bed-time; and the wench named *Soldier's Joy*, throws her old shoe after him for luck, on which Bill laughed like mad, now in great spirits, and certain John must be pleased with him at last. But, I trow, Hookey, who, when his passion allowed, had the cunning of the Old One, told none of these jill-flirts of his intention to bring in Madam himself, if better must not be. Give them top-knots and junketings enough, and hoist out Gaffer, whom they hated as much as if he had robbed them of their ruffling gallants; give them all their fairings and fine things, and they cared little about the 'Squire's matters.

Away Hookey canters, whistling "The Rogue's March," fancying the day his own and Gaffer at the dogs; so puffed up was he, poor man, and so little knew he of the real trim and temper of the 'Squire. And first he drops in at the Hole-in-the-Wall, calls for a half-pot, and has a bit at all-fours, or some such thing; for Hookey liked to rattle the

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* Waterloo Anniversary.

bones, and, it was said, turned the penny handsomely by it among the greenhorn helpers; then he off for Pettifogger's, thinking to meet Sly Bob there; but never a Bob nor Bob to be heard of. So down at a round trot to the Mitre;—speaking of which reminds me of the Old Gentlewoman whom we left in a deep swoon. She was still known to haunt hereabouts, but had laid aside her ancient pinners and coif, and black silk apron, lest she should be known on the streets.* She was always mighty busy, too, trying to convert John's wife; but had latterly given that up as hopeless, and now confined her labours to Bill's back-stairs and Rusty's pantry. It was said she had fallen into a course of strong waters, and was often seen maudlin, maundering about of an evening, pretending all the while she feared to stir abroad, lest she should meet her son John in his cups, in his present rantipole humour. Some said she was fairly off the hooks, others that she was still shamming Abraham to make the neighbours pity her. The last they heard of her, for certain, was wringing her hands and tearing her cap, when the hopeful project failed of making Greysteel say the Pater-Noster backwards; crying, "her life was not safe with the vagabond *Steels*, who pelted her with mud as often as she went to chapel, for her alleged connivance with Rustyfusty. "What cared she for Rustyfusty! little good had he done her; she minded her own household. But she had scorned to see her son, a raw ninny or jealous prig, taking offence at the harmless platonic affections of her old friend Rusty for her son's wife. She dared to swear that illustrious Prince would never set a toe within the 'Squire's doors save from respect to herself, and regard to the interest of the family." "Platonic me, no platonics," cried John, swelling as red as a turkey cock, and swirling his stout cudgel lustily round his head, to the hypocritical Old Gentlewoman s deadly terror; for though waspish and venomous enough, she was a cowardly sort of body at heart. "Gadzookers, if I catch him caterwauling in my house again with his damned platonics, by jingo I'll baste them out of his shrivelled parchment hide:—and you may tell him so from me! Shame upon you, Old Woman! Is this all comes of your godly books, and your homilies, to connive at corruption, bribery, false swearing, revelling, and all manner of debauchery in your son's family? But, as my Sister Peg says"——"Your Sister Peg! blasphemous wretch, and what does—what dare that verjuice-faced, starveling jade say of me?" "She says," quoth John, Chronie jogging his elbow, "that no one can know what to make of you, unless he take the Bone-Grubber's clew, who has long said—and I partly begin to believe it—that provided your dearly beloved jointure be well paid, and your paunches stuffed with sucking pigs and turkey poults, your son's house may be a parish work-house, or common stew for you; Prince Rusty revelling in one end, and my poor tenants starving in t'other." Here the Old Lady bawled, like a Bedlamite, "Burn him! burn him!" and fell into a fit; which it was her fancy to call the falling-sickness as long as the by-standers denied it. But let any skilful doctor but hint that too much blood and flesh, too high living and fulness of bread had corrupted her humours, and that it might be proper to take a hoop out of her wine measure, as she certainly had some symptoms of plethora, apoplexy, or the staggers, then she would cuff, and scratch, and bawl at him for an

* In the Memorabilia of *Anno Domini* 1832, may be entered: In this year the Bishops left off their wigs and silk aprons.

impudent quack, who wished to starve or poison her. Of all the old women ever heard of since this world began, she was surely one of the greediest, and the most idle and dawdling.

John, who knew her tricks well by this time, let her servants put her to bed. She is a-bed yet, it is said, but now sends Hookey private messages by Toby Philpot; and I warrant me, if John need another wife, we shall all soon hear of the Old Gentlewoman crossing his wooing. Give her her will, and it would be long enough before he had ever been marriageable;—but catch her letting him choose for himself.*

We took leave of Hookey pressing on for the Mitre, a squadron of Steels roaring at his heels, and Donkey kicking and flinging like a Beelzebub, as both flew like smoke before drifting showers of kennel mud. "It was sin, shame, and disgrace," Rusty's varlets said, "to baste the brave Hookey with such sauce, especially on Shrove-tide, considering how he had so often fought John's cocks." "All in the wrong box, Most Mighty and Potent," cried one of Pat's children. "It a'n't for fighting John's cocks we baste him; for that John has given him ten times their weight of gold. We baste him quite on a clean other score; for his late beastly usage of the 'Squire, for the hanging, and pistolling, and starving, and the cold iron, rather worse than a handful of mud any day, with which Hookey, with his confounded insolence, has threatened the 'Squire more than once, and will try to apply too, if Bob's heart does not fail. Your hero, Hookey, is a very great man to be sure, but our 'Squire is something of a great man also; and moreover, has a large family. Be a little reasonable now, Most Potent Rusty's sensible varlet: bullets and the steel diet are less digestible than a few handfuls of soft mud."†

"When the dirt is dry it will rub out," quoth Peg, drily, when she heard of the *ullaballoo* that was got up in Bill's house at a "pickle clarts," as she said, "thrown at their Pagan idol. If they had pebbled him wi' stones, or made a Jock Porteous o' him, mair could not have been said about it. Tims' lad had clapped the saddle on the right horse. It was not for fighting cocks. That was well enough in its way,—and, by her certes! weel paid too; but for wanting to make a muzzled ox, or a belaboured ass, or a trussed moorcock, of him he pretended the cocks were foughten for; though for her part she had long jaloused that game had been Prince Rusty's, and none other's, from first to last. A proper saying, to kick Nap out of the saddle to be ridden by this Hookey!"

But turn we to the tap-room of the Mitre, which Hookey had not yet entered. There sat all the Dons in full fig, in their budge redingotes and best buzz wigs;—all of the Most Potent's blood relations, down to the hundredth cousin, and all who had, or expected to have, their names in the entail; and I am concerned to say, all at loggerheads, agreeing in no one thing save kicking the shins of the Yankey Rat, who looked as if he had been dragged through fifty kennels, and half worried by dog Billy, before that famous terrier lost himself.

"You, with your clever scheme, and be cursed to you!" cried one; "You have played Gaffer's game to some purpose—are you in his pay?" and the orator painted the condition of the 'Squire's family. "Nor is this all:—Sly Bob fights shy—Bill Boswain may back again; and, as I

* The interference of the clergy with elections, is no news.

† Substance of an article in the *Times*, on the mob-attacks on the Duke, on Waterloo day.

am a gentleman, and a prop of the ancient house of Prince Rustyfusty, now, I fear tottering on its last legs, I see no daylight in this business. Granted, the wenches get Hookey the place; who, pray, will take service with him? 'Squire Bull's rage, and his own crank pragmatical, domineering humour, will drive off every one that a gentleman would be seen speaking to out of doors."

"Where's Ally, Goldie, Franky, Silly Billy, Derrydown, Slangwhanger, the High and Mighty Meinheir Pastabaring, who must be something with a name to it, if there's to be peace in the house; not to mention many of the present company, and of the warming-pans, chalkers, broadsiders, and squirters—a gaping legion——"

"Who must be promoted in some small way, for a sop and a beginning," said Sir Dismal, wading in a sea of doubts, but most unwilling to give up the game.

"Vermin!" cried Chanticleer: "John Bull would kick them to the back of beyond, before their first meal in his service were digested, with the first spurn of his square-toes. Their lies and ribaldry make the House of Prince Rusty a laughing stock in the neighbourhood." Half-a-dozen chalkers were about to sport sulky at this, but Donkey's heels clattered without—Rat, tat, tat, came Hookey's switch on the window, the Steels yelling in the next street; and Ally flew to receive the Chief; who entered, one daylight closed up and the other endamaged, sending odours before him, which Ally's saucy brat, John Bull's namesake, said,

"Whispered whence they stole their balmy spoils!"

Slam, bang, bolt, went the door.

"There's a steward in the midst of us!" cried Ally; and the Dons who still looked sour and mighty big, deigned to shake hands with the new arrival. The landlord's pot was brought in, to steep Hookey's new dignities, and the foaming jug went round to the health of "the new steward."

"All mighty well, Sirs," said Swaggerer, setting down the pewter pot empty; "but when such as *we* sit here, it a'n't for nothing. I now not only speak for myself, but for Signor Tempestoso Bullyrook, Braggadocio, Fighting Winchy——"

"Did ye name me?" cried Winchy, rising and spitting in his fists. "Let any man of John Bull's tribe say black is the eye of Bill's wife——"

"As you were going to say, my dear friend," cried Ally, laying his hand to the other's potato trap; but looking all the while the other way; and Winchy sat down in a rage at "this low rascal's impudence." "Proceed! most noble Swaggerer," cried Ally.

"I say then, in the name of these gentlemen—of the Raw Duckling, Orator Mansie, Glorifluckum, and as many of the blood of that Most Potent and Mighty Prince, &c. &c., as adhere to me—that, being highly pleased and satisfied with the rigmarole the gallant Hookey read t'other night about a certain low female called Madam Reform, we shall be glad now, if Master New Steward would explain a little how he intends to manage for *us*, and for the interests of the Prince: not that I have the smallest doubt of the vast skill in cock-fighting, and many noble qualities of my brave friend Hookey, but—but yet——" His Highness hesitated, as if expecting Hookey to eke out his fine speech; but the Drill, twisting his nose, said devil a word; and even after Ally

had trode on his toes, all he sulkily muttered was, "'Twas enough, sure Prince Rusty's affairs were in *his* hands."

"I don't much like this game of mum-chance, Mister O'Bradley," said another Don. "Do you know the cards you have to play, Sir? I, for my own part have a house over my head to burn, and a weazen to cut some morning. John is rabid—no doubt of it—about the usage of himself and his wife, by my Most Mighty and Potent Cousin, whom, as of my blood, I stick by—but yet——"

"And what but yet, Sir Don?" cries Hookey, firing with passion. "Why," put in Heckelpins, "here's cause for doubt and pause; but none whatever to surrender *our* personal and most invaluable privileges and rights, identified with those of that Most Mighty and Potent, &c. &c. This vixen of John's, I am credibly assured, will not part with the keys; has brave Hookey in that case any resource? She will, that vile fellow Chronie says, part with her life before what the stupid minx calls her virtue."

"Deuce take her virtue," cried Ally, "if we had her keys, I warrant we'd soon get all we want of her;" but the new Clerk of Oxenforde, a grave man, rebuked this as an unseemly speech to get abroad:—and this sort of thing went on, till a special messenger arrives to Hookey, whispering that the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, a mighty personage in John's neighbourhood, was at the last gasp,—fairly in her death-throes,—either struck with mortal panic, or, as some said, stabbed all over the body by Brummagem Tom;—and for certain seized with universal *runnings*, which must speedily exhaust her strength:—to-morrow must be the critical day with her." Here a mighty clamour got up, and in the midst of it, one said, Brown Bess no longer denied her connexion with the *Dominie*:—down at the *Gunsmith's Shop*, she had openly gloried in it. Hookey looked as grim as a wolf's-mouth; and then in a voice of thunder, and with the eye of a mad doctor, made silence among them. For Prince Rusty and the Old Gentlewoman, John's mother, he, in his heart, cared scarce a pin-point; but Brown Bess and the Lady of Threadneedle Street were very different persons.

"Mayn't we have a fumble at Pitapat's farthings," cried he. "If so, devil take the Old Woman of Threadneedle, and all old women whatsomever, whether in coifs or periwigs; give me the blunt, and I'll manage 'Squire John yet." But the wig rose from the scalp of Old Bags at this hellish proposal of touching, were it but one of Billy's fructifying coins before they had duly ripened and borne fruit. "Had it pleased the pigs," he said, "that he had come into the world about the same time with the other venerable patriarchs and Judges in Israel, instead of appearing, for the good of 'Squire Bull, in these latter times, he might peradventure have dibbled in a couple of farthings himself on the Pitting system, from his own private savings, to *fructify* for John's sake; which would, by this time, have been a pretty penny, towards clearing off his encumbrances; and might have kept peace in the family, and between the 'Squire and his mother, money being, as was said in Holy writ, the root of all evil. And this I would have done for the 'Squire, cruelly and harshly, and most ungratefully as he has——" "As you were going to say, Nestor," quoth Ally.

"Very strange," mumbled Bags, adjusting his wig, "that these Rusty lads admire my poor wit and wisdom so much, but will take none of the benefit of it."

But this bye-play was nothing to the main scene now acting among

the Dons; where it was "Your ambition and presumption, sirrah!" while Swaggerer shook his fist in Hookey's face; "and your damned idiotic pride," retorted Atty. Huffing Hal, his bottle-holder, bustled up for him; and there would certainly have been a regular set-to at this time, had the Old Gentlewoman, John's mother, not thrown her silk apron over their weapon-points, and Bags dashed the powder of his wig in their eyes, praying them to be quiet, for the rogue Tims would be sure to report every blow exchanged.

"I'll pay you all back for this," quoth Hookey; and in a foaming rage he flings off, and marches straight into John's great hall, where, with a face of brass, as Tims said, he struts up to Mrs. Bull, as one, on the best possible terms with her and her husband, and as if no such a person as Gaffer Grey had ever been heard of.

"I'd be glad, Sirrah," quoth Mrs. Bull, "to know who does my husband's business in this house. As Bill Boswain cannot overtake all our business himself, I'd be glad to learn that he has got proper helpers, and such as my husband can approve.—Who, pray, is to do my husband's work and answer my bell?" Hookey was silent, but looked as sulky as the devil; but up bounces Meinheir Pastabaring, saying, "he believed 'Squire John had once more the happiness and honour of being served by the brave and gallant Hookey, who beat the world at cock-fighting; and certainly if he had that happiness and honour, never plain 'Squire was so nobly served before. He only feared the news was too good to be true." Mrs. Bull turns to the old sparrer himself for explanation; who in a swaggering, devil-may-care sort of way, and folding up his fambles, replies, "Perhaps he was honest John's servant—perhaps he was not—he had always understood it was Bill Boswain's servant he was—the 'Squire was but in the second place. It was Bill's pleasure and interest he minded, as in duty bound. At any rate, if he ever entered that hall again, it was all to oblige Bill and his spirity wife, he should be so persuaded and condescend:—he'd be hanged for his own part, if he cared three skips of a flea for the place;—he'd as lief be popping behind a hedge at a partridge." *

Mrs. Bull drew herself up with dignity; "Before you, or any one enter on the 'Squire's service, you would require to understand its duties something better, brave Sir. I presume you have not heard the message that I, 'Squire Bull's wife, sent to my husband's head steward last night. *His* wife is nothing to the 'Squire, nor yet to me, I'd have you to know, save that we like to have, in their own proper place, all our people happy and comfortable about us, and handsomely maintained. But for females to forget themselves in this fashion—what do *they* fancy *their* place in *my* husband's establishment?" Again, Mrs. Bull drew herself up.

"Tims and Chronie have, I see, been priming her—Tom will set the match to her linstock, and the devil will be to pay," thought Hookey; so lowering his crow, he says, "That he must own, he had got a new light on the subject of Madam Reform and Rusty's pretensions. "If Mrs. Bull herself was willing, that, as his friend Glorifluckum said, made a deuce of a difference:—he'd be hanged before he helped to bring a Duenna into the house—he hated the name of such, and all narrow-minded puritanical doings; but if the 'Squire insisted, and since Bill had half

* The explanations of the Duke and Mr. Baring, in Parliament, were not the least amusing part of these memorable transactions.

promised, and as Mrs. Bull was also willing, why he had, after all, no particular objection to hand Madam in himself:—and here he kept twisting his whiskers, and added, "ay, in spite of fifty fighting Winchys, Orator Mansies, Paddy Roddys, Old Heckelpins; and the whole tot of their musty High Mightinesses now assembled in divan at the Mitre, with their bead-roll of jaw-breaking names might raise the devil. He was a plain fellow, Arthur O'Bradley, liked to see fair play, and hated all blarney."

Mrs. Bull gave as high-bred a stare at this speech as if born a lady:—and on he went,—"Let the 'Squire be grateful, Ma'am, and know his best friend; whose only fault is a blunt, off-hand, foolish honesty; and I bet you a pair of new ear-rings, I'll soon content honest John; ay, and your ladyship too, better than fifty of that hoity-toity pragmatical stiff-backed Gaffer, who is a Rusty at bottom. True I read that rigmarole last night against Madam:—the devil confound the Pettifogger who put it into my head; but what then?—all my eye!—a man may change his mind I suppose? Bob settled that canon long ago. The 'Squire," he muttered indistinctly, "has a guess how I can compass the Old Gentlewoman. Give me time, Ma'am, I'll content him * * * * * *. Down on her marrow-bones:—refund to John * * * * * * that pokerly Rusty, too, whose friends have used me like a dog—there's the truth on't."

"You mean to say that *you* yourself—*you*, Arthur O'Bradley, or whatever you may be called—you would bring in Madam!" cried Mrs. Bull in unfeigned astonishment, thinking she had not heard aright. "Yea, *I*, Arthur O'Bradley!—where's the wonder, pray, ma'am?" Mrs. Bull made no answer, but Tims did, and with a vengeance to it.

The whistle John gave, when Tims tells him of this next morning at breakfast, might have been heard as far as Brentford; and he turns me up the whites of his eyes, till you could see no more blue in them than in the welkin, on a snowy Christmas.

"Content me!—me, John Bull!—the devil he would!—with the bilboes, and the cold iron diet, and the ring in 'my pig's snout,' lest I nuzzle out the tricks of his giglets and varlets of the back-stairs! As I live by beef, the cool impudence of this knave beats cockfighting! He guard the purity of my wife! He, Hookey! He bring in Madam! Lord! Lord!" and again the 'Squire throws up his day-lights. But this was but for a moment:—and up he starts, for he was sure some rank devilry was in the wind now.

"Now, after that, the *lift* may fall, and smother the laverocks!" cried Peg, when Murdo's caddie arrived post-haste with the tidings. Murdo was indeed to her ever most attentive, and she accordingly ordered his lad cakes and cheese, and a dram, while she glanced over Murdo's letter. "The virtuous Corporal Hookey," quoth she, "bring in my brother John's friend, Madam!" for there was nothing going with Peg now but "my brother John," at every word; "the impudent, fause loon!" for Peg was a lass of religion and conscience, and was now for the first and last time fairly disgusted with the brave Hookey. "If he had dirked her, Madam I mean, I could have forgiven him; but the back o' my hand to the fause hypocrite!" Indeed the whole neighbourhood shouted in derision to his face; Pat called him "the *Omadhaun;*" "and how can myself or any other jontleman believe the word comes out of the throat of him, or thank him, the tief of the world! for the good turn he'd ever again do, barrin' it was in him to do a good turn. He bring in Madam!——whew!

When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
When the devil got well, the devil a monk was he.

'Ware the tripper-general! First, after all his trippings, he trips me up the heels of gentle Georgy; a purty lad of figure and parts both, who loved me well too, in his heart, if he durst have shewed it. Next he turns Husky adrift, a bred clerk—though sure enough I did think him a bit of a bother with his crabbed pot-hooks and hangers, and his new-fangled tallies that never tallied; not minding a rap,—Hookey I mean never did,—if his pride was pleased, what became of your invoices and ledgers, Master John."

"And who pray, like a great goose, cackled loudest, when I sent that pragmatical Husky to the right about, with his priggish counting-house airs to me, an old cock-fighter?—who but the clear-headed and most worshipful 'Squire Bull?" cried Hookey staring at John, as if he had him at drill in the awkward squad. The 'Squire could hardly deny this, for then who but Hookey! with John. Hookey was to do this, and Hookey was to do that:—but this only made the 'Squire the madder now, especially to be bullied in this way, and convicted, too, before Peg and Pat. "By Jingo!" he foams out, "if you don't take yourself off!" "What will *you* do, pray, most valorous 'Squire?" cries Hookey, snapping his fingers, as Tims said, in John's face; and the 'Squire had certainly have given him a sound drubbing then, which John was well able to do, had not friends interposed, and said it was not worth his while to meddle with the fool, and tore him away, more resolved than ever to keep Master O'Bradley out of his premises.

"Blatant Brute!" cried Hookey again looking after him; "but now nothing keeps me from running the ring in your snout; and what if Madam's bodkin should serve me for pincers? and what is more, it shall too, or I'm not named Hooknose!" And off he shuffles once more to Bill's house. A stirring hard life he had of it, for so old a sinner; but, as Peg said, "Needs must, whom deils and lasses drive."

From that hour John had no faith to put in Atty, and could no more have trusted him alone with Madam than a fox with his chickens. He certainly had designs on her life, disguised under the pretence of leading her up stairs. Even that rampant cousin of Rusty's, the new clerk of Oxenforde, among others, exclaimed against his knavery. "What he vowed yesterday he'll disclaim to-day," quoth he; "he beats my worthy predecessor, Bob, hollow. He, like a lad of grace, generally takes from two to three days, to make a grand wheel."

This same night the *Steels* and Brummagem Tom formed themselves into a body guard for Madam, resolved never to lose sight of her now night or day, till Greysteel was steward, and she herself fairly housed in honour. There came a rumour too, that same day, that Hookey intended to strangle Mrs. Bull, since she disdained his courtship, with his own hands at midnight!—and more horrible still, that Bill Boswain was art in part, or as Peg said, an accessary before the fact! But this seems too bad; and as nothing came of it, it might be another piece of scandal against poor Bill; of which there was plenty going at this time on all sides.

Never was poor 'Squire's family in such a condition as John's was now;—the *Steels* yelling and knocking home the *Rustys* at every corner; Tims and Chronie, and the whole batch jumping hither and thither like Wills o' the Wisp: Prince Rusty fit to hang himself in his green and red garters, of which he was usually so proud; the Old Gentlewoman frantic,

and the Lady of Threadneedle Street expected this night to finish her long career of pride, glory, and full house-keeping! You will be surprised that poor Bill should know very little of all this; for though by this time it was 'Hell and Tommy' in his back parlour, all was *mum* before him. Here Hookey now stood in his spurs; and there the gossoons had in haste assembled Noodle and Doodle, and all those ancient greybeards of the *Rusty* clan who had been bed-rid for years, and all their kith, kin, and allies, man, woman, and child, cur, and turnspit, to see how Hookey was to be kept in place. But these worthies I leave to their own counsels and devices, and turn to poor Bill, who, snug up stairs in his own cock-loft, was sipping a glass of moderately stiff grog with his friend Tom Pipes. And in high spirits, cock-sure he had now pleased 'Squire John, by ordering Atty to lead in Madam, he trolled forth the old stave,

> Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake, Gaffer Grey,
> And why does thy nose look so *blue?*

But of this you shall hear anon; as also of the warning visit of his Cousin Jockey of Norfolk, the peaching of Sly Bob, and Peg's marriage, in our concluding chapter.

HYMN, ON THE PASSING OF THE THREE REFORM BILLS—BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN LAW RHYMES."

WE thank Thee, Lord of Earth and Heav'n,
For hope, and strength and triumph given!
We thank Thee that the fight is won,
A though our work is but begun.

We met—we crush'd the evil powers;
A nobler task must now be ours;
Their victims, maim'd and poor, to feed,
And bind the bruis'd and broken reed.

Oh, let not Ruin's will be done,
When Freedom's fight is fought and won!
The deed of Brougham, Russell, Grey,
Outlives the night! Lord, give us day!

Grant time, grant patience, to renew,
What England's foes and thine o'erthrew;
If they destroy'd, let us restore,
And say to Misery, mourn no more.

Lord, let the human storm be still'd!
Lord, let the million mouths be fill'd!
Let labour cease to toil in vain!
Let Britain be herself again!

Then shall thisL and her arm stretch forth,
To bless the East, and tame the North;
On tyrants' hearths wake buried souls,
And call to life the murdered Poles.

Lord, hear our hymn!—the sound shall go
Wherever Freedom finds a foe:
This day, a trumpet's voice is blown,
O'er every despot's heart and throne.

'Twill keep the gore-gorg'd Hun at home,
Or quench his howl in gory foam;
'Twill chain him in his den of ice,
Or make his grave a paradise.

IRELAND IN THE NINETEENTH, AND SCOTLAND IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

"The Lord Chancellor said that he was desirous of addressing a few observations to their lordships. The Habeas Corpus Act had been, comparatively speaking, but recently introduced into Ireland; or he should rather say, an act analogous to the English Habeas Corpus Act, which was applied in the 22d or 23d year of the reign of George III. at the close of the American war. The act contained a clause to prevent imprisonment beyond the seas: but, if he was not much mistaken, the Irish act had no provision of that nature; but *of this he was quite certain, that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland had full power to suspend that act, without the intervention of Parliament, in cases of invasion or rebellion. Now he begged to observe that it was for the Executive to judge of what was rebellion.* (Hear!) For his own part he did not hesitate to declare as a lawyer, as well as in his capacity of member of Parliament, that *rebellion consisted no less in assemblages of large bodies of people, and adopting measures by which the law was placed in abeyance, than in the insurrection of whole provinces, and the array of disciplined insurgents against the king's troops.* He need hardly add, that he contemplated, with a repugnance almost amounting to abhorrence, the possibility of the Government being called upon to exercise their judgment on this question; but *he rejoiced to think, if the necessity should arise, the executive power in Ireland was entrusted to vigorous hands.* (Hear.) In the noble Lord at the head of the Irish government he reposed entire confidence." *Speech of the Lord Chancellor* in the House of Lords on Thursday, 9th August, 1832, as reported in the *Times* of next day.

"With respect to such meetings, I conceive that an erroneous view has been taken of the law regulating and prohibiting them. Such masses of people, though unaccompanied by banners or bands of music, are clearly illegal. *If a meeting be so large as to excite terror in the minds even of people of delicate nerves, it is illegal.*" * * * "What would become of the trade of the country if severed from England? I would but ask my friend Sir Pulteney Malcolm, and four gun-brigs, to blockade every river in your country." (His Excellency, after using this expression, turned round, and appealed to the gallant Admiral, who bowed his concurrence.) *Answer of the Marquis of Anglesea* to the Cork Deputation, as given in the *Cork Reporter* of Saturday, 11th August, 1832.

This is, at any rate, decided and intelligible language, and promises to bring the tithe question in Ireland to a speedy issue. Stanley may now be left out of the question. That clever, flippant, and somewhat impertinent debater, never could be looked upon as anything more important than the servant of the longer-headed and older members of the cabinet, delivering the message which had been intrusted to him. The message was, to be sure, rather enigmatical; but we trusted that the cabinet, busied with a great game at home, did not wish to allow its cards to be looked into in Ireland; and we attributed the arrogance of the delivery to the natural pertness and snappishness of him who had been charged with it. More light has, however, been at last let in upon us, and we should lie egregiously did we call the prospect pleasant. "Large assemblies of people, adopting measures that put the law in abeyance," are treasonable, declares no less an authority than the Lord Chancellor; significantly adding, that it lies with the executive to sus-

pend the Irish Habeas Corpus Act, whenever it sees fit; and that "the executive power in Ireland is entrusted to vigorous hands." Almost at the same moment that one of the heads of the Cabinet is using these expressions, the chief official of government in Ireland is telling a deputation from one of the principal cities in the island, that, "if a meeting be so large as to excite terror in the minds of people, *even of the most delicate nerves,* it is illegal;" and tauntingly contrasting the power of England with that of Ireland. If there be meaning in words, it has been determined at head-quarters, that the Irish people shall be forced to submit to the measures which Government has determined to take. The will of the executive is to carry it over the will of the people, by the strong arm. That this will not be submitted to without a struggle, the Irish volunteers, in 1778, and the convulsive efforts of a divided people, twenty years later, are good guarantees. It is therefore high time to direct the attention of the nation at large, and of the Ministry in particular, (who, we sincerely believe, are anxious to act for the best, however strangely they may set about it in the present instance,) to the actual state of Ireland. When those who, joined by the Devil and Castlereagh in unequal marriage, are now one, seem about to become two, it is time to look about us, and see whether the collar may not be so adjusted that we may still drag on together. When the hollow sound of the waves breaking up the bulk-heads, and moaning, and gushing, and surging below decks, and driving the whole cargo crashing together, is heard, it is at least time to think how we may save the good ship from being torn asunder.

This, then, is the state of the question.

For upwards of a century, Ireland has been heavily taxed for the support of an ecclesiastical establishment, from which nine-tenths of the inhabitants do not, and cannot, derive any benefit. The duties of the priest, in every external church, are simply these;—to preside over and conduct the public devotions of the congregation to which he is attached, to dispense the sacraments, to instruct the young, and to refresh the memories of the old in the dogmas of his church—to be the spiritual guide of his flock through life, their supporter and comforter in the hour of death. He is the connecting link between the visible and the invisible world. His is purely a spiritual authority, resting upon belief, conviction, love: if he seek to extend his sway by an appeal to the compulsion of the temporal sword, he desecrates his office. Laws framed by man, and enforced by physical power, can only regulate the external conduct of men; but the clergyman's business is with the inner man: he cannot work with such instruments. He destroys his utility if he confounds himself with their ministers. His functions are not so incompatible with those of the teacher of earthly knowledge, but they are not identical; and now that Christendom has been split up into so many sects, each jealous and distrustful of the other, it is better that the two offices be kept apart. What are the natural inferences from this view of the clerical function? In the first place, that every man ought to be left free, by the State, to choose which communion he will attach himself to: and, in the second place, that making any man contribute to the support of a body of clergymen, in whose worship and ministrations he cannot join, is an act of the grossest injustice; inasmuch as it not only deprives him of his property, without any remuneration, but forces him to contribute to the propagation of doctrines which he believes to be erroneous,

perhaps hurtful. It is constraining the true Israelite to bow the knee, and offer up burnt-offerings, to Baal.

But we have not yet stated the whole extent of Ireland's oppression. The impost of tithes, from which the Protestant Episcopalian church of Ireland derives a large proportion of its income, is admitted by all economists to be a tax* of a most unequal and oppressive nature. It is one of those which, pressing most hard upon the industrious, offers a premium to the sluggard. With every fresh outlay of capital, with every improvement of the productive powers of the soil, the burden increases. This iniquitous impost has, until very lately, been levied upon the poorest and least educated class in Ireland. The half-peasant half-pauper, was obliged to deliver up his last morsel, on demand, or to give his bed, table, and kitchen utensils, in addition, if he delayed. Such hardship, pressing upon untaught minds, unavoidably led to reprisals; and the blood-stained annals of Ireland are the fruits of tithes. Recently, at the persuasive interference of a few humane individuals, backed by the selfishness and avarice of those who thought they saw in the new system, a safer method of securing a larger portion of their demands, the burden has been thrown by the commutation-laws upon a wealthier and better informed class. Those who formerly stood aloof while the poor complained, or even lent their aid to defeat their struggles for redress, have been forced to make common cause with them. The discontented mass has been organized and taught to direct its concentrated strength against one point, and with the least possible exposure of any individual to danger. The declaration emitted at Graigue has been repeated from Cork to Inneshowen:—that the tithe-proctor might take what he could get, but that no man would pay voluntarily, and no man would purchase distrained goods. The numerous meetings held throughout Ireland—the vain attempts to sell cattle seized for arrears of tithe—the petitions which last session loaded the table of the House of Commons—all bear testimony to the silent dogged determination of the people to submit to

* The property in tithes, so far as they belong to the church, and not to lay impriators, is of this nature. Several centuries after the commencement of the Christian era, the clergy, following the recommendation of Saint Austin, who lived in the fourth century, preferred a claim to the tenth of the produce of land, founded on no better right than the analogy between their vocation, and that of the Levitez under the Jewish law. The claim, in these days of ignorance and superstition, was partially complied with; but compliance was understood to be voluntary, the claimants indeed having no appeal but to the charity and superstition of their flocks. By degrees, compliance became general, and was enforced by the power of both the church and the state. But it is clear that such enforcement was as unjust as it was unsupported by the authority of Scripture. This enforcement, be it observed, was in favour of the Catholic clergy. At the Reformation, the same claim of a tenth was made by the Protestant clergy, enforced by the Reformed Church and the Government, and submitted to by the people. But can a claim originally unfounded in Divine law or human reason, be made good to perpetuity, by the submission to it of a succession of individuals? Surely not. A claim supported by nothing but law, can be reduced to its original injustice and absurdity, by a repeal of the law. The present possessors of benefices must be maintained; but no persons after the present incumbents die out, can have more than a share of a departed right to be installed in the vacant benefices, and continue the exaction of tithes.

The relief to the community, especially to the working classes, by the abolition of tithes, will be of essential importance. For, as we think we have demonstrated in Nos. II. and VI. of this Magazine, tithes fall ultimately on the consumers of bread, and not on the proprietors of the soil. Our next number shall, under the title "Fallacies concerning Tithes," contain some remarks on the reasoning by which the opponents of that doctrine uphold the opinion that tithes are a burden on rent.

the imposition of tithes no longer. Catholics, Presbyterians, nay, even Episcopalians, declare that tithe is at an end in Ireland.

Matters having gone this length, it was evident they must go still further. Some understanding must be come to, some arrangement must be made between the British executive and the Irish people, otherwise the machine of state could not continue to go on. Committees of Inquiry were appointed by both Houses of Parliament. That nominated by the Lords commenced its sittings on the 18th of January in the present year, and reported sometime in February. That nominated by the Commons sat on the 19th of January, made a first report on the 18th of February, and a second on the 4th of June. The evidence was most conclusive. Long before the Committees had terminated their labours, every rational member of the House was convinced that the old system of tithes was at an end in Ireland. The spirit of Ireland seemed to have breathed over Ministers; for their first step was as beautiful a practical bull as heart could desire. The people complained of clerical oppression, and on the 2d of April a bill was introduced by Mr. Stanley, "To facilitate the Recovery of Tithes, and for Relief of the Clergy of Ireland." This hot haste to preserve the parsons from growing lean contrasted strangely with the ministerial dilatoriness in propounding a plan for the relief of the nation. At last, on the 6th of July, the mountain was delivered of a mouse. Mr. Stanley announced, in the House of Commons, his intention to introduce three bills. By the first, the composition act was to be rendered compulsory and permanent. The valuation of the tithe due in each parish was to be renewed every seven years, and new and more effectual modes of enforcing their claims in courts of law were to be given to the clergy. By the second bill, the bishop and clergy of each diocese were to be erected into a corporation, for the purpose of receiving the tithes for the whole body, and dividing them for their common benefit, in the proportions to which the respective bodies would now be entitled. By the third, landlords were to be allowed to buy up their tithes, at sixteen years' purchase, and the corporation above-mentioned to invest the money in lands, for their joint behoof. It was also proposed to leave to the state a power of purchasing the claims of the clergy for tithe. Only the first of these bills was introduced; and even it only received the royal assent the last day of the session. Ireland, therefore, and our executive government, stand exactly where they did, except in so far as the former have shewn what measures they propose to adopt for the *relief* of that country.

Relief it is the height of mockery to call it. The church cess and church rates, the most annoying of the church impositions, are left to press as heavily as ever. The share of the national property allotted to the non-national church remains as great in amount as ever; the only change contemplated is its investment in the form which will most effectually secure it against the attacks of popular indignation. The executive have acted, as far as in them lay, up to Stanley's declaration:—"When it was intended to get rid of these claims without compensation, by a combination among the people, it was, he conceived, the duty of the legislature to substitute another species of property for that liable to be so affected." Ireland met this juggling attempt to "keep the word of promise to the ear, and break it to the hope," as became her. Mr. J. Grattan met the first announcement of the Government scheme in Parliament, with four counter-resolutions, of which the following is the first:—"Resolved,—That it is essential to the peace of Ireland that

the system of tithes in that country should be extinguished, not in name only, but in substance and unequivocally." The country at large continued its passive resistance to the levying of tithe. It was in truth the only resource left for its adoption.

When the institutions of a country do not leave in the hands of the people a sufficient control over their (nominal) representatives, and, through them, over the executive, the people's wisest plan, when aggrieved, ever is, by such a passive resistance as the Irish have offered to the collection of tithes, to weary out its oppressors. Now, the institutions of Ireland have hitherto given no such power to the people. Under the old system of elections, it would be mockery to speak of their control over members of Parliament. Under the new, their effective control over the British Parliament is, in the very question at issue, and perhaps in that alone, still doubtful. When the incorporating union of England and Scotland was effected, that church to which the majority of each nation belonged, was in each recognized as the established church, and its safety was secured by the articles of union. When the incorporation of Great Britain and Ireland took place, the effect was to bolster up the weakness of the established church, by merging its opponents in the more numerous British Parliament. By this means even Catholic Emancipation, when at last it was tardily granted, failed to give due weight to the adherents of that church. It is possible that, even in a reformed Parliament, the partisans of the English, or, more properly, the enemies of the Romish Church, may be numerous enough to frustrate the efforts of the friends of Ireland; and the suspicion which this fact is calculated to awaken in an Irish breast must be confirmed by the evident wish of Government to truckle to the present Establishment.

Ireland's hold upon the legislature is feeble enough; but her relation to the executive is absolutely and unequivocally servile. By an act* passed in the forty-seventh year of the reign of George III., modified and continued by several subsequent acts,† all "improper persons" in Ireland are forbid to retain arms in their possession. By "improper persons" are meant all who have not, after making affidavit of the number and description of the arms in their possession, and of their belief that they are entitled to keep arms, obtained a license at Quarter-Sessions, and been registered in the books of their respective baronies: and also all persons who may at one time have been thus registered and licensed, but who have changed their place of residence without renewing their application. These licenses may be withdrawn by the bench of justices at any sessions, or adjourned sessions, without any cause being assigned; and all arms must be delivered up by the parties from whom the licenses have been withdrawn, within forty-eight hours after notification. Any justice of the peace may grant warrant to search the house of unlicensed persons, suspected to have arms in their possession; and the bearers of the warrant, if refused admisssion, or not admitted "within a reasonable time,"‡ may force an entry. All offenders against this law are liable to have their arms seized; and to be condemned to pay a fine of £10, or be imprisoned two months for the first offence, to pay £20, or remain in prison four months, for the second.

By the same act, all blacksmiths whatever are prohibited to exercise their profession without taking out a license and registering themselves

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* 47 Geo. III. sec. 2, c. 54.

† 50 Geo. III. c. 109; 4 Geo. IV. c. 14; 10 Geo. IV. c. 47.

‡ The words of the act.

in the manner above described. It is declared that every blacksmith forging a pike, or allowing it to be made at his forge, with his knowledge, shall forfeit his license. The penalties are the same as those decreed against the possessors of unregistered arms. It is moreover provided that any smith, or other person, who makes a pike, pike-head, dagger, or the like, without license from the Master of the Ordnance, shall, upon conviction, be adjudged a felon, and transported for seven years. All persons convicted of having arms of this description in their possession are, upon conviction, to be imprisoned twelve months for the first offence; to be adjudged felons, and transported for seven years, for the second. By a later act,* licenses for making and repairing arms of any description, must be renewed yearly under a penalty of £100. The same act orders every manufacturer, in this department, to make a monthly report to the chief secretary of the number of arms sold and repaired by him, under a penalty of £20; and that official may force him to produce his books for the purpose of checking his accounts.

The act last quoted takes additional measures for securing the disarming of the Irish nation. It forbids gunpowder, arms, and ordnance to be imported into Ireland without the license of the Lord Lieutenant, under a penalty of £100 for the importer, £50 for the master, and the forfeiture both of vessel and cargo. Gunpowder or cannon may not be manufactured in Ireland without a license; and the manufacturers must return correct accounts of their stock and sales. A license to manufacture, does not entitle its holder to retail gunpowder. The retail dealer must be furnished with a license from Quarter Sessions; and this license may be withdrawn at any time, on notice from the chief secretary. The penalty for each offence against these provisions is £50. To fill up the measure of the iniquity of this enactment, it is declared that every retailer who, during the course of two calendar months, at one time, or on several occasions, sells upwards of two pounds of gunpowder to a person not licensed, forfeits £20; and any licensed person procuring gunpowder for an unlicensed person, forfeits £200.

Such were the provisions made for disarming and keeping down the people by Castlereagh and Wellington; and these iniquitous regulations have been continued by an act introduced by the reforming ministry towards the close of last session, and hurried through both Houses of Parliament with a haste that contrasts strangely with the usual snail-pace of their legislative proceedings. On the back of this, they have clapped an act "to restrain, in certain cases, party processions in Ireland," which declares all processions for the purpose of celebrating or commemorating any event connected with religious distinctions, unlawful assemblies, and the persons present guilty of a misdemeanour. The same rulers maintain in Ireland a regular army of twenty-five thousand men, an orange yeomanry upwards of thirty thousand strong, and an armed police of some seven thousand men.

It is necessary to keep all the facts here recapitulated in view, in order to appreciate at their full value, the inuendoes of the Chancellor and his Lieutenant. The Irish nation, after more than a century of unexampled suffering, venture to remonstrate against a burden hateful alike in the eyes of God and man. They shew that if relief be not granted them, they can quietly slip it off their shoulders; and the first step of those whose duty it is to guard and maintain their rights, is to

* 1 and 2 W. IV. c. 47.

strap it more tightly on. Aware of their weakness, and the overwhelming force that may be arrayed against them, they oppose a passive resistance, a resistance entirely within the limits of the law. It is true that a conspiracy to defeat the law is punishable, but that conspiracy must be proved—legally proved. Now, under these circumstances, what is the language held by our rulers. "You have been oppressed, and we are going to rivet your chains. You are weak and disarmed, we are powerful and armed *cap-à-pie*. It is in vain for you to remain quiet. We will declare your stillness contumacy. We will declare your crowded meetings illegal. We will suspend your habeas corpus act, and then you are at our mercy." What is this, but to force men into rebellion whether they will or not, in order to obtain a pretext for punishing them?

In the title of this paper, we have alluded to the persecution of the Presbyterians under the last Stuarts. The parallel betwixt their case and that of the Irish Catholics in our day is complete. In Scotland, as in Ireland, the quarrel between the Government and the people originated in an attempt on the part of the former to maintain a church establishment which the latter believed to be unwarranted by divine truth. The justice or injustice of that church's claims to belief and obedience is not here the question. The oppression consisted in violating the freedom of men's minds, by enforcing an external submission to an authority not essential to the preservation of the public peace, and against which the inner man revolted. In Scotland as in Ireland, the measure adopted by the people was not resistance, but merely allowing the law to take its way. They did not conform, but they allowed the penalties to be exacted. The very same methods which have been taken by Ministers to weaken the hands of the people and to strengthen those of Government in Ireland, were adopted by the counsellors of Charles Stuart. In the summer of 1655, orders were issued for seizing arms in the southern counties of Scotland. On the 25th of March, 1667, a royal proclamation ordered all the arms, gunpowder and ammunition, (except the walking swords of gentlemen) in the southern and western counties, to be delivered up at certain central places; empowering the sheriffs to fine all persons who did not obey. So close is the resemblance between this ordinance and the Irish gunpowder act, that *imported* arms and ammunition are directly pointed at. On the 2d of April, 1661, the king's life-guard was formed; the first instance of a standing army in Scotland. In the month of May, 1678, measures were taken for raising additional troops; and, shortly afterwards, a packed Parliament made a grant to the King for their maintenance. In December of the same year, the final arrangements were made for organizing a militia of horse and foot; and to complete the parallel between these forces and the Orange yeomanry, it is evident, from the letters of the Privy Council, when preparing to suppress the rising which terminated at Bothwell Bridge, that the rulers dared not call out and arm the regular constitutional horse militia, but only the wealthier heritors of those counties where prelacy had some hold. The cess granted in the year 1678, was a tax imposed for the support of Episcopacy, and was met by the Scots exactly as the Irish now meet the imposition of tithes. One stroke, and our picture is complete. The Privy Council, finding that neither the violation of the subject's constitutional rights, nor the irritating frequency of search-warrants could sting the people to rebellion, began to attach the penalties of that crime to passive non-conformity; and in their proclamations, declared

the act of meeting out of doors, although solely for the purpose of public worship, seditious, and rebellious. This last drop made the cup overflow. The people crowded together for defence and redress; and their lordly oppressors, triumphing in the success of their machinations, cut them down, and rode jollily rough-shod over them.

To this parallel, we earnestly intreat the attention of his Majesty's Ministers. We know that they would repel with scorn the imputation of wishing to oppress the people, or tyrannize over conscience: but we cannot look to Ireland without feeling convinced that they are pertinaciously doing both. We know how far human passion can blind men, once drawn within the vortex of a system, to the character of their own acts. We know that Nathan's "Thou art the man," is the only appeal that can awaken men from the flattering delusion of passion, set upon the attainment of a desired object. And therefore we adjure Lord Grey and his colleagues, by their love of their country's peace and power, by their regard for their own fair fame, when they have looked at the hideous image of Episcopalian tyranny in Scotland, long enough to feel their minds filled with loathing and detestation, to turn their gaze inwards, and scrutinize their own conduct in Ireland.

We know what their answer will be. Like the rest of mankind, when convicted of having done wrong, they will have recourse to palliatives, and seek to sin on. They will say that the oppression of Ireland by others has so maddened the people, that it is dangerous to let them loose. They will point to the outrages of Whitefeet and Blackfeet. They will hint at the Catholic's desire to ride in turn on the necks of his oppressors. Again do we point to Scottish history, and bid them read the present in the past. The pretensions of the Catholic church to control the civil power were never one whit more extravagant than those of the General Assembly in its high and palmy state in 1640; yet has it trampled upon the rights of citizens since its restoration in 1688? Even the Whiteboy outrages are not without a parallel in the history of the times of our persecution.* The explanation of this is to be found in Fletcher's statement of the numbers of idle, houseless desperadoes then to be found in Scotland. Those who resisted the government for righteousness sake, and those who were enemies to all law, had no nearer connexion than that of inhabiting the same country. If the peasantry learned to look with a tolerant eye on plunder and outrage, it was the fault of that Government which classed in one category of crime, and pursued with equal relentlessness, the most virtuous and the most vicious of mankind. When the night of storm and confusion passed away, when law again asserted its supremacy, and patriotism was no longer classed with murder and robbery, the natural healthy moral sense of our peasantry revived. And so will it be in Ireland. Place the Irish Catholic on a footing with the rest of his Christian brethren. The day is passed when priests of any creed could make men tools of their ambition. Give Ireland just laws, give her sons their native and due rights, and all will soon grow worthy of them.

In the character, not of partisans or flatterers, but of real friends, we again demand the attention of ministers to these considerations. There was a time when men (falsely we believe, but still plausibly,) might speak of insinuating first one amendment and then another, until

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* Vide Wodrow, folio edition, 1772, p. 25, "Murder of two soldiers at Newmills"—and same author, passim for robberies and outrages upon the curates.

a political principle was insensibly established. When the power was in the hands of freedom's enemies, there might be some sense in seeking to steal a march upon them. These days are gone Whoever holds power in future, must do so by an open avowal of his principles, and by acting up to them as closely as he may. Personal affection and esteem may conciliate a small band of adherents; but the profession and enforcement of those principles to which the mass of the people are attached, can alone secure national confidence and esteem. That mystery which is the strength of the despot, is the weakness of a free government. Its implement is the will of the people; and that works freely only where there is perfect confidence. To the present ministers, doubt is weakness and timidity is destruction. In the enchanted hall of the poet, "Be bold" was the legend of ninety-nine doors, "Be not too bold," only that of the hundredth.

It is no ordinary stake for which we now play: it is the loss or preservation of Ireland. We confess that the maintenance of an incorporating union seems to us desirable. Ireland has capabilities, and England has capital. The counties of Down and Meath are the bleaching fields of Manchester; Queen's County and Kildare, the provision grounds of Liverpool. By the aid of steam, the two islands are virtually made one. Where the local situation is so close, and society so intertwined by mutual employment and services, one government and one law is an advantage of no ordinary nature. If Ireland separate from us, our fleets must walk the waters comparatively crippled. But it is the feeling of a community of interests alone that ought to retain the Irish people united to Britain. If this feeling do not exist, the maintenance of the Union will only weaken and destroy the happiness of both. One step on the part of Ministers will determine this eventful question. Their faltering in their grand scheme for settling the tithe question towards the close of last session gives us hopes; but the language of Brougham and Anglesea is of evil augury. The welfare, the might of Britain depends upon their resolution. If they choose amiss, a more mortifying character with posterity than even that of tyrants awaits them. They will be spoken of as men who rashly grappled with a task to which both their want of knowledge and weakness of character rendered them inadequate. Their pigmy stature and their worthlessness will contrast ludicrously with the magnitude and importance of the events, among which they are mixed up. They will be the flies in amber, the Tom Thumbs of history.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

In these unpoetical times one is forced to fall back upon the outpourings of the first five-and-twenty years of the century. That was the age of poetry. The clear stream rushed out, gurgling and sparkling, now in tiny jets, now in a broad impetuous flood, now calm and majestic, anon rippling and fantastic, now murmuring like a rill which runs "to hide its chilly bubbles in the grass." Every day almost brought forth a new poem, and the greedy public gobbled it down, and looked agape for the next. Scott pleased us with his clear fresh pictures of hill and dale, his easy jingle, his interesting adventures, and his heroes, the faint shadows of those forms which were to become pal-

pable, warm, and breathing substances in his novels. Wordsworth sat apart on his own Westmoreland hills, flinging to the gale tones austere as the steepy hills which surrounded him; majestic as the notes which, trumpet-toned, swept up their ravines; pure and holy as the cool dim atmosphere of an old cathedral; with ever and anon a dropping passage at the close, which went right to the heart. Coleridge thrilled the blood with tales of unearthly mariners with glittering eyes, and wild-wood spirits gliding in visible form, "now in glimmer and now in gloom," and then made the pulse beat thick with the voluptuous deep-toned melody of "Genevieve," or saddened the mood by conjuring up before our fancy the ancient forests—

> Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined;

when

> Their own imperious branches swinging,
> Have made a solemn music to the wind.

Beside him stood Wilson, less swelling and sustained in his notes, but equally master of all the beauteous combinations of the gorgeous and shifting elements, with a wild, yet gentle and dreamy minstrelsy. Byron (like Scott, but without his historical treasures, and calm observant eye for noting the realities of life around him) approached nearer to the prose of life than the others. It required an effort and exertion on his part to spring up into the airy realms of imagination; but once there, his intense will and glowing passion bore him onward with no undignified flight. Yet still, at every pause, he would stop to mock his own earnestness, and then again throw his whole soul into his lofty task. And Hunt was the heart-felt bard of social life; and Keats, with his Hyperion rising up through his Endymion, was undergoing a spiritual transition, akin to that which the Gothic artist's skill underwent, when his quaintly carved, arched, and pinnacled shrines for saints, expanded into lofty domes and minsters.

By far the sweetest and most purely poetical of these sweet singers, was poor Shelley; although a variety of circumstances combined to divert attention from his notes. These circumstances are so closely interwoven with his personal history, that it is impossible to avoid a brief recapitulation of its principal events.

Shelley was born at his father's seat in Sussex, on the 4th of August, 1792. He was drowned on the night of the 8th of July, 1822—before he had completed his thirtieth year. Till he was seven or eight years of age, he was educated at home with his sisters; and carried, in consequence, a bashfulness and delicate purity of feeling to school with him, rarely to be met with in boys. From his eighth to his thirteenth year was spent at Sion House school, Brentford, where the boisterous sports, and less pure language and manners of the other boys, kept him from forming intimacies with them. In his thirteenth year he was sent to Eton, whence he was soon removed to Oxford. Before this transference took place he had fallen in with the writings of Hume, and with all the rashness of a young and ardent spirit, had embraced the opinions of that philosopher. He had likewise been labouring for about a year at German: but his acquaintance with the literature of that language, obtained chiefly through the medium of English translations, for which all the rubbish seems to have been most assiduously selected, had, without extending his range of ideas, served only to imbue him with the mysticism and exaggeration of its circulating library school. A popular lecturer

in chemistry had taught him to perform a few flashy experiments, but his acquaintance with the science never seems to have gone further. This crude, flimsy, and ill-digested knowledge, decked out in all the dazzling colours which the novelty of young life and a splendid imagination could bestow, formed a world in which the bashful boy, unaccustomed to converse with his kind, lived alone. The real world, as far as he could see, was different; and, like all children, he sought to make it what he wished. He commenced his task by attempting to convert his tutors; he printed a pamphlet professing to demonstrate atheism, and sent copies to some clerical dignitaries. The consequence of this was, a summons to appear before the heads of colleges; whom Shelley, when called upon to recant, challenged to argue the question. He was expelled the university. Shelley's conduct was that of a foolish boy; the punishment inflicted, being calculated to blast all his prospects in life, was disproportionate and tyrannical.

After his expulsion, not daring to face his angry father, a commonplace, money-making man, who had expected that the talents of his son would raise and illustrate his family, he repaired to London, where he resided some time with his relation, Captain Medwin, in the Temple. About this period he seems to have become acquainted, for the first time, with "Godwin's Political Justice," and immediately resolved to square all his actions by its rules. In his Atheism, which was rather an adherence to an unmeaning formula of words than an opinion, he had been confirmed by what he considered a persecution. Living without an aim, he involved himself in the cloudy labyrinth of what were at that time called metaphysics; a mixture of materialism with the auguries of a highly excited sensual fancy. He embraced about this time the theory of the deleterious effects of animal food, and, as was uniformly his way, proceeded to act upon it. The account given of him by Captain Medwin at this period of his life, represents him totally engrossed by his metaphysical pursuits; daily noting down his dreams, till the attention he paid to his dreaming fancies well nigh made them more than a half of his conscious existence; disregarding all the usual allotments of time, dining when he felt hungry at the first baker's shop, and laying himself down to sleep at times in the open street. His anxiety to remodel the world by the diffusion of his opinions, continued as intense as ever; and the eagerness with which, for this purpose, he opened a communication with every person who began to emerge into notoriety, soon swelled the number of his correspondents. This period of his history closed at the age of eighteen, by his being inveigled into a marriage with a young woman of his own age, neither fitted by her natural character nor by her education to be a companion for Shelley. As his wife was of what is called in the world low birth, the union led to an entire alienation from his family.

The ill-assorted pair dragged on an unhappy union, the fruit of which was two children, for upwards of three years, and then separated by mutual consent. Previous to this event, he had habituated himself, for the purpose of deadening painful reflection, to take large quantities of opium; which completely undermined a constitution naturally delicate, and further stimulated the painful busy workings of a restless imagination. He was at this period of his life miserably straitened in his circumstances, and led a restless wandering life, in the course of which he wandered through great part of England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and the Continent; sometimes alone, sometimes in company, frequently on

foot. He took up his abode in London in 1814, and remained pretty closely there for eighteen months, during which period he studied medicine; making but slender progress in his anatomical pursuits, but prosecuting botany with greater success. In 1816 he visited Geneva, in company with the lady whom he afterwards married, who had sometime previously consented to become the companion of his wanderings; and attracted by the society of Lord Byron, fixed his residence for a short time in the neighbourhood. He removed hence to the Vale of Chamouni, and afterwards to the Lake of Como, and returned to England in the autumn of 1817. He was met by the intelligence that his wife had terminated her existence by suicide. His feelings of compunction were so strong as to bring on a temporary derangement. The cup of his misery was filled up by the unnatural and iniquitous decision of the Court of Chancery, denying him the guardianship of his own children, and consigning them to the care of strangers.

By the urgent advice of his friends, co-operating with the promptings of his own love of justice, he now married Miss Godwin; and in her company, after a short sojourn at Marlow, bade a last adieu to his native land in the spring of 1818. He passed rapidly through France and Switzerland, and, after paying a visit to Lord Byron at Naples, proceeded to Rome. The autumn he spent at Naples, and the winter in Rome. After spending some time at Florence, the Baths, Lucca, and Leghorn, he finally took up his abode at Pisa in 1820, and continued to reside in that city or its neighbourhood till the hour of his untimely death. His residence in Italy leaves little to record; his life was devoted to the study of his art, and to vain longings after the realization of his Utopian dreams. His wife proved a kind and sympathetic attendant; one who could appreciate his conversation, share in his pleasures, or sooth his almost unremitting sufferings. In June 1822 he visited Pisa, for the purpose of welcoming his friend Hunt to Italy; and was lost at sea, with his friend Williams, on his return to Lerici, where he was then residing.

This is the history of a warm heart and a forgetive fancy, left to tread their way through the intricacies of life without an affectionate and experienced guide, quarrelling with the world before they understood each other. The presumptuous dogmatism of his boyhood was apology sufficient for the great mass of mankind, when it shrunk back in shy apprehension from him who attacked with scorn and derision all that they held most sacred. It was, however, no apology for those who dared to assume the office of the teachers of youth, so ill-qualified for their task as to meet his offence with treatment, which could not fail to convince him that he was right. Still less is it an apology for those hireling scribes, who, either with full knowledge of the truth, or without sufficient previous inquiry (a degree of levity scarcely less culpable,) persisted for a tract of years in misrepresenting and calumniating his actions. Whoever has traced the history of Shelley must feel that his error was of a kind to which even the rankest bigot could not attribute criminality. Itwas the honest and ingenuous search of a lonely and unaided mind after that truth which the dazzling brilliancy of that mind's own inborn light prevented it from perceiving. The rude manner in which his expressions shocked the reverential feeling for religion entertained by the larger as well as better portion of the British public, naturally enough led men to attribute an evil character to the cause of their annoyance. But those who searched deeper saw that this seeming harshness was merely the

tuning of an instrument of the mellowest tones; that the muddiness of his thoughts and feelings was the fermentation which transforms the clammy and insipid juice of the grape into the clear and generous wine. Shelley's mind, in early life, was not ill indicated by his personal appearance; a face not regularly beautiful, yet, when longer gazed on, inexpressibly charming; a voice high and thin, yet capable of a mellower tone, and of the most musical modulation; a manner awkward and bashful, yet with an inborn gentility which could not be concealed. Tolerance, which is true wisdom, is increasing. A young man is no longer looked upon as lost because his passions drive him once astray. Within certain limits society allows men to avow their opinions. But it must learn not, it is true, to encourage such aberrations as Shelley's, but not to condemn precipitately. There is danger undeniably in the extravaganzas of such a mind; but where all tends so evidently towards good, the darkness and terror, nay even the danger which herald the birth, are ominous of its surpassing excellence.

The stream "ran itself fine." We have no wish to palliate his conduct where it was wrong; but this we are entitled to say in alleviation, that his misconduct was scarcely to be avoided in one abandoned so young to his own guidance; that he made reparation where he could; and that he suffered agonizingly for the pain he caused. Nemesis exacted her dues in full. Every year of Shelley's brief life shewed the beauty of his mind more fully developed, and with less alloy of the ridiculous. Love was the atmosphere in which his soul existed. He loved all nature, animate and inanimate. He shuddered at the least pain inflicted upon any thing that breathed; but, instead of turning away selfishly, indulging a morbid sensibility, he lingered like the good Samaritan, to bind up and pour balm into the wound. More than any other mere human being on record, he was capable of sacrificing himself for others. There was a maiden purity in his soul: a gross expression pained him almost as an evil act; his love was sentiment; his diet was that of an Anchorite; his greatest dainties, those which please the unsophisticated palate of children. In a weak body he kept alive a fearless, unwinking soul; and hourly tortured with the pains of sickness sapping his vital frame, he was neither sullen nor fretful. The eagerness with which his friends sought and walked by his advice, shews that his strong mind had not wrestled with the world in vain. He had learned to trace accurately the connexion between actions, their causes and consequences. His night-mare dream of atheism had softened, unawares, into a recognizance of an intelligent Author and Preserver of the universe. Taught ourselves, by experience, to cling to the Christian belief, as that alone which can purify us amid our eternal aberrations from right, and reconcile us with God and ourselves, we must ever lament, that so fair a soul was closed against its accesses; but we dare not anticipate the mysterious decrees of the Creator. We leave poor Shelley with "trembling hope," to his repose. Let no one misunderstand or bring an undeserved reproach against us when we say, that nothing carries home to us so convincingly the impression of his tremendous strength of mind, as his power to bear up with all the emptiness of unbelief, in gentle meekness, against pain, sickness, the world's contumely, and the reproaches of his own heart.

We have dwelt at so much length on the personal history of Shelley for two reasons. In the first place, because a knowledge of it is indispensable to the right understanding and appreciation of some of his

works. In the second place, because both friends and foes have, in his case, mixed up the poet too much with his writings, to enable them to come to a true judgment of them. A poem, to be rightly estimated, must be judged without reference to its author as much as a painting or statue. It is a separate and independent existence, and must stand or fall by its own merits. Investigations which enable us to explain some peculiarity in its structure, by reference to the mental constitution of the author, are both interesting and useful; but they belong to the department of practical metaphysics, not of criticism.

Shelley's earliest effusions, like those of all young poets, are rather the overflowing of the thoughts, feelings, and images fermenting in his mind, than poems. A poem is a creation of art—it is the product of the imagination—a thing existing for itself. It addresses itself to the active imagination of others, or to that passive imagination which is called taste. It is like a picture or statue, an object to be contemplated, not a vehicle of instruction or instrument of persuasion. Its sole object is to please. Its moral and intellectual influence is indirect,—strengthening, elevating, or purifying the mind by the objects of contemplation with which it renders it familiar,—suggesting to the mind thoughts and speculations which otherwise might not have occurred. Of course, the more nervous and masculine the thought embodied in a poem, the higher will be its character; but its merit must always be determined by the effect it produces upon the imagination. It deviates from the standard of perfection in proportion as it diverges into ratiocination on the one hand, or addresses itself too much to the sensual part of our constitution on the other. Shelley's deviations lay in the former direction.

"Queen Mab,"* composed in his seventeenth year, and "the Revolt of Islam," composed at Marlow in the Autumn or Winter of 1818, are attempts to shadow out, in an allegorical form, his views of a more perfect state of society, and the process by which it may be arrived at. The Utopian, the framer of an ideal commonwealth, predominates over the poet. We are incessantly reminded that the forms which flit before our imagination are mere arbitrary representatives of abstract ideas—of relations. The anxiety of the writer to keep this constantly in view, has infected his imagery: it has much of the vagueness and thinness of his speculations. The fairy-land which he seeks to conjure up before us, partakes of the dimness and unsubstantiality of those shadows of a Pre-Adamitic world, through which Cain is made to wander in Byron's Mystery, or the World of Death, in Shelley's own Prometheus,

> ——————— Where do inhabit
> The shadows of all forms that think and live,
> Till death unite them and they part no more.

In Queen Mab, the lecture of the Fairy on the origin and progress of civil society, a prose harangue, and not of a very original character, occupies so large a share of the poem as to destroy the equilibrium. The attention flags, and our retrospect, when we come to the close, em-

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* His earliest poetical work—the four cantos of "The Wandering Jew," lately published in Fraser's Magazine, are claimed by Captain Medwin. The Captain informs us that there were some additional cantos by Shelley. These are, most probably, irrecoverable. The MS. in Fraser's possession contained only the four cantos which he has printed. It was in Shelley's handwriting, left by him nineteen or twenty years ago, with a gentleman in Edinburgh, and never reclaimed.

braces not a well-proportioned poem, a pleasing or majestic whole, but a tedious and unsymmetrical piece of declamation, interspersed with out-breakings of the most gorgeous and powerful imagination. These, however, are, in a great measure, lost, from not being properly grouped. But for this fault the poem must have ranked high in the descriptive class. The approach of the Fairy, the disembodying of the soul, the voyage through the realms of space, the exhibition of the world's workings, and the return, form a bold and well-proportioned frame-work, with which some of the descriptions harmonize well in splendour and grandeur of conception. We may instance the bold idea of introducing the Wandering Jew as a phantasm of the human mind,—the gloomy grandeur of the conception is unsurpassed. We prefer, however, laying before our readers the glowing picture of etherial beauty and spiritual voluptuousness with which the poet has presented us in the palace of Mab the Fairy.

If solitude hath ever led thy steps
To the wild ocean's echoing shore,
And thou hast lingered there,
Until the sun's broad orb
Seemed resting on the burnished wave,
Thou must have marked the lines
Of purple gold, that motionless
Hung o'er the sinking sphere:
Thou must have marked the billowy clouds
Edged with intolerable radiancy,
Towering like rocks of jet
Crowned with a diamond wreath.
And yet there is a moment,
When the sun's highest point
Peeps like a star o'er ocean's western edge,
When those far clouds of feathery gold,
Shaded with deepest purple, gleam
Like islands on a dark blue sea;
Then has thy fancy soared above the earth,
And furled its wearied wing
Within the Fairy's fane.

Yet not the golden islands
Gleaming in yon flood of light,
Nor the feathery curtains
Stretching o'er the sun's bright couch,
Nor the burnished ocean waves
Paving that gorgeous dome,
So fair, so wonderful a sight
As Mab's etherial palace could afford.
Yet likest evening's vault, that faery Hall!
As Heaven, low resting on the wave, it spread
Its floors of flashing light,
Its vast and azure dome,
Its fertile golden islands
Floating on a silver sea;
Whilst suns their mingling beamings darted
Through clouds of circumambient darkness,
And pearly battlements around
Looked o'er the immense of Heaven.

The magic car no longer moved.
The Fairy and the Spirit
Entered the Hall of Spells:
Those golden clouds
That rolled in glittering billows
Beneath the azure canopy

With the etherial footsteps, trembled not:
The light and crimson mists,
Floating to strains of thrilling melody
Through that unearthly dwelling,
Yielded to every movement of the will.
Upon their passive swell the Spirit leaned,
And, for the varied bliss that pressed around,
Used not the glorious privilege
Of virtue and of wisdom.

Equally beautiful, but of a more tangible character, is the poet's description of the golden age which he anticipates. It is of too great length to be extracted here, but what follows may serve as a specimen:

Then, where, through distant ages, long in pride
The palace of the monarch-slave had mocked
Famine's faint groan, and penury's silent tear,
A heap of crumbling ruins stood, and threw
Year after year, their stones upon the field,
Wakening a lonely echo; and the leaves
Of the old thorn, that on the topmost tower
Usurped the royal ensign's grandeur, shook
In the stern storm that swayed the topmost tower,
And whispered strange tales in the whirlwind's ear.

Low through the lone cathedral's roofless aisles
The melancholy winds a death-dirge sung:
It were a sight of awfulness to see
The works of faith and slavery, so vast,
So sumptuous, yet so perishing withal!
Even as the corpse that rests beneath its wall.
A thousand mourners deck the pomp of death
To-day, the breathing marble glows above
To decorate its memory, and tongues
Are busy of its life: to-morrow, worms
In silence and in darkness seize their prey.

Within the massy prison's mouldering courts,
Fearless and free the ruddy children played,
Weaving gay chaplets for their innocent brows
With the green ivy and the red wall-flower,
That mock the dungeon's unavailing gloom;
The ponderous chains, and gratings of strong iron,
There rusted amid heaps of broken stone
That mingled slowly with their native earth:
There the broad beam of day, which feebly once
Lighted the cheek of lean captivity
With a pale and sickly glare, then freely shone
On the pure smiles of infant playfulness:
No more the shuddering voice of hoarse despair
Pealed through the echoing vaults, but soothing notes
Of ivy-fingered winds and gladsome birds
And merriment were resonant around.

"The Revolt of Islam," is still more disfigured by its allegorical tendency. Laon and Cythna are not living beings, but mere impersonations of certain modes of thought. None of the other characters stand palpably forward; they are mere names attached to vague abstractions. The machinery of the tale is extravagant and unattractive; as was, indeed, to be expected from one who had wilfully turned from the contemplation of human life to gaze upon an ideal system of his own. Unacquainted with the realities of society, Shelley fails in conveying distinct perceptions of any very great oppression from which his hero and heroine came to relieve their fellows. He lavishes epithets of abuse upon the social state which they laboured to remove, but he conveys to our mind no

distinct image of it; and, in poetry, distinct perception, or strong feeling, are every thing. The ameliorated social institutions which they strove to introduce, are pictured with equal faintness. The pillar to the summit of which Laon is chained, and the sub-marine cavern in which Cythna is imprisoned, are stiff school-boy exaggerations.

Amid all these draw-backs, there is much in this poem to repay perusal. The wild conception of the spiritual world to which the poet is conveyed to learn the tale, and the unearthly circumstances under which it is narrated, keep the mind in a state of ghostly awe. The earthly interest hangs suspended in the impalpable medium of what Shakspeare terms the "metaphysical" world, as this solid globe in the vacuity of space; and this fact is brought home to our consciousness. Then the poet exercises the control of creative imagination over the elements of earth, air, fire and water, forming them into most gorgeous pictures. And although the human interest of the poem, as already noticed, be weak, there creeps notwithstanding over this young world, rising out of the chaos of a yet unformed mind, the gentle warming breeze of a benevolent spirit.

To this kind of composition Shelley reverted, in one of his latest writings; one, indeed, which was left incomplete at his death,—"The Triumph of Life." This attempt to give a deeper meaning to the spectacles, the reality of which delighted the beginning of the seventeenth century, and a description of which forms one of Spenser's finest passages, is not, in its unfinished state, a fair subject of criticism. We feel tempted, however, to extract the introduction, which is one of those idealized pictures of the beauties of internal nature, in which Shelley surpassed all his contemporaries.

Swift as a spirit hastening to his task
Of glory and of good, the Sun sprang forth
Rejoicing in his splendour, and the mask

Of darkness fell from the awakened Earth—
The smokeless altars of the mountain snows
Flamed above crimson clouds, and at the birth

Of light, the Ocean's orison arose,
To which the birds tempered their matin lay.
All flowers in field or forest which unclose

Their trembling eyelids to the kiss of day,
Swinging their censers in the element,
With orient incense lit by the new ray

Burned slow and inconsumably, and sent
Their odorous sighs up to the smiling air;
And, in succession due, did continent,

Isle, ocean, and all things that in them wear
The form and character of mortal mould,
Rise as the sun their father rose, to bear

Their portion of the toil, which he of old
Took as his own and then imposed on them:
But I, whom thoughts which must remain untold

Had kept as wakeful as the stars that gem
The cone of night, now they were laid asleep
Stretched my faint limbs beneath the hoary stem

Which an old chestnut flung athwart the steep
Of a green Apennine: before me fled
The night; behind me rose the day; the deep

Was at my feet, and Heaven above my head—

In this same poem occurs one of the most masterly pictures of the fantastic manner in which images shift in dreams, to be met with, in the whole range of poetry. In reading it, we dream ourselves, and undergo the illusion.

> I would have added—is all here amiss?—
> But a voice answered,—"Life!"—I turned and knew
> (Oh, Heaven have mercy on such wretchedness!)
>
> That what I thought was an old root which grew
> To strange distortion out of the hill side,
> Was, indeed, one of those deluded crew.
>
> And that the grass, which methought hung so wide
> And white, was but his thin discoloured hair,
> And that the holes it vainly sought to hide
>
> Were, or had been, eyes:——

We come now to a number of Shelley's poems belonging to a class much in favour with the present generation, and which have by some one been termed, rather affectedly "moods of my own mind." Poems of this kind owe much of their popularity to a not very intellectual feature of the public taste; the gossiping desire to know as much as possible about the author of the work. This has given rise to a coxcombical, theatrical, and egotistical style of poetry, in which the poet aims at effect, less by picturesque excellence of thought and imagery, than by parading himself in attitudes before his readers. With this silly weakness, "moods of my own mind" are in generally deeply tainted. This style of poem, has, however, been employed at times, by minds of a wider caliber for embodying chance inspirations, for which they could not find a suitable place in any of their works. Such productions are analogous to the sketches and studies of the artist; and if thrown out by a master, snatch, at times, a grace beyond the reach of laboured art. Such are in general Shelley's effusions of this sort. Even those, in which the personality of the poet figures, are destitute of the sickening egotism attendant upon the similar compositions of others. He was too honest a visionary for this. His day-dreams were in his eyes more important than himself. Thus, in his Alastor, composed about the period of his separation from the first Mrs. Shelley, we have the picture of a mind which feels itself alone in the world; which with eager capacity of love, and an overpowering impulse towards exchange of thoughts, had never yet found a being capable of understanding it, or whose qualities approximated in any degree to those pre-figured by the feverish longings of its desire. To one who reads this poem, without acquaintance with the events of Shelley's life, it presents the appearance of a huge panorama of Titanic forms, "enfolding sunny spots of greenery." The pathless ocean, the dark subterraneous whirlpool, the giant twilight crags, load us as with the desart's loneliness: we admire and wonder, but we cannot comprehend. A knowledge of his character and history, by hinting the state in which his mind must have been when he composed this poem, is the key to its real meaning. The reflection of the poet's yearnings, first gives life and unity to this congregation of huge imaginings. It is the picture of his utter loneliness that constitutes its chief melancholy charm. Yet there is a universality in the portrait, a banishing of all petty individual traits, that removes it entirely from the degrading association of those paltry coxcombries to which it stands so nearly allied.

We have called the imagery of this poem Titanic, and the following passage must stand here to vindicate the term.

On every side now rose
Rocks which, in unimaginable forms,
Lifted their black and barren pinnacles
In the light of evening, and its precipice
Obscuring the ravine, disclosed above,
'Mid toppling stones, black gulphs, and yawning caves,
Whose windings gave ten thousand various tongues
To the loud stream. Lo! Where the pass expands
Its stony jaws, the abrupt mountain breaks,
And seems, with its accumulated crags,
To overhang the world: for wide expand
Beneath the wan stars and descending moon
Islanded seas, blue mountains, mighty streams,
Dim tracts and vast, robed in the lustrous gloom
Of leaden-coloured even, and fiery hills
Mingling their flames with twilight, on the verge
Of the remote horizon. The near scene,
In naked and severe simplicity,
Made contrast with the universe. A pine,
Rock-rooted, stretched athwart the vacancy
Its swinging bows, to each inconstant blast
Yielding one only response at each pause,
In most familiar cadence, with the howl
The thunder and the hiss of homeless streams
Mingling its solemn song, whilst the broad river,
Foaming and hurrying o'er its rugged path,
Fell into that immeasurable void
Scattering its waters to the passing winds.

Of the "sunny spots of greenery," of which we spoke, the following is an exquisite specimen.

More dark
And dark the shades accumulate—the oak,
Expanding its immeasurable arms,
Embraces the light beech. The pyramids
Of the tall cedar overarching, frame
Most solemn domes within; and far below,
Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
The ash and the acacia floating hang
Tremulous and pale. Like restless serpents, clothed
In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,
Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
The gray trunks, and as gamesome infants' eyes,
With gentle meanings, and most innocent wiles,
Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,
These twine their tendrils with the wedded boughs,
Uniting their close union; the woven leaves
Make net-work of the dark blue light of day,
And the night's noontide clearness, mutable
As shapes in the wierd clouds. Soft mossy lawns
Beneath these canopies extend their swells,
Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyed with blooms
Minute yet beautiful. One darkest glen
Sends from its woods of musk-rose, twined with jasmine,
A soul-dissolving odour, to invite
To some more lovely mystery. Through the dell,
Silence and Twilight here, twin-sisters, keep
Their noonday watch, and sail among the shades
Like vaporous shapes half seen; beyond, a well,
Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,
Images all the woven boughs above,
And each depending leaf, and every speck

Of azure sky, darting between their chasms;
Nor aught else in the liquid mirror laves
Its portraiture, but some inconstant star
Between one foliaged lattice twinkling fair,
Or, painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,
Or gorgeous insect floating motionless,
Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings
Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.

(To be continued.)

TAIT'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

CANT.—There is no country in Europe where, what Jeanie Deans, in her interview with Queen Caroline, is pleased to term, "light life and conversation," is more severely dealt with than in "moral England." Quarter Sessions and the Tread Mill bear signal evidence to our tenderness for female virtue,—our disgust towards laxity of morals; and the horrible crime of infanticide, so prevalent among the lower classes, is universally attributed, by our Jurists, to the purity of our moral code, and the severity of its enforcement. All this is very fine. It writes well,—it talks well,—it assists in sticking an additional peacock's feather into the strutting daw of our national pride. But is it not advisable that the limitations of such laws and statutes should be more accurately defined? We know them to be applicable to the labouring classes; we believe them to extend to the commercial and professional classes; but it appears uncertain how far they stop short of "The Order;" and whether the wives of Esquires and Knights Bannerets, and even Baronets, are not included in an act of impunity. To what other influence can we ascribe the ardour with which Countess Guiccioli has been recently welcomed in the coteries of fashionable life? The mistress of an illustrious poet may be a very poetical personage; and, as in the instance in question, a very pleasing one; but there can be no reason for committing Jenny Dobbs to the House of Correction and prison discipline, in retribution of the very circumstance which opens all the noble mansions in London to an Italian Countess. Byron's biographers and personal friends, have taken care that this lady's connexion with the noble poet, should be sufficiently bruited to the world; and from the Pope, downwards, we believe there is not an old woman in England or Italy, unaware of the state of the case. We cannot, therefore, but admire the consistency displayed by those wives and mothers of our nobility who are so scandalized by any lapse of discretion among the housemaids, in courting the society, and presenting to the friendship of their daughters, a lady living in separation from her husband, on grounds too notorious to be overlooked; or rather on grounds which constitute her sole claim to the notice of the world.

THE BYRON GALLERY.—In walking through a forest, it is easy to detect the spot where a noble tree has been felled to earth, by the innumerable shoots and seedlings that owe their existence to its pristine vigour; and, if evidence were wanting of the influence exercised over the public mind by the two literary giants of the century,—Scott and Byron, it might be found in the abundant offsets springing up in their place,—emanations from their former grandeur. Not a city, for instance, not a village, not a villa, visited by the noble Childe, in the course of his poetical or mortal pilgrimage, but has become hallowed ground to his contemporaries, and been made a subject for the pencil and the graver. Not a word that ever fell from his lips, but is cherished like some fragment of art,—some sketch by Vandyke, or outline by Michael Angelo. Covetous as he was of glory, surely even the shade of Byron must be, by this time, appeased by the excess of incense burning upon his altars. We can fancy, indeed, that (like the majestic ghost depicted by the poet in the Elysian fields, as averting its face on the approach of a faithless friend,) it might turn with disgust from certain former companions who have made a merchandize of his memory; but could the bard of Don Juan return to earth, we have little doubt he would be in perfect good humour with a world that has erected so stupendous a pyramid in his honour. It must be admitted that the stones thrown on the cairn are individually of small account; but the homage is the same. Byron has, in fact, been canonized

by national acclamation, and his name permanently inscribed in the calendar of genius. It will be long enough ere Great Britain has again leisure to bestow on poets and novelists; but even were the interest of the country wholly at the disposal of writers of fiction, their chance of success would still be problematical. The inordinate popularity of any one voluminous poet, must always be succeeded by a blank. There exists but a certain number of poetical words and phrases in a language; and these, when dexterously strung together by the hand of a master, are committed to memory; till, by the force of satiety, they degenerate into commonplace. The jingle of familiar rhymes becomes offensive; natural imagery fails to impress the mind, already imbued with the sublime and beautiful in their choicest features. After Milton, there was a pause;—after Pope, there was a pause;—after Byron, there will be a pause. But when the grandeur of Childe Harold and the picturesqueness of the Giaour, have, in some degree, faded from our recollection, some new minstrel will suddenly possess himself of the public ear, and gather together, in a new form, those "Orient pearls at random flung," in the wantonness of former opulence. Till then, we recommend the "English Bards" to append their lyres, like Tasso's, "*ad em cipresso*;" and leave the courtship of the Muses to the lyrists of Warren's Blacking and Wright's Champagne.

BENEFACTORS OF POETS.

"Je veux un jour avoir une chaumiere
Dont un verger ombrage le contour,
Pour y passer le saison printanniere
Avec ma mie, et ma muse, et l'amour."

This poetical aspiration of Demaustier, has been realized by Lord Milton, in favour of John Clare; and we regret to perceive that the circumstance provoked universal wonder and commendation. It seems that the golden age of Poesy is past, when, as a mark of gentle blood, every noble was expected to entertain a minstrel or two in his train;—when Marguerite of France imprinted a tender salute on the lips of the sleeping Alain Chartier, and when purses of gold, and jewels of price, were showered upon the inspired bard in guerdon of his genius. Goethe has a fine passage in his "Torquato Tasso," to prove that such favours are thriftily bestowed; since the poet can requite with immortality the hospitality of his noble entertainer. We know not what measure of renown will be conferred by Clare on the representative of the house of Wentworth; but eagerly seize the opportunity of adding our feeble echo to the clarion of Fame.

THE KING OF BAVARIA.—The public journals inform us that an attempt has been made by Ludwig I. to introduce to the notice of his Queen the divorced wife of Lord Ellenborough, who has been for some time past living openly under his royal protection. We confess we have long misdoubted this Joseph Surface of modern sovereignty; he was always such a vastly "moral young man!" For the last twenty years, he has been playing fantastic tricks before high Heaven, till the earth has grown very much out of conceit with him. Who does not remember his Majesty's ode on visiting Weimar, (published in every petty newspaper of the German empire,) in which he addresses the reigning Duke as higher than Augustus, and Göthe as more eminent than Virgil? Who does not remember his Körnerian ballads, breathing patriotism in every stanza? And in what have all these fine effusions ended? In the restoration of the Jesuits, in religious persecutions, an increased taxation, a crusade against the liberty of the press, and a Madame de Montespan intruded upon his Queen and Court.

NATIONAL GALLERY.—In one of Odry's monopolylogues, *à la Matthews*, we remember hearing him allude to the *Théatre Français*, as "*ce spectacle vis à vis du patissier dans la rue Richelieu*;" and we have little doubt that some day or other John Reeve will find occasion to allude to the projected National Gallery as the Long Room next door to the Foot-soldiers' barracks at Charing Cross. Whatever may be our national progress in political economy, our proficiency in national parsimony is indisputable. We, who have lavished half a million on a cottage in Windsor Park, (now pulled down as affording a dangerous refuge for rats on the royal demesne,)—we who piled up the lath-and-plaster palace at Pimlico,—we who set up the brazen image in Hyde Park,—we who have been voting million after million for raising the royal attics here, and remodelling the royal hencoops and pig-styes there,—have actually lavished the sum of £50,000 for the construction of a conservative temple for the Fine Arts, in the metropolis! This will do! Brother Jonathan has reason to be proud of us! Why, we might have boarded the nine muses at Crockford's

Bazaar for very little more money; or the pictures might have been deposited at the Pantechnicon. But a NATIONAL GALLERY, to become a *lasting* monument of penuriousness or bankruptcy,—a stigma on the taste of the reigning sovereign, worse than the exclamation of George II., "I hate bainting and boetry; who is this rascally Hogart that laughs at my Guards?"—Forbid it, shades of the Medici!

A CONUNDRUM.—A noble poet of the day, a man of wit and fashion about town, contributed some charades to a new fashionable periodical; the solution of which was promised for the following number. In the interim, his Lordship having forgotten the words expressed in the charades, went about bewailing his loss. "Can't recollect your *words?*" said a rival scribbler. "Depend upon it *you have eaten them!*"

ROYAL GOSSIPS.—It appears established as an axiom of modern kingmanship, that an anointed sovereign may speak, but must, on no account, presume to *talk*. Louis Philippe, the vicissitudes of whose life are probably more remarkable than those of any other individual in Europe, (with the exception of Baron Geramb, formerly of Carlton House, but now of La Trappe notoriety,) has contracted, it seems, a tendency to narration, extremely irksome to his courtiers, and still more so to his ministers of state. Professed story-tellers, and that-reminds-me-of-an-anecdote people, are in all situations of life inexpressibly tedious as companions; but, when connected with

"The ceremony that to great ones 'longs,"

nothing can be more calamitous than the propensity thus exhibited by His Most Christian Majesty of the French. When we consider, however, the ten volumes of frivolous personal reminiscences bequeathed to us by his invaluable preceptress, who, to the day of her death, was in the habit of lecturing him in a quotidian billet of advice, beginning, "*Sire, mon trés cher enfant,*" we are almost inclined to pity and forgive the mingled diffuseness and circumstantiality which distinguishes the royal gossip of the Palais Royal. So regular indeed are the intermission and recurrence of his favourite anecdotes, that the Queen and courtiers are said to note the hours of the day by "I recollect when I was an usher in Switzerland;" "I remember just before the action of Genappe;" or, "It occurs to me that, when I was a schoolmaster in the United States." The King of the Belgians is stated, by the Carlists' journals, to have returned to Lacken, minus a button on the right breast of all his coats and uniforms; lost in defending himself against the thrice-told tales of his illustrious father-in-law.

INCREASE OF CRIME AND DIMINUTION OF PUNISHMENT.—It has recently been noticed, with surprise, by many contemporary periodicals, that *boiling to death* was formerly included among the penalties of our criminal law, and that some half-a-dozen persons were publicly boiled in Smithfield, for poisoning and other enormities. We see nothing very wonderful in the fact! It stands to reason that the first institution of legal tribunals, in any country, in any era, must be enforced and upheld by magnitude of penalties and inflexibility in their infliction; and, moreover, that the quantity and quality of punishment should be commensurate with the civilization and refinement of the land. When life itself was an incessant struggle with hardship and privation, boiling or pressing to death were proportionate modes of punishment. Confinement on bread and water in an airy prison would have been luxury to one of our Celtic ancestors; and it is only in our own machinery-triumphant-age of do-nothingness that the sufferings of a month on the tread-mill can be duly appreciated. If the march of luxury should go on with its present speed, and the progress of national enervation continue, we have no doubt that in process of time misdemeanours will be chastised by a ride in a cart without springs; and felons of note be awarded to a year's imprisonment, without the use of knife, fork, or spoon; while a trespassing lord will be sentenced to dine without soup or fish, or to sleep on a flock bed. In the year 2032, a fine lady, convicted of infanticide, will be made to

Die of a rose in aromatic pain;

and the sentence be quite as barbarous as the *peine forte et dure* of the middle ages.

SYMPTOMS OF LITERATURE.—Captain Skinner, in his Oriental Sketches, recently published, informs us, that the natives of Ceylon, having no other substitute for writing paper than the thin leaves of the Ola, use an iron pen, which they support in the thumb-nail of the left hand, allowed to grow for that purpose; and that a literary

man is discovered by such a mark. Perhaps, had a similar custom prevailed in Great Britain, the Author of Junius would have been detected in the person of some mild Lord of the Bedchamber, or silver-tongued Silver Stick; and, even in the present day, what mysteries might be developed! The *Messager des Chambres* announces to the news-lovers of Europe, that Sir Robert Peel officiates as the Editor of the Morning Post; while "*Horace Swiss*, (they have not exactly hit it to a T,) *Sir Charles Wetherell, et autres jeunes fashionables*," act as redactors of the Albion! Now if the notchery of the Cingalese men of letters were but introduced among our own literati, we should be enabled to *nail* them in a minute!

THE CANONIZATION OF PRINCES.—

"The fickle breath of popular applause"

is scarcely less impeachable for its application than for its mutability. Kings, Kaisers, and Princes hereditary, must assuredly find it very difficult to compute their chances of popularity, by any given law of precedent or probability. *Louis le Bien aimé* was by half his subjects styled *Louis l'Inévitable*; Ferdinand, the well-beloved, is alternately execrated as a tyrant, or despised as an idiot; and *Henri le Dieudonné* has, by the nation on whom he was bestowed, been *donné à tous les diables*. But of all the instances of public waywardness on record, the most remarkable is the case of the late Duke of York!—a man lamented from one end of the kingdom to the other,—idolized by the army—and honoured by a public monument; although it is universally known that his domestic life was a disgrace to himself, and that his public life reflected little honour on the country. His unfortunate expedition to Holland, the lamentable exposure connected with the discharge of his duties as Commander-in-Chief, and above all, his most un-statesmanlike, and most un-Englishmanlike "So help me God" declaration against the Roman Catholics, would have covered any other Prince with obloquy; and it has been ascertained, through the investigation recently set on foot by his creditors, that his Royal Highness died an insolvent debtor to the amount of £150,000! A certain convivial good-humour, and considerable stanchness in his private friendships, appears to have formed a limit to the "virtues of this most popular Prince of the House of Brunswick," who has been canonized by Farty writers, in defiance of every rule of common sense or public decency.

ROYAL PATRONS OF FREEDOM.—We think it is Jean Paul who observes, that many princes and ministers affect to regard the liberty of the subject as a featherin their caps; and in this resemble Mephistophiles, who, wearing the cock's feather in his bonnet,* is scared away by his cry. The truth is, that the freedom which finds favour in the eyes of hereditary rulers is not that which benefits the people, but that which benefits themselves. The butcher, knowing that a certain portion of exercise is necessary for his flock, provides it for them; and princes, knowing that men pine and grow rusty without an allowance of self-will, indulge them. They would have a man preserve as much independence of spirit as goes to make him cheerful, and a good workman. They know, that a proper quantity of fixed air makes their champagne sparkle, and that a little more will break their musty bottles. They calculate, to a nicety, so much of this rare provender will enable a man to bear a stout burden; but so much will make him as strong as myself, and then he will no longer submit to be my drudge, but will set up on his own account. The moral of all this is, that free institutions and free-men never can be patronized by princes. "Who would be free themselves must strike the blow." Pedro is not quite such a brute as Miguel; and Louis Philippe has less power, if not less will, than Charles X., to be a despot—that is all the difference.

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* According to popular superstition in Germany, the feather of a cock's tail in his cap is an indispensable part of the Devil's costume.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

POLITICAL HISTORY.

GREAT BRITAIN.

DURING the vacations of the Legislature, it is often difficult to mark the progress of events during so short a space as a month. Public feeling, and the acts to which it impels, are continually advancing, but frequently with a silent and imperceptible motion. The enactments of the Legislature are the final expressions of what was once an isolated individual will, diffused gradually through the bulk of the nation, heaving uncertainly on the billows of opinion like the unavailing plunges of a ship at anchor, now advancing, now seeming to retrograde; at last spreading over all, and impressing the ostensible lawgivers, the organs of the moral sense of the community, either with conviction, or the feeling that resistance is unavailing. As in the mind of man the first promptings to action are vague and unsusceptible of being distinctly apprehended and retained in the memory, so, in society, the growth of opinion can scarcely be made the subject of an intelligible narrative. Results alone can be distinctly described. Since the dissolution of Parliament, the country has been preparing for new exertions—the cloud has been re-charging itself with electric matter.

THE ELECTIONS.—The canvass for seats in the first reformed Parliament is now universal. According to a calculation made about the end of August, there were then in the field as candidates:—

FOR ENGLAND.

Members of the Old Parliament, -	For Reform,	248
	Against,	74
New Men, -	For Reform,	174
	Doubtful,	60
	Against,	66

FOR WALES.

Members of the Old Parliament, -	For Reform,	15
	Against,	9
New Men, -	For Reform,	3
	Doubtful,	1
	Against,	1

FOR IRELAND.

Members of the Old Parliament, -	For Reform,	60
	Against,	27
New Men, -	For Reform,	37
	Doubtful,	3
	Against,	11

FOR SCOTLAND.

Members of the old Parliament, . .	For Reform,	24
	Against,	15
New men, . .	For Reform,	41
	Doubtful,	10
	Against,	15

The *data*, however, upon which this calculation rested were in many instances erroneous or insufficient, and there has been a good deal of shifting since it was made. The constituency, which has to make its choice out of these candidates, will be found considerably narrower than was anticipated in England, Wales, and in all probability Ireland. This is owing to the provision that throughout the empire no person shall be entitled to be registered as a voter who has not paid his assessed taxes before a certain day; and in England, no person who has not likewise paid all rates due by him up to the same period. This is palpably unjust. In the first place, some distinction ought to have been made between the right to be registered as a voter, and the right to exercise the privilege. A temporary bar like the non-payment of any tax, ought not to prevent a man from getting upon the roll, or put him to the expense of a double application. In the second place, we cannot see why a man's being behind hand with Government is more likely to interfere with a due exercise of the franchise than his being behind hand with any other creditor. Lastly, we cannot see, even supposing there be such a mysterious demoralizing power in the relation of debtor to a government, which is itself one of the rankest and most notorious debtors in existence, why a man must be clear of all local burdens before he can act in a public manner. In England, the oppressive effects of this clause have been felt most heavily. The workings of ill-framed and misapplied poor-laws have rendered the whole frame of society so unhealthy, that a load of this kind is severely felt. In Scotland, where confirmed habits of self-

reliance prevail more—where a great class of those who are "constantly on poortith's brink," tread their perilous path with a surer foot,—an exertion has been necessary, but has been more uniformly made with success. The entire novelty of the situation of the electors may not have been without its influence. With a few exceptions, the conduct of the liberal candidates, as far as it has come within the sphere of our knowledge, has been fair, and what it ought to be. Were we to complain of anything, it would be a want of definitiveness and precision on the part of the declarations of many of them. Doubts are held by some as to specific pledges. They rank under the category of vows or promissory oaths, respecting the character of which the reader may consult Bentham's Book of Fallacies, page 82, *et seq.* Still it is possible for a man, without tying up his hands, to show by his words that he has distinct views of what general measures are necessary, and is prepared to act up to them. What we complain of on the part of many liberal candidates, on the part of all who are identified with the Whig party, is an affectation of mystery. "Political science is a thing so abstruse as to be beyond the comprehension of the multitude, and might be attended with dangerous consequences if discussed openly. The people are so apt to run away with general conclusions. An abstract principle is so apt to be misapplied." We tell these gentlemen that plain speaking is called for. Mystification always smells of legerdemain. The man who will not speak his mind freely, "though the blank verse should halt for it," if he have not made up his mind to act dishonestly, has not at all events made up his mind to act honestly. This is the impression naturally, necessarily, and justly made on the minds of all plain unlettered men by humming and hawing, and looking more than you say. The defeated faction, the anti-reformers are, from the very necessity of their case, forced into double-dealing. Great allowances must be made for men who deal with people newly come to their estate, in the hopes of ousting them out of it. We have seen only one addresss to the electors of any district which speaks decidedly the Tory language; and even that is much after the fashion that we have heard some refugees speak French. They had been long enough in this country to lose their own language, but not to acquire English. The English Tories have discovered that the Church needs repairs—we mean reform. The Scottish Tories, that the extension of the franchise will be a benefit to Scotland. The Irish—but Old Nick himself might be puzzled to find a proper appellative for the Irish ascendancy faction. It owes its existence to freedom of thought and utterance, and would deny it to all others. It rests its title to the possession of power to a violent revolution of no distant date, and would claim for it the superstitious reverence paid to existences whose commencement dates beyond memory. It is the strong arm claiming the attributes of reason. It is an attempt to give perpetuity to one moment of a state of transition. It is the most complete practical bull Ireland ever made, and has been attended with the worst consequences. But be the ascendancy boys what they may, even their most sweet voices have been comparatively stilled by the prospect of the coming elections. Mealy-mouthed, however, though our old enemies are, their conduct is as bad as ever. They deceive one voter, they bully another (*quietly*, as one of Robert Chambers' heroes would say,) and they endeavour to lame their adversaries by all sorts of legal quibbling. It will not do. The next Parliament will finish their beloved system, and every succeeding one will add to the number of clear-sighted, firm, reflective, and bold legislators. "Wait till we see how the Reform Bill works, and then we will know whether the ballot be called for." It is in the state of transition that the ballot is most necessary. Veterans *may* be brought to stand fire on a bare field. It is the recruits that need to be trained to the business, by bush-fighting and barricade work.

BANK CHARTER.—This is a subject about which the public mind is at present much busied, without entertaining any very clear notions of the extent or bearing of the question. Every periodical discusses it, but none with precision or mastery of the topic; and readers pay to their disquisitions the toll of a languid attention. People know that it is time they were making up their minds, but know not to whom they ought to apply for council. The Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry is now allowed, on all hands, to have been a bubble. It came to no conclusion, and indeed, by the nature of its inquiries could not. Among the popular leaders Mr. ATTWOOD of Birmingham, and Mr. COBBETT, if not the soundest teachers on this point, are at least the loudest. The *Birmingham Journal*, reporting the proceedings at a meeting of the Council of the Union, said "Mr. Charles Jones spoke in refutation of Mr. Cobbett's doctrines on the currency." Roused by this remark, COBBETT dispatched on the 19th of August, a challenge to the Political

Council of Birmingham to hold a public disputation on the subject, which was accepted by Mr. ATTWOOD and Mr. JONES, in a letter dated the 22d. The meeting took place in BEARD's Repository in Birmingham, on the 29th of August, and was resumed on the 30th. The question put was:—"Whether it is best, for the safety and welfare of the nation, to attempt to relieve the existing distress by an action on the currency, or by an equitable adjustment of the taxes, rents, debts, contracts, and obligations, which now strangle the industry of the country?" The result of the meeting was just what might have been expected: both sides claim the victory. Disinterested parties, however, are agreed that each has confuted the doctrines of the other. "An action on the currency" is a gentle term for an act enabling debtors to pay in a depreciated currency. An "equitable adjustment" is an impossiblity. What are to be assumed as the limits of the before and after? What array of inquisitors will be able to arrange all the pending obligations of so large a mercantile country as ours? Have we not law-suits and references to arbiters enough already? Mr. COBBETT, we see, demands that a fine of £1000, imposed upon him in 1809, for publishing an article on military flogging in his Register, be refunded, but whispers not one word of his willingness to receive a less sum on account of Peel's bill having since raised the value of money. As little does he advert, in bringing this claim, to a favourite argument of his own, when speaking of the liability of the nation to pay the debt, that it was incurred by the boroughmongers; that recourse lies against them alone. A discussion on the subject of the Bank Charter and the currency, has been announced in the National Union, but has not yet taken place. The mixture of boldness and caution displayed by this body on all occasions, and the tact which it has ever shown in discerning the limits within which a Union ought to act, are above all praise.

IRELAND: TITHES: REPEAL OF THE UNION.—The tithe war proceeds in Ireland. Mr. Stanley's bill for compulsory adjustment has had, at least, the effect of stirring up the people to overstep the limits of passive resistance. The parish of Brinny, near Bandon, has been valued under that act, and the auspices of a large party of lancers. Some Roman Catholic gentlemen, in the neighbourhood, succeeded in persuading the people to submit. The next step of the authorities was to procure several persons who had taken part in anti-tithe meetings some months ago—some in the parish of Bandon, others at Buttevant—bound over to appear at the Cork assizes. Nothing dismayed, however, a large anti-tithe meeting was held in the neighbourhood of Waterford, on Sunday, the 2d September, Mr. Wyse, M.P. in the chair. The Mayor of the city announced, that Mr. Stanley having been informed of the intended meeting, had favoured him with a special injunction to watch over its proceedings. His honour thought his mere presence would be enough; and, although very strong resolutions were passed, the orderly conduct of the meeting throughout justified his confidence. Reports have been spread through the country, that the peasantry are poisoning the tithe hay. This is done as a joke, but it is one of those savage jokes which come only from embittered spirits. On Wednesday, the 5th of September, the grand explosion took place. A party of the 14th Infantry are stationed at Buttevant, and a party of the 92d at Castletown-roche. Both stations are situated on a feeder of the Blackwater, the latter at the junction of the streamlet with that river. Doneraile lies on the same rivulet, nearly half-way betwixt the places we have named. On Wednesday, the 5th, the clergyman of the parish of Wallstown, in the neighbourhood of Doneraile, proceeded with his proctors to value the tithes, attended by some of the neighbouring magistrates, a party of armed police, and a party of the 14th from Buttevant. The parishioners collected, armed with wattles, stones, pitch-forks and reaping-hooks; and formed behind the hedges. One or two fields were valued with great difficulty. The Riot Act was read several times. The soldiers were ordered to load with ball; the word being given ostentatiously loud, in the hopes of intimidating the people. After upwards of two hours had been thus spent, a reinforcement of sixteen men of the 92d arrived from Castletown-roche. Admiral Evans (one of the magistrates) said to the people, "I'll go on my knees to entreat you to go home, and allow the persons to proceed in valuing the parish." For a moment they were rendered undecided, and gave back, but soon re-assumed the attitude of opposition. Several of them addressed the soldiers—"We'll not harm you, but we will these d—d Peelers," (the police.) For half an hour longer this bloodless opposition continued; the party supporting the valuators attempting to advance, the peasantry impeding their progress. The passions of both parties were now effectually roused. *The clergyman remained on the ground*

*the whole time.** At last, a boy from among the crowd neared their armed opponents; whether from childish frowardness, or at the instigation of some person in the crowd, does not appear. A policeman desired him to keep off; on which three or four of the most determined of the peasantry brought their pitch-forks to a charging level, and said, "Strike him if you dare; if you do, by G—d we'll run you through." About the same time the son of the clergyman, while officiating as one of the valuators, was struck at with a stick, and Mr. Low, a magistrate, was hit with a stone. The police now closed with the people, and attempted to take some men prisoners, who were liberated as fast as they were secured. The crowd pressed forward, and the magistrates sought refuge behind the soldiers. General Annesley (a magistrate) directed the officer commanding the detachment of the 14th to make face, and the officer in command of that from the 92d to move round and charge the mob in the rear. In a few minutes the 92d were seen charging the people up hill. The struggle between the police and the people continued, and some stones were thrown in the direction of the magistrates; whereupon these dignitaries gave the word, hurriedly, "Fire! fire! fire!" The commanding officer did not repeat the order, but two-thirds of the soldiers discharged their muskets at the clamour of the magistrates. Ten or twelve of the peasantry were wounded, and four killed. The crowd, which might amount to about 800 persons, then dispersed, on all sides. Warrants were subsequently issued for the apprehension of individuals who had taken part in the affray. The small farmers and labourers of the district have been driven, by this event, to desperation, and do not hesitate to express the inveteracy of their longings for vengeance. It is not the empty clamour of a momentary excitement, but the half-suppressed language of frenzied resolution. Few remarks are necessary upon an occurrence so hackneyed in Ireland. The personal hatred between the supporters and the opponents of tithes is daily growing in intensity. The peasantry, even in the moment of slaughter and red-handed opposition, remember to distinguish between the police, whose hearts are with their oppressors, and the military, who are mere instruments. The question at issue between the parties is, Are tithes to continue? No, say the peasantry; "they are horribly unjust and oppressive. We cannot, and will not, pay them any more." "Very true," say a great majority of their opponents; "but legal etiquette requires that you should pay them until we agree to their removal, and when that will be we do not know." The sufferings of the peasantry are nothing, but the dignified starched consistency of the parsons' defenders is a holy thing. A law as to the injustice of which, almost all are agreed, must be maintained, to minister occasion to heart-burnings and blood-shed, until Master Justice Overdo's warrant be obtained for dispensing with it. These wiseacres would have been burning witches to this day, if the statute had not been luckily and lawfully abrogated.—No wonder, that, under such circumstances, the question of repeal is mooted. We differ, however, from some of its supporters thus: The Irish and English are much more the same people than the English and Scotch were at the time of our Union. Their interests are identical, and a parliament chosen by the free voice of the people will soon show this. It is not the transference of the seat of legislature from Dublin to London that has created absenteeism: one-half of these runagates are attracted by the court, and the other waste their time and substance in foreign countries. Making Dublin the seat of legislature instead of London might increase the wealth and population of that city, but would have no perceptible effect upon the rest of the island. The communication between London and Ireland is now as direct and uninterrupted as between London and Scotland, and rather more so. The maintenance of an incorporating union has a tendency to prevent paltry jealousies, to promote mercantile and social intercourse, and to strengthen against external aggression. Viewed abstractly, every thing is in favour of the incorporating union between the two kingdoms. Here then we take our stand. If it shall be found that a Reformed Parliament denies justice to Ireland, we have no right to hold that island to an unjust bargain. There is no help for it; we must separate. The Irish would be base slaves did they not insist upon this. But when we hear some of Ireland's most respected patriots propounding first one demand and then another, all just and indispensable in themselves, and then (supposing all granted,) bawling for a repeal of the Union as a crowner—that measure only defensible as a means of obtaining the rest, when all other plans fail—it fairly takes away our breath. We are anxious to preserve the Union, because we believe it to be for the benefit of all parties. A constitutional King is a respectable broomstick; a name

* There is no church in the parish of Wallstown; and, exclusive of the clergyman's family, only one Protestant.

under which his Ministers reign and decree justice. Such a moppet cannot hold two broad islands together. We must be one people, one and indivisible, or we must part company. To us Ireland is dear as Scotland,—the county Kildare as Mid-Lothian,—the Shannon as the Clyde. Our hearts are one, and if fair means can keep us together, we shan't separate this bout.

THE CONTINENT.

FRANCE.—The death of young Napoleon will simplify French politics a little. His adherents never could have influenced the destinies of the nation, but they were numerous enough to kick up an occasional row, and it is as well to have their mouths stopped. They will now merge "as wit and fortune will," or as the destinies decree," into the Republicans, Carlists, or Philippians. Some geese have been cackling portentously about the departure of the ex-family from Great Britain. The truth is, that so long as a scion of Napoleon formed part of the Austrian Court, that power had no need of the Bourbons. Now that they have lost him, they wish to hold another court card in their game with France. It is scarcely fair slipping in extra honours from a rejected pack in this manner: but Austrian consciences are not very particular. A family compact between LOUIS PHILIPPE and his cousins respecting the throne of France has been hinted at. If this be true, the sooner he is sent packing, the better. There is nothing recent, of importance, in the internal arrangements of France. No stable ministry has yet struck root. The Duchess of BERRI is supposed to be still hovering like an evil spirit within the march of La Vendée.

GERMANY.—All is yet silent. Austria and Prussia seem to be taking a thought. There is, however, no chance of their retracing their steps. The danger was too urgent. It was not the loud journalists in the south of Germany alone that terified them. It was the universality of constitutional principles. There is now before us a German literary journal, containing among other matter, a review of the political pamphlets and larger works which appeared during the month of April 1832. The list is a long one, and the legitimates are in a portentous minority. Few of these works are declamatory: they are pieces of tough, hard-headed reasoning. And to this literary congress scarcely a district of Germany but what has sent its representative. This quiet, unostentatious, innumerable array it is at which the protocol is in reality aimed. Let the crowned oppressors once disperse the *maraude*, and they will find an apology for attacking the main body without a declaration of war. They are not faltering in their purpose, but biding their time. The liberal party must be equally alert. There are symptoms of a spirit in Germany which keep hope alive; flames hovering over the surface, indicative of the glow beneath. But there must be union and mutual understanding. The foundations of a federal union of the people of Germany, not of her princes merely, must be laid. The patriots in the different states must be prepared to rise at once whenever the tyrants loose their ban-dogs upon any one of them. The foundation of every stately and stable building must be laid deep in the earth. What is it, that the citizens of Wurtemburg enter into a solemn league and covenant; that the brave burghers of Hanau refuse to forego their municipal rights, at the bidding of an armed force; that the commons of Hanover stand firm to their faith? They must be prepared to act in concert. Their princes are ready to sink down into an aristocracy as soon as Austria and Prussia have settled which power is to wear the crown of Germany. They have sold themselves to the oppressors. The people of Germany have no trust but in themselves and in their union. Humanity, policy, or timidity on either side, or on both, may postpone the day of decision, but the contest has begun. The bold step of issuing the protocol has rendered retreat impossible. Germany must sooner or later be a republic or a despotism. The issue does not seem to hurry on; there is time for preparation left. If the Germans fail, they will be undeserving of pity.

Pedro and Miguel continue to grin at each other like two weak curs. Switzerland is arming. Holland and Belgium are manœuvring. The rest of Europe sleeps the sleep of despotism—which is that of death.

UNITED STATES.

PRESIDENT Jackson is in the matter of literary polish inferior to his predecessors. He is not perhaps more violent than they were, for a *dourer devil* than Jefferson could not well be, and even the genteel bustling Adams I. had a temper of his own; but he is a soldier and a backwoodsman, and not always master of the *suaviter in re*. He has shewn, however, since his accession to office, how successfully strong natural powers can compensate the want of diplomatic experience, and how well an intelligent and honest man may redeem the bad consequences of occasional *brusqueries*. His intrepidity

in putting his veto on the bank bill, is put in the fairest light by his message to Congress, of the 10th of July. This document is worthy the attention of England; it contains much that bears directly on the question of the Old Lady in Threadneedle Street's modest request for a renewal of her lease. The excellent temper, and sound reasoning of that document, shew how useful the somewhat invidious power of the veto may become, when placed in the hands of men who are responsible for their actions, and selected by the voice of a nation, because of their approved fitness for office. The presidential election is hastening on, and highly though we esteem more than one of Mr. Jackson's competitors, we are most anxious that, under the direction of one who has so well, so improvingly discharged the duties of his high office, a constitutional question should be decided, which has been ripening rapidly of late years, and must soon fall to be determined —the question of the limits of the sovereignty of Congress. This is the question which forms the real ground of difference between the only two great parties in America, and unfortunately it has assumed somewhat of a local character, threatening dissension between the southern and eastern states. We watch the issue without any serious alarm, yet not altogether at our ease. The eyes of the world are on the United States. The dissolution of their Union would do yeoman's service to all the friends of old abuses in Europe.

STATE OF COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.

SEPTEMBER, 1832.

The improvement which we have long anticipated in the state of commerce and manufactures is now beginning to be realized. That it has been so long delayed is to be ascribed, in a very great measure, to the continued prevalence of cholera in the principal seaports and manufacturing towns. This disease has done much more to paralyze the operations of trade, than could easily be believed by those who have not made extensive inquiries on the subject. We do not allude merely to the effect produced on our export trade by the quarantine regulations of foreign countries, some of which are so rigorous as to be almost prohibitory, nor by the lessened demand for British goods in those countries which, like ourselves, have been afflicted with the disease; but more particularly to the great diminution of internal intercourse and traffic, caused by the existence of the cholera in our large towns. We know many instances, where even the eager spirit of trade has been overcome by the dread of pestilence; where the wool grower and farmer have been deterred from attending the wool fairs and corn markets with their produce; where the merchant has been kept away from the manufacturer, and the manufacturer from the merchant; where shopkeepers have been prevented from going to their usual markets for goods, and commercial travellers from visiting their customers. The dread of cholera has always been much greater where the disease did not prevail than where it did, and generally its terrors were magnified exactly in proportion to its distance. The shopkeepers in most of the large towns, who have suffered considerably during the last six months, can distinctly trace the falling off of their business to the chilling, repulsive, and terrifying effects of this disease. Within that period it has spread throughout most of the populous districts of England, Scotland, and Ireland; it is now dying away in several of the principal towns, though we fear that the extent of its prevalence in the country is rather widening than narrowing.

In spite, however, of this serious and protracted cause of depression in trade, a very decided improvement has become apparent within the last month. The stocks of traders of every description had fallen so low that it had become necessary to replenish them. The fall of the year set the manufacturers in activity to make goods for the winter season. A bounteous harvest has raised the spirits, and enlarged the means of the farmer. And the profound tranquillity, which reigns throughout Great Britain, forming so striking a contrast with the universal agitation and apprehension which prevailed whilst the Reform Bill was in jeopardy, has restored confidence, and removed one of the principal obstacles to the activity and extension of commerce.

The harvest is the most plentiful which has been known for many years, and the great bulk of the wheat crops have been well secured. In the north of England, and in Scotland, a considerable quantity

of corn has been injured by the rains; but the injury is not serious; and though it has prevented the harvest from being so splendid as was anticipated last month, it will not prevent the enjoyment of abundance, and a comparatively low price of provisions. In any country, but more particularly in one cursed with an unnatural and oppressive corn law, a plentiful harvest is a vast creation of substantial wealth. It fills the pockets of the farmer, who soon transfers a large portion of his gains to the shopkeeper and manufacturer; and, above all, it greatly ameliorates the condition of the bulk of the population, the working classes. On the other hand, as the English corn law has made the trade in grain little better than a gambling adventure, the bounty of Providence will in all probability be the ruin of many corn-merchants who hold foreign grain and flour in bond. The harvest having been very abundant in Holland, Germany, Denmark, Poland, and France, there will be no possibility of re-exporting the foreign corn now in our bonded warehouses, without submitting to an enormous loss. The quantity of foreign wheat in bond at London in the early part of September was 313,852 quarters, besides 106,385 cwt. of flour; and, notwithstanding the falling price, upwards of 30,000 quarters have been liberated in one week, paying the enormous duty of 24s. 8d. A great fall has taken place in the price of grain within the last two months, and especially within the last month. In the middle of July the average price of wheat, according to the official statement, was 67s. 8d. per quarter; in the middle of August, it was 64s. 7d.; and in the middle of September, it was 58s. A further decline will no doubt take place before the close of the month.

Since our last, the two great manufactures of the country, the cotton and the woollen, have experienced a decided improvement. There is an increased demand for goods, and the prices, both of the raw material and the manufactured article, are looking upwards. In LONDON, trade continues very dull. The Baltic timber trade suffers more and more, in consequence of the absurd preference given by our legislature to the bad timber of Canada over the good timber of the Baltic. The corn market, from circumstances above mentioned, is of course heavy.* The wool market, on the other hand, is steady, and prices are looking upwards. Within the last few weeks higher prices have been obtained in London than the staplers could obtain from their customers in Yorkshire; which may be ascribed in part to the small quantity of German wool brought to the market, and in part to the activity of the manufacturers in the West of England. At the German Wool Fairs this year, the German, Belgian, Swedish, and Russian manufacturers were unprecedently bold and eager in their competition with the English buyers; and the fact is, that the woollen manufactures of the continent, and especially those of Germany, are rapidly on the increase. That country supplies itself entirely with superior qualities of woollens, and only comes to England for the lower qualities, of which, however, a large quantity is still sent.

THE COTTON MANUFACTURE is improving in every branch. There is an increased demand for goods and yarn of all descriptions. About the middle of the month, owing to the great consumption of the raw material, the price of cotton rose in the markets of Liverpool, Glasgow, and London, 1s. 4d. per pound; and, to a certain extent, this advance has been realized on goods and yarns, though in some cases, not quite to the extent of the advance on cotton. There is, however, a strong probability, that the manufacturers will be able to command a price, proportionate to the cost of the raw material. The cotton factors of Lancashire are in full work, and the weavers are also generally employed, though at very low wages; the same may be said of the cotton trade of Glasgow. The spinners' profits continue to be miserably small. At Liverpool, trade has been exceedingly brisk. Large arrivals have been followed by extensive sales, at improving prices. The sale of dyeing wares and woods, which affords a good test of the activity of manufactures, has been slack both in London and Liverpool for several months past; but during the last month a considerable improvement has taken place, at least in the important article of indigo. On the 13th instant, there was an unusually large sale of indigo, comprising 729 chests of East India, and 4 serons of Guatimala, and, with the exception of only 6 chests, the whole sold with spirit at an advance of 3d to 4d per pound on the prices of the sales on the 2d August.

THE WOOLLEN MANUFACTURE participates in the general improvement of the country; though the manufacturers of Yorkshire are much harassed and fettered in their operations, by a 'Trades' Union, unprecedented in its extent and power, and sometimes dictatorial and unreasona-

* The market for colonial produce is very flat. Within the last month a fall of from 1s. to 2s. per cwt. has taken place in sugar, and there is a similar reduction in Jamaica coffee.

ble in its conduct. The demand for the finer kinds of woollens still continues slack, both for the home trade and exportation. There are but few London buyers in the market, and these purchase sparingly. For low qualities of woollens, including blankets, flannels, and baizes, the demand is brisk and steady; in consequence of which the price of English wools is looking upwards. The cloth halls of Leeds and Huddersfield are becoming rather bare of goods, and the domestic manufacturers, by whom the coarse woollens are generally made, are actively employed. Preparations are already making by some of the manufacturers to avail themselves of the New American Tariff; which will admit the lowest qualities of woollens into the United States, after the 3d of March next, at the trifling duty of 5 per cent, *ad valorem*. At Rochdale, Bury, and Rossendale, where flannels and baizes are chiefly made, there is considerably more activity than there has been for the last six months; one of the best proofs and fruits of which is an advance of wages voluntarily made by the masters.

THE WORSTED STUFF TRADE is unusually active, and a great amount of business is weekly done at the Bradford market. A slight advance has taken place in the price of some kinds of goods, and the rise is expected to become general. The demand is both for home consumption and exportation.

In the United States, trade has been brought to a stand, in the great commercial cities of New York and Philadelphia, by the ravages of the Cholera. So great was the terror of the inhabitants of the former city, that no less than one hundred thousand persons, nearly one-half of the population, quitted their occupations and homes, and spread themselves over the agricultural districts. The shops and stores were closed, and the whole city wore the aspect of gloom and mourning. By the last accounts it appears that the disease was subsiding, and that commerce was beginning again to be attended to. The existence of this disease will, no doubt, continue greatly to depress trade for several months; and no material revival can be expected until the Spring, when there will, no doubt, be an extensive importation of goods from England.

The markets on the eastern coast of South America, have, within the last few months, experienced a wonderful improvement. Owing to the want of confidence in the new Brazilian Government, few goods were sent out to that country for many months after the expulsion of the Emperor. There became, therefore, a great scarcity of manufactured goods at Rio de Janeiro, Pernambuco, and Bahia; in consequence of which, the exchange rose in a few months from 22 up to 43. This favourable turn in the exchanges, the continued tranquillity of the country under the new Government, and the improved demand which the Brazilians had for their Coffee in consequence of the partial destruction of the Coffee crops in Jamaica, combined to give an extraordinary stimulus to exportation; and great quantities of British Manufactures have been sent, and are now going to those markets. The increased confidence in the stability of the Brazilian Government, is manifested by the improved price of Brazilian bonds on London, which were at 43½ at the beginning of June, and are now at 52. Trade has also revived at Buenos Ayres, in consequence of the cessation of the civil wars, by which the Argentine Provinces have, for years been afflicted. On the conclusion of peace very few goods were found, and there was speedily a great demand for them; the natural effect of which has been a large exportation from this country. In consequence of our excessive and depreciated paper currency, the exchange at Buenos Ayres, was gradually depressed from 47d. down to 7d.; and, the cause not having been removed, the effect still continues. The good state of the South American markets, has, of course, produced considerable activity at Liverpool, and been a relief to the manufacturing districts of England,

The prospects for the trade of the country, are, on the whole, satisfactory. A heavy load of taxation, and an abominable system of Corn Laws are the main obstacles to mercantile and manufacturing prosperity. So long as the present Corn Laws continue, there can be no reliance on a satisfactory and steady intercourse with the United States; and our manufacturers will find the competition of their European rivals becoming every year more formidable. The abolition of the Corn Laws, or even such an alteration of them as would allow the importation of corn at all seasons, on the payment of a moderate duty, would give a great stimulus to the industry of the country. A reduction of taxation, and an improvement on the mode of levying it, would be attended with the same beneficial results. The country looks to a reformed Parliament for the realization of these advantages.

Much as the press of England has done in correcting vulgar errors on commercial subjects, much still remains to be done; for not only amongst persons altogether unacquainted with trade, and amongst those who know nothing of it beyond its

manual operations, or the set routine of the counting-house or counter, but amongst extensive merchants, who are also authors and members of Parliament, the grossest ignorance is still displayed of the very elementary principles of commerce. A notable example of this was given the other day at Leeds, where Mr. Michael Thomas Sadler, formerly a linen-draper, but now a linen-merchant, and one of the Duke of Newcastle representatives in the House of Commons, whilst soliciting the suffrages of that great mercantile town, uttered a sentiment which alone ought to induce the electors to reject him as the representative of their interests. Mr. T. B. Macaulay, M.P., a Commissioner of the Board of Control, who, with Mr. John Marshall, jun. is to represent the borough of Leeds in the next Parliament, had declared—

"As I am for freedom of discussion and of worship, so I am also for *freedom of trade.* I am for a system under which *we may sell where we can sell dearest, and buy where we can buy cheapest.* I firmly believe that, by just legislation on commercial subjects, a great part of that distress which the people of this country labour under may be alleviated or removed."

We rejoice to find a member of the Board of Control so plainly declaring this important principle of free trade. Let Mr. Macaulay apply the principle to the India and China trade, as we have no doubt he will, and the gigantic monopoly of the East India Company will be annihilated in the first session of the reformed Parliament. A man holding this enlarged view of the true interest of British commerce, is worthy to represent a town whose manufactures can only flourish in the atmosphere of freedom; and we rejoice to learn, from what we consider the best authority, that his return for Leeds, and that of his liberal colleague, are secure. Mr. Sadler, who addressed the electors after his honourable competitor, made the following remark on the subject of free trade:—

"As to free trade, he thought it ought to be *reciprocal*; that if we took the silks, wines, and brandies of France, *that country ought to take in return the woollens and stuffs of England.*"

Of course Mr. Sadler leaves it to be inferred that if the trade is *not* reciprocal, it ought not to exist at all; that if France will *not* "take the woollens and stuffs of England," neither ought England to take "the silks, wines, and brandies of France!" This is one of the most vulgar errors of the opponents of free trade, and an error which Mr. Sadler exhibits in naked absurdity. It is astonishing that any man capable of even the lowest operations of reason should not see the folly of acting on such a principle; yet is there a considerable party, both in Parliament and the country, who gravely propound and zealously support it.

It is too well known that France will not admit "the woollens and stuffs of England." By Mr. Sadler's advice, then, we ought to prohibit the "silks, wines, and brandies of France." And how would this mend the matter? It would not induce France to admit English woollens; for we have tried the system of high duties on "silks, wines, and brandies" long enough, in all conscience, without in the smallest degree influencing, except perhaps to confirm, the French absurd anti-commercial policy. We must then either forbid the introduction of French articles altogether, or at least forbid their importation direct from France. In the *former* case, if the smuggler would allow the prohibition to be of any effect, the English nation would be *precluded* the use of the only good brandies, and of fine and wholesome wines, for which there is a growing taste in this country. Would this be an advantage? In the *latter* case, the only effect of the restriction would be, that the brandies and wines of France would be imported from Holland, *at a higher price*, in order to pay the expense of two voyages. Perhaps this may seem to Mr. Sadler's judgment the greater national benefit; though we are at a loss to conjecture which branch of the alternative would appear to so perverse and eccentric a mind the more eligible.

It is most evident that this system of commercial retaliation is not merely inflicting punishment upon others, but upon *ourselves*; a practice to which revenge may urge a child or an idiot, but which one would think no grown man, in possession of the reasonable faculty, much less any great and wise government, could by possibility countenance.

It is doubtless highly desirable, for the sake of extending the commerce of England, to form commercial treaties with other nations on the principle of "reciprocity." Such a system Mr. Sadler *seems* to recommend; yet who so fierce as he in denouncing the "reciprocity treaties" of Mr. Huskisson? *Reciprocity*, in the ordinary meaning of the word, implies something to be done by *both* parties; but the "reciprocity" Mr. Sadler demands is one which he must have learnt in his journeys to buy *Irish* linens, and which consists in the granting of advantages and facilities by other nations to England, but by no means requires that

England should give advantages to them in return. A treaty stipulating that English vessels should be received into Prussian ports on certain advantageous terms, would answer to Mr. Sadler's notion of "reciprocity;" but if it went on to provide that Prussian vessels should be admitted on equally favourable terms into English ports, it would be worthy of all execration!

These are the politicians who would sell to every body, and buy from nobody; who would make the English nation eat gold and clothe themselves with gold, seeing that they would fain receive nothing but gold from abroad; who would subject every article which it is worth while to have free, to the fetters of monopoly; who would exclude foreign commodities, and yet call themselves the friends of the shipping interest; who would shut out foreign vessels from our ports, and yet boast themselves the protectors of the manufacturing interest; who would compel the colonies to buy dear English provisions, and yet pretend to be especial friends to the colonies; who would restrict us at home to the consump- of high-priced sugar and bad timber, and yet boast of their kindness to the mother country; who would give a monopoly to every interest, and then boast themselves general benefactors; forgetting, meanwhile, that there were *at least as many consumers* in the nation as *producers*, and that a system of all-pervading monopoly is an all-pervading oppression and curse.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NATURAL SON.*—This CANTO I. of a plebeian Don Juan, is put forth, we are told, as a pilot-boat or schooner, to ascertain how the *trade-winds* set in. We hope they may blow favourably; as we shall be glad to see the full-freighted vessel come up. The *Natural Son*, with a hundred faults, blemishes, extravagancies, slovenlinesses, indecorums, and deliberate and wilful offences against good taste, is a work to pause on—the production of a vigorous mind in a state of fermentation; and possessed, if we do not flatter ourselves, of strength sufficient to work off its own feculence. As if in contempt of all conventional ideas and habitudes, and of the theory of Mr. Shandy senior, the writer names his six-feet hero, George Selwyn Short; brings him into life with the brand of bastardy on his forehead, and places him as a serjeant, wearing a blue uniform, in the London Police! His history and adventures are taken up from, and before his birth. His father is a Scottish Peer, his mother, an Irishwoman, (we presume) who dies in her twentieth year, leaving George

About the age when boyhood learns to spell.

The peer is seized with remorse and delirium, and follows her to the grave. George is brought "to a pastoral home," near the town of Lynn, is educated with the sons of the neighbouring gentry, and becomes "a master-spirit of the place," excites the envy of his companions, is upbraided by them for the stigma of his birth, and resolves to leave his aged tutor. Before we get this length in the adventures of George, we meet with enough that is striking to tempt us onward. The journey to London leads to many stanzas of vigorous and beautiful description; and proves that with all his waywardness and perversity, one has a true man to deal with. A day of good walking brings our hero to the Greyhound Inn, where

Calling lustily for lights and supper,

he is ministered to, by a mysterious damsel, who stoops to conquer, in guise of the bar-maid; and informs him that

"He should have both his supper and his bed."

And then she gathered up her silk attire,
And placed the lights upon the polished table;
Her well-turned form the sculptor might admire,
And choose it for a model: soft as sable
Was the black lash that veiled her glance of fire,
Flashing forbidden beams; would I were able
To trace those subtle shades, half-love—half-hope—
Deep, fond, and melting as an antelope,
Roaming, with its young mate, the desert wide:
The soft, voluptuous swimming of the eyes,
The small white hand, the lip like scarlet dyed,
The circling breast, formed to engender sighs
In man's stern being: have ye seen a bride,
Led to the altar, in her virgin dyes,
When her becoming blushes, like a star made
Light for her lover's heart? so beamed the barmaid.

Her wild romantic features had a shade
Of classic Grecian beauty—such as gleams
From the Medici marble: band nor braid
Fettered her silken hair, that fell in streams,
And o'er her neck in rich profusion strayed
A cloud of glossy curls—enriched with beams
Of living light; tresses that seemed to sparkle,
Now black—now bright—and then again to darkle.

The damsel's character is as changeful in hue as are her tresses. and George, though

* Simpkin and Marshall, p. 80.

he had studied woman's countenance before, now, is rather perplexed. His guitar lures back this tassel-gentle. She warns him against enchanting one "to Sappho near allied," and next tells him,

"When first we met,—for mirth I did intend,
Your handmaid to have been at this night's revel,
But now, in sooth, I sue to be your friend:
Touch me that note again, that I may feel
The rush of sound upon my soul, and blend
My spirit with the music."

George cannot do less than comply. He sings and plays "My heart and lute." This scene will be more approved by the admirer of poetry than the moralist. The effects of music on this susceptible maiden, of duets in particular, are highly inflammatory and dangerous. The whole scene is an exhibition of abused power. The lady who has been parleying with our hero in this dangerous sort, is singing this closing stanza, when a carriage wheels are heard:—

Go—go to the halls of light, stranger,
Where woman's breast is free;
Where eyes that are sunny bright, stranger,
Are far more meet for thee.
Then away to the festal scenes of men,
But cast not thy spells in the Haunted Glen.

She springs away, leaving our friend George in a trance, from which he is recalled by the real bar-maid,

Who tended briskly with the supper-tray,
Square, squab, and fat, and clad in russet grey.

And now

——The sad gaze he cast upon the chicken,
Were early symptoms that the deer was stricken.

However, by certain appliances he recruits, for

Eftsoons, he swallowed, like a dolphin, down
A little sea of ale, from Scotia good;—

and Berwick's cordial does not, in his case, belie its quality and character. We do not choose to follow George through his haunted slumber, "tossing in its *tantal* web," but rather long to see one who has the power to compose verses like the following, subject all his dreams, whether sleeping or waking, to thorough purification.

There are deep caves where souls long lulled reside,
Peopling the busy chambers of the brain
With quick events, that on the stirring tide
Of memory are limned; and voices vain,
Lone sounds and shapes, of earth dilate and glide,
And the night-fiend clanks loud her bone-knit chain.

* * * * *

Pale visioned forms—with lips that have no breath,
Up from the void eternity of sleep,
Float dimly round us, like a misty wreath—
A mountain vapour white; and reptiles creep,
And dumb toad-crawling creatures, imps of death,
Bask brown in our dream paths; then terrors steep
The brow with moisture.

Next morning George mounts the box of the Red Rover,

Booked "outside" for the British Babylon;

is set down at the Bolt-in-Tun; and being backed by good interest, is enrolled in the *Force*, gathers laurels, wins "testy Birnie's sour applause," is promoted to the dignity of sergeant, and yet languishes in the civil service.

Weeks waned! months waned! and Selwyn's soul grew tired
Of dogging sin, and the street-harlot pale.

One of his adventures we give, which, in truth and pathos, justifies more than we have said in praise of this singular work:—

"One bitter night he paced near Whitehall Stair:
The bridge looked lone and tenantless; the lamps
Cast o'er the murky stream a fitful glare,
Paling the gathered gloom; the vapoury damp
Condensed upon his brow; whilst lonely there,
In dirt-bedabbled drapery, that stamps
The carnal sinner, some poor straggler roved—
Heart-struck and faint—a victim that had loved.

It was a bitter night—a bleak March night,
Rainy and raw—the fog crept to the bone:
In the dim haze, she faded from his sight,
Leaning her head in anguish on the stone
Of the cold granite block: her brow—how white—
How marble pale! why droops she there alone
Sad and forlorn? moaning as one in dread,—
Her clouded eyes fixed on the river-bed.

Sullen and glazed, and bloodshot,—with the tear
Quenched in their sockets; such a look of care,
So wild and wo-begone, seemed past all fear
Of mortal sufferance; for black Despair
Coiled round her bosom, desolate and drear,
Blasting the founts of hope: she staggered there,
Struck by an icy pang, and bowed her knee,
And gasped and shuddered in her agony.

The veins upon her brow rose purple deep,
Yet ghastly pallid was her lip and skin,
As if her gore grew stagnant: then the steep
She clomb, and strove the parapet to win:
The last cold shivers through her bosom creep;—
She shrinks—she hides her face, down plunging in:
A stifled shriek, a plash upon the river,
A struggle, and her breath is quenched for ever.

The gushing waters carried her away,
And whirled her, in an under-current, strong
Beneath a stranded barge: there, white she lay,
Fretting for weeks: in vain the exploring throng,
The men of the Humane, the livelong day,
Dragged for the sunken corse with their life-prong:
One arm was fiercely driven by the flood
Under the keel and fettered in the wood.

They dragged another day—yet vain the search—
That sand-bank was her burial-place: then darted
Forth from their gulfy pools the pike and perch,
And glanced in circles round the corse, then started
Back to the glassy depths—till, with a lurch,
The river-shark dashed at it, and disparted
A portion from the breast—and bit away,
A finny glutton, at the human prey.

Then slime, and mud, and shells, fast settled o'er
The decomposing body, and the scent
Gathered together, from the sewer and shore,
The land-rats fierce, and down the element
Greedy they dived, and with their keen tusks tore
The clotted eyeballs, and the nostrils rent;
And fish, and vermin, and the conger eel,
Fed ravenous, and daily made their meal."

George is not destined to end his days in the Force. One day loitering on his *beat* in Hyde Park, he encounters the mysterious lady of the Greyhound; who is named *Circe*, otherwise Miss Freeling, the heiress of broad lands, and daughter of the Lady Freeling, who had,—

> Had her tutored in the paths of grace,
> For, virtue lends a lustre to the face.

Mother and daughter live with Sir Joseph Orme, a knight and courtier—the brother of the old lady, and uncle of *Circe*. There is something equivocal, baffling, and withal disgusting, about this part of the story; which, in a prefatory memorandum the writer says is founded on facts of recent occurrence. The writer revels on in his fluent power of description, and we learn that Circe's passing whisper engages the Sergeant to "follow," unheeding his *beat* and the frowns of Sir Richard Birnie, till he traces the lady to Belgrave Square, where, all unknown to her uncle, she smiles, and waves her hand. While George leans "wailing" on the "railing," out issues Cupid's messenger in the form of a negress—

> Ah! Massa young—my missie weep for grief!
> Him very joy so great; and gar me flew
> To gib dis note to Massa, "Grab-de-tie
> Wid de blue uniform"——

The note informs George Short, that Circe knows more about him than he seems to know of himself;—he is enjoined to quit the Force—and Circe manages that he shall become the Secretary of Sir Joseph.—The family move in autumn to the sea-side—love progresses:—while George performs his duties of secretary

> Sad Circe lingered near, with her light tread;
> A magic creature, from the land of fairy,
> With voice as sweet as an Eolian lute—
> Her face a passion-flower, her breast its root.

Circe had always been fond of the sea-side, it seems, and now her

> Gentle heart with rapture beat,
> And her lip welcomed her own ocean's roar,
> Her childhood haunt, and caverns retreat,
> Where she and Selwyn over spars might pore,
> And gather sea-weeds from the surf and swell,
> And hear the captive billow in the shell.

The canto closes with a highly-wrought, and, in many points a beautiful description of a sea-side adventure of Circe's, though we regret to say, it is not free of the blemishes which run through the whole poem. We have scarcely yet expressed either the fulness of our admiration, or our blame of this anonymous specimen of a work, with which we trust there will be encouragement to proceed; if such encouragement gives motive to amend and purify. Among the many little errors, there are rhymes at the bottom of page 4th which would at once make shipwreck of a young writer with any Scottish critic of less patience than ourselves,—doom him to grovel in Cockaigne for ever.

THE PILGRIM OF ERIN, *and other Poems.**—Whatever be the calamities of Ireland, no country rejoices in so affectionate a family of children. Her misfortunes endear her to their hearts; her undeserved sufferings, make her sacred in their eyes, and each hastens to lay the tribute of his homage on her altars. These gifts differ immensely in value; but as the motive is alike, she will receive the Young PILGRIM's wild flower, as graciously as the gem of her more gifted sons. The *Pilgrim*, who tells us he is young, does us the honour to select his motto from *Tait's Magazine*, and dedicates to the King what he wishes to be held as an appeal to England in behalf of his native island. This appeal is made in the Spenserian stanza; the author muses on the departed glories and ancient battle-fields of Ireland, and invokes her patriots and bards, with some facility of description, and glow of feeling. After an apostrophe to the spirits of Emmett, Grattan, and Rowan, (who, by the way, is not yet a disembodied spirit) the Pilgrim argues thus for the fatal wrench which, until the extreme of necessity, Englishmen and Irishmen must alike deprecate:—

> As diamond, but by diamond can be cut,
> Defying all less strength, so 'twas thy hand,
> Thy own base, bartered hand, which only put
> The sword into thy breast, which raised the wound
> ALONE could shiver this free, fearless, land,
> Through every age in Senate and in fight,
> Thy own worst foe; from Dhermod's traitor band
> To those who sold thy best and dearest right—
> Oh! what can save thee now? There is one word,
> —UNITE!
>
> Unite!—To tyrant hearts, a name of fear,
> It drops like music on the patriot's soul:
> The word is talismanic; let them hear,
> Who sit on thrones, its thunder accents roll,
> And catch the electric, that no Kings control.
> Hark! through the nations to the enchanted word,
> And Europe leaps to liberty—her scroll
> Of gloom thrown back.

After an address to Poland, the writer turns to the fallen walls of Tara:—

> Oh! where are Tara's halls? where, where the pile,
> Which glory speaks of, and which Time had zoned
> With years of sanctity? where the long file
> Of all its Monarchs here supremely throned?
> Where is its harp? and where the bards its strings that toned.
>
> Where are its lofty columns? where the roof
> Which rose upon them? where the sculptured walls?
> Is nothing left save its historic proof?
> And silent they who gathered to its halls.
> Where are its councils? where its festivals,
> When wisdom lightened, or when beauty shone?
> Where are the youths who loved? the hearts whose thralls

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* DALTON, London, pp. 120.

Were sweet but disappointing as our own.
The reckless grass hath o'er them many an harvest grown.

This may not be very great poetry, but it is a fair specimen of the volume. Of the short pieces we cannot say much. They are given, the author states, to eke out the necessary number of pages, and on the suggestion of the publisher; but there are among them lines which no necessity should have induced the writer to lay before the public.

THE DOUBLE TRIAL.*

This, for a novel, is a curiosity, and almost a nondescript. It combines in a truly Shandean manner, Philosophy, Religion, Political Economy, and the State of Ireland, with the obsolete romance of the beautiful Foundling Heroine, the Spectre and Haunted Chamber. The DOUBLE TRIALS are necessary to develop these intricacies of plot, and restore the heroine, after the ancient and approved manner, to her fortune, titles, and loving and suffering mother.—If this were all, we would make short work with *The Double Trial*, the main interest of which consists in long, rambling, and manifold digressions, connected with every thing in the world save the business on hand. In these the author unfolds his opinions on almost every topic which has been discussed within the last twenty years, and, in doing so, displays much good sense and good, sound, old-fashioned English feeling. The work opens with the description of a *clearing* in Ireland, the technical term for the cruel system, (in its immediate effects most cruel), of turning out the cottagers of a district to throw the land into large farms. Mr. Elrington, the agent, an English gentleman bred to the law, is so disgusted with the treatment of the people, that he throws up his situation, and is travelling to Dublin, on his way to England, when he thus overtakes the wretched expatriated cottiers:—

'The second day was damper and colder; and they had scarcely proceeded half the former day's distance, when they overtook a very ragged and straggling company. Appearance of wearisomeness and distress was in every countenance. There was no need of asking the cause: evidently some CLEARING had taken place in the neighbourhood. At length, upon a bleak common, their attention was arrested by a group; and a man, approaching the carriage, exclaimed, "In the name of the God of Heaven, can you give a drop of any thing comfortable to a poor young creature that is dying, or is dead?"—Mr. Elrington stopped the carriage, got out, and took some refreshments with him. It was all concluded as to the case of the poor woman—she had just expired; and a female child, of about three years of age, was lying over her, with little appearance of life. Mr. Elrington offered some plain cake to the child, which she was unable to take; but she sipped a few drops of a cordial, which seemed greatly to revive her. The party soon passed away, all but the man. The cord, and the driving wind and sleet made every one seek for shelter. "What can be done with the dead body, and the poor child?" said Mr. Elrington.

"It is her own child, and she had better die with her mother," said the man.

"How can you be so inhuman?" exclaimed Mr. Elrington: "Wrap her up, and carry her away in your arms after your company; and take this," giving him a small sum of money, "and endeavour, in the morning, to get the poor creature a burial."

"A burial!" said the man, taking the money; "let the dead bury their dead! In this country, in this place, we outcasts have no home, no priest, no burial-place. I have done what I could, and you may do what you can. When will God be avenged of such a set of rulers as we have? Do you think my Lord Kathemere, who made *a clearing* of us from his estate, will, with the new profit, get finer dresses for his new mistress? I suppose he will go to his box, at his favourite Opera, at Rome to-night? I wish I was close to him at the moment—he should never come out alive!—God bless thee, child! may he take thee with thy mother!"

The man went off hastily, and left Mr. Elrington with the corpse and the child. The driving sleet and cold increased. In vain Mr. Elrington called after the man: it was a case of necessity, and he carried the child to the carriage. It soon revived, and ate some cake; and, as it appeared very weary and sleepy, he wrapped it in a warm cloak, and laid it at the bottom of the vehicle. In answer to some questions of Mrs. Elrington, he said, "I should think the young woman had been dead before the man approached us. She appeared too young to be the mother of the child. The man's language and manners are very unlike those of the common people of the country. We must take the child to Dublin with us, and endeavour to get it into the Foundling Hospital. It is one of the finest Charities in Ireland; and this is a case in which it will not be abused. There *was* a time, indeed, when this Charity was abused, in a way, I trust, no Charity on the face of the earth will ever experience. Sir John Blaquiere brought the case before the *English* House of Commons; for the only sound argument for abolishing the *Irish* House of Commons was, that that Body did nothing for the poor: it would have reformed, like many of our reformers now, but it never seemed disposed to go any further than to better *themselves*. Tithes were an aggrievement; and the Irish House of Commons, at one sweep took away the rights of the Clergy to the agistment tithes—that is, my dear, those tithes which

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* SMITH, ELDER & Co. London, 3 vols., pp. 900.

were *vexatious* (because they had to compound for them) to the *nobility and gentry* . . . . . But I was speaking of Sir John Blagueire's Report upon the Foundling Hospital at Dublin. Such a scene of peculation and iniquity never was before exhibited in a Christian country. The grossest neglect was the least evil. So indifferent (or something worse) were the attendants to the summons to take the poor foundlings into the Hospital, that instances were produced before the House of Commons, which proved that, when children had been placed in a receiving trough, and the bell was rung to call for an attendant, the pigs of the establishment ran up, and began devouring them."

The nurse-maid screamed, which is no wonder, and was about falling into hysterics, when Mrs. Elrington exclaims,—

"It must be impossible, my dear Elrington!"

"So we have said upon a thousand points, my love, since we first came to this country, and heard sundry reports; but how many of these strange, horrid, impossible stories have we not found to be true?"

"If experience must decide," said the lady, with a heavy sigh, "I confess it is not safe to disbelieve any thing."

"Laird! Sir," said the servant, driven out of her respectful silence by the soul-appalling account, "why, the very pigs themselves must have been in a state of starvation!"

"Very likely, Jemima," said her master, "if their keepers could get more by starving than by fattening them. This, at least, as to the wretched children, we know to be the fact; for it was proved before the House of Commons by the books kept by the Foundling—and I suppose nobody will argue, that the stewards of the establishment wished to make their own case worse than it really was—it was proved, I say, that within six years preceding the Report in the House of Commons, which was made in the year 1797,* 12,736 children had been received, of whom only 135 survived!"

"This was *proved before our English House of Commons!*" said the lady, with horror.

"Yes, my dear, in the year 1797; and this Report has been well characterized, in a very few words, as 'the most infernal account of systematized murder that ever in any age disgraced any country, civil or savage.'"

"Mercy me!" cried Jemima, emboldened, in the cause of humanity, to make another remark, "what will become of this poor child? It is a pity, as the man said, that she had not died with her mother, or her no-mother; but then, it is to be hoped, that she is at least too big for the pigs."

This extraordinary statement introduces *Malthus*, who, from this point, receives a slap on the face at every corner, turning, or winding,—beginning, middle, and end of a chapter, wherever the author can lug him in. This castigation he appears to consider as a religious duty; and he performs it with unflagging zeal. There are several good characters in the work,—transcripts of real flesh-and-blood men and women. We like Harley and his wife, Mrs. Clements, the village merchant, some of the inferior personages, and above all, PUFFETER, the heroic auctioneer, an unique and original. Some of the scenes look like transcripts of actual experience, and we have no doubt are so. There is a duel fought between the lover of a married lady and her brother, a Colonel of the Guards, most unlike the commonplace encounters of a novel. The correspondence which follows this affair is remarkable. The letter of the Countess especially has every internal mark of authenticity. The lady, deserted by her worthless husband, an Irish nobleman, is left to the arts of his relative, Sir Bedell Wharton, and after a seclusion of some years, elopes with him, discovers his baseness, and leaves him. The husband, brother, and lover, of the unfortunate woman, are found alike profligate; and her position among three scoundrels is a striking one. Mr. Elrington meets her by an accident.

He found the lady in a most violent paroxysm of alarm and apprehension. She appeared a very fine personage, and young and beautiful; yet still she shrunk from inspection, and appeared cautious and reserved.—"Are you, Sir, an Englishman? and I beg to be informed to whom I address myself," were the first words of the lady, given with that peculiar euphony and emphasis in which ladies of very high fashion in Ireland rather ostentatiously indulge, as their shiboleth.

Mr. Elrington mentioned his name, and said that he was a Barrister, and lately from Ireland.

"And, I thank God, not unknown to me by fame," said the lady. "You are the agent of Lord Vanessy; and I ——— am a wretched and miserable woman, and undeserving of any name! yet of all names, I loathe and abhor that by which I am known!—Mistake me not, Sir; I want no other name; I wish to live the remains of my life of horror unnamed and unknown, or I had not troubled you with this interview. Whoever has fallen in this sad duel, I fly from both; and to consult with you where I can hide my head for ever, has induced me to avail myself of this accidental meeting. But I am almost distracted!—Alas! you have heard of me ——— I am—I was Lady Kathemere."

Mr. Elrington was very much shocked. For a moment or two his feelings prevented his words. Too well he knew who the very

* In Spain, out of 20,000, about half died in the Orphan House at Madrid; but this in Ireland was upwards of 90 in 100.

young and beautiful woman before him was. She had married at the early age of eighteen, the very noble and wealthy Lord Kathemere, without any approval of her own. Scarcely had she been married two years, when the infamous conduct of her husband obliged him to fly to distant lands. She had long been secluded from all honourable society, and her depraved husband had left her under the control of agents and relatives of his own, taking away with him the only child of their marriage, a boy, who was said to be with him in Italy. Among these were Sir Bedell Wharton, a Baronet of the utmost art, and fashion, and depravity. All these were now employed to deceive the young Countess; and chiefly was she alarmed at the idea of being again subject to the society of her husband; and at length, (it is more to be lamented than wondered at,) this unhappy young lady saw no other means of escape than accepting the proffered protection of Sir Bedell himself.

At the period of her elopement, about a year ago, her brother, Colonel Crooklawn, was with his regiment on service; but as soon as he came to England, he lost no time in following the fugitives, and had on the present morning met with them in that part of Switzerland, through which Mr. Elrington with his family was proceeding to England.

Mr. Elrington again tendered his services to the Countess.

"You know my mind, Sir; I will never again see Sir Bedell or my brother. Before I ask what has been the event of this encounter, I produce to you these two letters—the one addressed to the Baronet, the other to the Colonel. Now tell me, Sir, what has happened?"

"Sir Bedell is very severely wounded, or ——— (Mr. Elrington paused)——— dead!"

"I trust to God! not dead," said the Countesss calmly.———"You see, Sir, the letters are unsealed. You shall hear the contents. Yet, first of all, let me tell you what you may not know of my history. My relations compelled me to be the wife of Lord Kathemere.—I have been as deceived by Sir Bedell as by them and his Lordship. I have not a person on the face of the earth unless it be yourself, in whom I can trust; and if this encounter had not taken place, I have made that discovery this morning, that I never would again associate with Sir Bedell. Let me now inform you that I wrote to my brother, to dissuade him from this meeting with Sir Bedell, and here is his reply."

The lady read—

"Madam,

"I do not believe that you care either for me or your paramour, any more than *I* do for your lost reputation.—It is *my own* honour, Madam—it is the insult that Sir Bedell has given *me* by daring to make a mistress of one allied to me by blood, that will make me lift up my arm to chastise him; and not any consideration about so worthless a creature as yourself. You are henceforth to me no more than any of your wanton and worthless sisterhood in the streets, and I disown you.

"A. Crooklawn."

"And this, my answer, Sir, I will also read to you.

To Colonel Crooklawn.

"Sir,

I would to God you had ever disowned me, and then I might not have been the miserable and guilty woman that I confess myself to be! Too true, my honour is irrevocably lost! but where was your own when you compelled me to marry that man of infamy, of the depravity of whose character you were not ignorant? I had been brought up privately by foreign governesses. I knew nothing of Lord Kathemere; but I disliked his person and manners. My father would have yielded to my solicitations against the alliance; but you came forward.—Remember, Sir, that you never came forward as my brother before—that you have never come forward as my friend in your whole life—that I have at no time, from my birth, ever received from you one act of kindness, one look of affection, one word of good-will or good advice. —But when this very splendid match was offered me, you pointed out its honours and its value, and enforced me to accept of it, by saying that I should disgrace and injure my family—that I should be buried for life in some convent abroad, where I never should be known or seen; that you pledged yourself by oaths to these and other acts of cruelty, if I did not accept the offer of Lord Kathemere; and you declared to me, what I was ignorant enough to believe, that my father, as a Peer of the realm, could by law compel me to marry.—Was this untruth, Sir, part of your honour?—But, Sir, though you have never owned me for *my* good, you have (I have lately discovered) for *your own*. The first sacrifice of my honour was when I married his Lordship; you had the price of it, in the representation of Lord Kathemere's Borough of Broughton. This, I have documents to prove, was the stipulation for your interference.—And when, my wretched husband left me, did you interfere—did you offer to protect me—did you attempt to shield me from the depraved set around me?—I am fallen? but do you stand upright! No, Colonel Crooklawn, I might have been honourable, and virtuous, and happy, *but for you*; and had you been a truly honourable man, you would have sheltered me from these evils, into which you have betrayed me, and for which you now accuse me. The fate you threatened me with, if I did not marry, I now voluntarily embrace as the consequence of that wretched marriage. My mind is truly distracted; yet in my distraction I have written this.—There are yet strange and dreadful tales connected with my history, which, if I had ever found a friend and brother, I should wish him at some future day to endeavour to unravel. I mention this

now, that you may not afterwards be surprised, or pretend to disbelieve, because the circumstance had not before occurred. *I cannot trust you.*"——

After a little farther conversation, Lady Kathemere says,—

"And now, Sir, hear my letter to Sir Bedell—it is very short."

"Sir Bedell Wharton,

"You have betrayed me. You were in league with my husband. I forgive you; but I'll never see your face again.

"A. K."

They were now informed that Sir Bedell was brought into the house, and wished to see the lady.

The Countess declared that she would on no account have any interview with him; and she begged the favour of Mr. Elrington to go and inform him of the same.

Mr. Elrington went into the wounded man's room: and if the outward grace and personal exterior can be an excuse for the frailty of woman, the Countess had that sad excuse. Sir Bedell had received a shot in his shoulder-blade. A surgeon was every moment expected. He appeared in great pain, and very great agitation of mind; but he composed his fine features, and bowed gracefully to Mr. Elrington, who gave him the note, delivered the lady's message, and informed him that she had written it before she heard of the event of the duel.

"Tell her," said Sir Bedell, "that I do not deserve that she should come to me. Oh! Sir, that woman has been more shamefully used than any——" and he stopped, and asked impatiently for the surgeon. Again he began to speak in a desponding strain.—"Alas, Sir, what excuse *have* I to offer, but her fatal beauty! Too true it is ——" when the surgeon's arrival induced him to pause. In a few minutes Sir Bedell asked—"Is there any danger?"

"Very great indeed, Sir," said the practitioner; "I cannot answer for your life for four-and-twenty hours, till I know the direction the bullet has taken."

"Then I should wish to have five minutes' conversation with this gentleman in private."

"You, surely, Sir, would not defer a moment," said the medical man, "the means that must be used for the safety of your life!"

"Oh, no, not on any account," replied Sir Bedell.

The surgeon continued his examination, and at length exclaimed, "I am convinced, Sir, that the bullet has not penetrated into any vital part."

"I have nothing further to say to the gentleman," said Sir Bedell, "but my very best wishes to the lady, and I think she has acted with very great prudence."

"As *yet*," continued the operator, "the bullet has not penetrated to any vital part; but there is no knowing but that it may quickly be fatal, if I cannot find it; and if I am not able to extract it, it may at length occasion a mortification, and finally death."

"Death! Sir," exclaimed Sir Bedell, in renewed alarm; "I thought you said I was safe from death! I am not ready—I believe—I fear I am not fit to die!" Then, catching the eye of a gentleman who had been his second in the rencontre, he continued—"I mean, I say, I have not settled my affairs, and I might as well speak to that strange gentleman a few words."

"Ah! here we have the bullet," continued the surgeon; "we shall get it out presently. I must make the incision larger, and introduce the forceps."

"Then Sir," said Sir Bedell, motioning his head to Mr. Elrington, "I will not trouble you but with my respects to the lady."

Mr. Elrington left the room, and mentally ejaculated—"This is a man of high fashion and honour, that fights duels, and keeps in alarm all His Majesty's peaceable subjects!! This is the man that all the minor fashionables look up to as a criterion of grace, and spirit, and courage."

From this slight specimen it will be seen *The Double Trial* is not an ordinary novel. We regret that our limits do not permit going deeper into *it, and cordially* recommend it to perusal.

Canto 17th of Don Juan.—*By one who desires to be a Very Great Unknown.**—Lady Blessington relates, that Byron once intended to commit suicide, but was prevented by two reasons, one of which was, that a dear friend might not be able to perpetrate a life of him. There would have been a third dissuasive, could his irascible Lordship have foreseen this publication; or, at any rate, a reason for performing the obsequies of the Don with his own hand. Canto 17th is made out pretty much in the way one's imagination suggests on laying down Canto 16th. Aurora Raby, and Juan, are deeply in love, of course; and the character of the icy lady is developed with some skill. The *Very Great Unknown* leaves the lovers in a ticklish situation. Another Great Unknown may, therefore, catch up the ball in Canto 18th; and thus *Don Juan* proceed, like a game at chess between rival kingdoms. Canto 17th is not more remarkable for prudery than its predecessors.

The Dawn of Freedom.†—A little poem, on a noble subject, is dedicated by a *Graduate of Oxford*, to *the Sovereign People*, and written in a spirit new to the learned University, to which its author belongs. A pure vein of exalted religion

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* Gilbert: London, pp. 48.
† Ridgway, London, pp. 46.

and morality runs through this poem. From an address to Byron we extract a few lines.

Ah! had he lived to study and admire
Heber's pure faith, or Pollock's holy lyre,
Mark their warm zeal, in gospel truth's defence,
Or pious Wolfe's impassioned eloquence;
Perhaps e'en here his pride had seen the light,
And Heaven's own glories dawned upon his sight.
But, ah! far other were the scenes he saw
In realms long famed for liberty and law,
Where courtier brows the Christian mitre wore,
And leagued with nobles to enslave the poor:
Bishops, a greedy and obsequious race,
Who strive for pomp, for power, and for place;
The haughty servants of a lowly Lord!
Priests of a faith their worldly souls abhorred,
He saw, and proud presumed God's truths to scan,
And blamed his Maker for ther crimes of man!

FORT RISBANE, or *Three Days in Quarantine.**—We have been both pleased and amused with this little work. The English passengers of the Calais steam-boat, while the alarm of Cholera prevails on the French coast, are sent to suffer a three days quarantine in a fort in the neighbourhood of Calais, which looks like a ruined *La Trappe.* This answers quite as well as Chaucer's *Tabard Inn*, or Bocaccio's garden, near Florence, and the party are set a talking forthwith; and proceed joking, singing, disputing, to the end as in these ruled cases—only instead of love, war, chivalry, necromancy, priests, and damsels, they discuss political economy in its more abstruse doctrines, chemistry, machinery, Benthamism, tithes, Malthus, cholera, railways, steam-coaches, &c. &c. &c. Among the *detenus* are the Rev. Orthodox Tytheinkind, a gormandizing pluralist, flying to France in deadly terror of cholera; Mr. Scrinium, the great veiled editor of a great periodical work, with his pale sickly amanuensis; the Hon. Augustus Manikin, an exquisite and a dandy; Mr. Scribbleton and his wife, an intolerable *blue*; writers in the periodicals, Fellows of learned Societies; Mr. Cyclovate, a Benthamite; Mr. Pyrotic, a waspish Tory; Mr. M'Corquodale, *i. e.* Mr. M'Culloch; M'Molitor, a patronizer of saw-dust bread and bone gelatine cakes, &c. &c. A fashionable family, the Goodenoughs, a worthy father, and amiable daughter, the Hartley's. Mr. and Mrs. Benignus, an excellent pair—a Frenchman of the Carlist, and one of the Movement party, and Captain O'Lucre, an Irish officer on his way to join Don Pedro. This rare jumble of characters, prejudices, theories, and extreme opinions of all sorts produces a succession of lively dialogues, and amusing illustrative instances of individual absurdity. The GREATEST HAPPINESS PRINCIPLE is put to the test by the right five smokers have of smoking out of the room, six or seven haters of tobacco. The principle of the division of labour is somewhat unfairly tried by Mr. Scribbleton acting upon it, in covertly snatching up and eating shrimps, as fast as Mr. M'Corquodale unshelled and stored them up for a *bonne bouche* for himself when he had finished breakfast. He was a diligent and skilful workman, yet the heap seemed not to increase; and at length he began to inquire into the cause of this non-accumulation. "Sir," exclaimed he, turning in great anger to his neighbour, Mr. Scribbleton, "you are a disgrace to decent and civilized society,—how can you presume to put your fork into my plate?" —"Division of labour," said Mr. Scribbleton, coolly taking up another shrimp. "You are no gentleman,—these are rather the manners of a bear than a civilized being," said the political economist, protecting his property. This is sufficiently absurd; but such collisions produce many equally amusing scenes in *Fort Risbane*, and teach the folly of either pushing opinions to extremes, or maintaining them dogmatically.

SONGS OF THE SEA NYMPHS, &c.*—These are specimens of verse extracted from the unpublished poems of THOMAS MILLER, a basket-maker of Nottingham. They are purely fanciful, dealing with sea nymphs, syrens, and fairies. The only thing connected with this work-day world is a pretty song, which closes the volume. We hope it may have a good sale among the friends and neighbours of the ingenious writer. It is inscribed to Mr. Moore. Whether it be very successful or not, the author was doubtless the happier for its composition; peeling and plaiting his osiers, and weaving lays of Fairy Land.

THE STORY-TELLER †.—This is one of the cheap weekly periodicals. We have seen but one number, and thus cannot speak of the intrinsic merits of the work. But it is well printed, of a handsome size, not dear, (36 pages for Sixpence,) and, if managed by persons of ability, will prove an agreeable publication. There is one original tale in this number (Number V.,) but it is rather *Minerva-ish* for our taste. Embossed heads of authors are given monthly, into the bargain. One of Lord Byron is a pretty thing of the kind.

THE LIFE OF ANDREW MARVELL. ‡—This, which should be a welcome book at any time, appears with peculiar propriety at this time, when fears of "very

* Smith, Elder & Co., London: pp. 266.

* Simpkin and Marshall, London: pp. 48
† Wills, London: Imp. 8vo.
‡ Simpkin & Marshall, London: pp. 116.

improper persons" scrambling into Parliament are becoming extreme. Men of neither family nor fortune, having no *status* nor *stake* in the country, without the badge of acceptance in *any Circle*, and shied even at Brookes's; persons who, like ANDREW MARVELL, possess no claim, save educated and enlightened minds, warm and disinterested patriotism, and that manly spirit of independence, which gives the power of defying, and trampling under foot, the petty vanities and paltry distinctions which enchain and overbear inferior natures; and of being able, influential, useful, and honest representatives of the people, though like ANDREW MARVELL, in a small obscure lodging, and with no better dinner than a mutton-chop, and a pint of wine; and who, with him, when visited in their garret, can say, and never be ashamed for it, "I live here to serve my constituents; the Ministry may seek men for their purpose, *I am not one.*" If this LIFE have any effect in encouraging the growth of representatives of this character, it were worth its weight in gold, instead of the half-crown at which it sells. It is a portion of a great work projected by the author, to be entitled the Lancashire Worthies. It can contain none *worthier* than this first specimen. The LIFE may suggest some queries to be put by electors to candidates, which, under certain circumstances, may be as urgent as those regarding the Ballot, Triennial Parliaments, and the Corn Laws. Pledges and promises are of little avail, unless a candidate can, like the member for Hull, live upon little, and within his means; and believe that a representative may more honourably receive wages from his constituents, than bribes, in whatever shape, of honour or emolument, from the Ministry.* Marvell made no speeches in the House, but his attendance was punctual and unfailing; and he conceived it his duty to make notes, keep a journal of the proceedings, and maintain a regular and frequent intercourse with his constituents, whom he apprized of every important discussion. His first duty he thought owing to them; and he assures them, "I shall, to promote it, (the interest of Hull) do the best of my duty; and, in the more general concerns of the nation, shall maintain the incorrupt mind and clear conscience, free from faction, or any *self-ends*, which, by the grace of God, I have hitherto preserved." With the Life which, is meagre of incident, Mr. Dove gives extracts from the prose and poetical writings of Marvell. His verse is graceful and pleasing; and he is among the first English writers whose satire unites playful exuberance of fancy with keenness and pungency. Mr. Dove's work is indeed well-timed, and every way acceptable.

* The following anecdote is related of Marvell in the *Gentleman's Magazine*:—"Marvell frequently dined at an *Ordinary* in the Strand, where, having one day eat heartily on boiled beef with a pint of port, on paying his reckoning, he took a piece out of his pocket, and holding it between his finger and thumb, said,—'Gentlemen, who would let himself out for hire when he can have such a dinner for half-a-crown.'"

WHISTLE-BINKIE.*—AN antidote to spleen, and exorciser of the blue devils has arisen in Glasgow, under this curious designation. An amateur WHISTLE-BINKIE is described, in the lively Preface to his small pocket namesake, as a joyous, facetious fellow; a diner-out by profession, and a bachelor by destiny; a capital hand at a gleesome story, a joke or pun; but chiefly distinguished by his extraordinary powers of *whistling* and *singing*. He is the substitute at a certain kind of dinners and evening parties, for all other means of amusement, a character, consequently, in great request, both east and west; and one on whose joyous countenance Dame Nature has legibly written Dinners, and "Tea and Supper Parties, attended on the shortest notice;" a man once as necessary to the feast as the cook himself. We say once; for, in the march of intellect, it is proposed to supersede the WHISTLE-BINKIE by the small machine of wonderful powers, now under notice. It is a bold and ambitious attempt, thus to reduce the live WHISTLE-BINKIE, whether of the bare or hooded variety, to 32mo size, and concentrate his tuneful and facetious qualities within the compass of a Geneva musical snuff-box; thus enabling every party-giving lady to keep a Whistle-binkie of her own, and effecting an immense national saving in tea, punch, cake and ham.

That the original powers of the Whistle-binkie are not only retained, but improved, under this high pressure, we mean to give proof, by a few random instances, and, first, *Mo Laogh Geal;* or, *White Calf of my heart!* and *Peter and Mary.* —Poor Mary Mucklejohn, to wit, who

> Sobbed, "Oh, perjured Peter Black,
> The basest man I know;
> You're black by name, you're black at heart,
> Since you can use me so."

Though Peter is a lover for cake and pudding, this lyric belongs to the age of "violent catastrophes." Mary hangs herself, as a matter of course. The moral is very impressive. We give it for the benefit of all interested.

* David Robertson, Glasgow.

"From this let cook-maids learn to shun
Men who are long and lean;
For, when they talk about their love,
'Tis pudding that they mean!"

The Gudeman's Prophecy is very amusing, and so is the humorous conjugal dialogue, *the Trades' Bailie in his cups.* We like, at least, the hearty tone of *Marry for love, and work for siller.* It is a spirited defiance of the doctrines of Malthus done into rattling verse. Nor must we forget *Kilroony's Visit, the Ladies' Pocket Adonis, the Mother's Advice*, and many others. This is the Whistle-binkie of Bachelor's Hall. A more decorous and refined Whistle-binkie sings to the ladies, or teaches them to sing some of the sweetest and tenderest lays of Motherwell. We cannot enumerate more of these than *Love's Diet* and *the Cavalier's song*, both of which have a delicious smack of the olden poets; and that sweet song *Jeannie Morrison*, with which our readers are already acquainted. We have also Whistle-binkie chirruping over his cups in *the Three Stars* and *The Bumper*; and, as a patriot, chanting with the pith and spirit, which becomes a man of the west, the praises of Liberty, and the triumph of Reform.

LOUDON'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF COTTAGE, FARM, AND VILLA ARCHITECTURE.*—THIS latest work of Mr. Loudon, the ingenious and indefatigable writer on gardening, agriculture, and economical subjects, is in course of publication, in quarterly Parts; there will be a series of ten at 5s. each. It promises to be a highly useful performance, did it possess no other merit than turning attention to the third great want of mankind; that which follows in order, after food and clothing, namely, shelter. Mr. Loudon's professed object is to teach how comfortable habitations for the mass of mankind may take place, of the cave of the savage, and the equally wretched hovels of too many of the labouring classes in civilized society. In his own words, the great object of this work is to show how the dwellings of the whole mass of society "may be equalized in all essential comforts, conveniences, and beauty." An excellent object; but how accomplished? So far as the work has proceeded, well. The writer begins with the cheapest and simplest form of rural dwellings; something less than the *butt* and *ben*. This is a room for a man and wife, (for Mr. Loudon has no bachelor dwellings,) with the adjuncts needed to comfort and cleanliness. He gradually proceeds, in Part I., in a series of fifteen lithographic designs, to dwellings of greater amplitude, and extent of accommodation; but, in the most limited, never forgets all the comforts and conveniences, of which human dwellings of this description are susceptible. The fifteen designs of cottages are explained and illustrated by above a hundred wooden cuts, comprehending the ground-plans, sections of the roofs, porches, stairs, chimney-tops, and every thing required to guide the designer or the practical workman; also cow-houses, piggeries, *lean-to's* of all kinds; ovens, filtering apparatus, improved window-sashes, and door-hinges; and a subject which once engaged the attention of the Lord Chancellor, economizing fuel, and heat, by flues under the floors. There are estimates, and specifications given with each dwelling, in three different styles of building and finishing; none of those, in Part I., though the best are built of stone, slated, and neatly finished, are above L.250, varying from that down to L.60. This may not be a work for learned architects, but country builders, employed in constructing dwellings for mechanics and small farmers, and all who are about to plunge their hands in the mortar tub on a small scale, would do well to hold a previous consultation with Mr. Loudon. Although they should not adopt him as an exclusive guide, they will find their own ideas expand, and become clearer under his tuition; and they cannot fail to receive many valuable hints. As a professed teacher of the beautiful and ornamental, as well as of the *useful*, Mr. Loudon, perhaps, carries his taste for *vases* and *parapets* further than may be always eligible; but they do not interfere with utility, nor at all appear in the number which we now recommend.

THE CHURCH OF GOD, IN A SERIES OF SERMONS. By the Rev. ROBERT WILSON EVANS.*—These sermons, sixteen in number, form nearly a consecutive system of theology. They judiciously combine Christain doctrine with practical religion, and are composed in plain, familiar, and perspicuous language, and in an unostentatious style. We give one short extract—a brick of the temple—regretting we dare venture no farther than—The Christian's Profession:—

"Our profession, as compared with that of the Patriarch and Jew, will be this: We profess with them to repent, and renounce the world and its lusts; to die to sin, and live again unto righteousness. But we do this with such a death and life being made especially imperative upon us; being also actually proposed and represented to us in the death and resurrection of the Author of our forgiveness. We also profess our entire faith in the truth of his promises. But the greater part of what were promises to them are gifts to us; and such gifts as still remain in expectance, and not in possession, are rendered distinct, appreciable, and certain, from the accomplishment of others;

* Longman & Co, 8vo.

* Smith, Elder & Co. London. 8vo. pp. 389.

they have even been exemplified to us: The life after death in the resurrection of the Lord, the bounteous gifts of his spirit in the graces and powers of his saints from the day of Pentecost till now. Thus our profession is distinctly marked out to us: there is no room for doubt, no excuse for vacillation; it is not shadowy so as to elude our grasp; it is not indefinite in any point, so as at times to escape from it: it is so substantial, so comprehensible, that if we hold it not fast, the fault lies with our own weakness and wavering. What had Adam, what had Abraham, what had the Prophets for the ground of their profession compared with this? Verily the least in the kingdom of Heaven is greater than them all. The most practical part of our profession lies in the renunciation of the world, whose ways having been far more openly detected and awfully condemned by the Gospel than by any previous dispensation, we are more peculiarly called upon to reprobate and abandon. What fellow-feeling can a child of God in Christ have with it? It is bent on the joys and pleasures of this life; therefore the Cross of Christ, with its crucifying afflictions, is a stumbling block to it. It is wise in its own conceit, and therefore that Cross is foolishness to it; it worships rank and power, and therefore that cross is contemptible to it. It loves its own will and ways, and therefore that Cross is hateful to it."

The peculiar notions of the preacher on points on which Church of England Christians differ, may be gathered from the fact of his wishing the university to proscribe Paley's Moral Philosophy as a book of education.

THE BLUE BAG, OR TORYANA: A POLITICAL JEU D'ESPRIT, IN VERSE. BY THE SPEAKER!—So the title-page bears—blazoned with the Imprimatur of Eldon, Lyndhurst, Tenterden, and Wetherell. It is tolerably amusing; *Lord Tenterden's Dream* is clever; and there are some fair parodies. There was surely scope enough for parody without infringing the consecrated domains of Dr. Isaac Watts; consecrated by the pure affections of childhood, if by no feeling more sacred.

THE VOICE OF HUMANITY.—This is a small Quarterly Periodical, the organ of an *Association for Promoting Rational Humanity towards the Animal Creation.* This it does by *exposing* the *cruelties* practised on animals; and by diffusing knowledge in tracts, and in this work, which may tend to humanize the hearts of both the high and low tyrants, under whom the brute creation groans. The object of the Association is so purely benevolent and laudable, that we rejoice in the opportunity of commending the *Voice of Humanity* to our readers. It brings to light, and puts to shame, persons, and scenes of horrible atrocity.

THE LITERARY PANCRATIUM; OR A SERIES OF DISSERTATIONS ON THEOLOGICAL, LITERARY, MORAL AND CONTROVERSIAL SUBJECTS. BY ROBERT AND THOMAS SWINBURN CARR.* The title-page describes the nature of this work with tolerable fairness. It is not a book of the time, though it partakes of the spirit of the times. Those who would comprehend its scope and objects, must read for themselves; and that great majority who are afraid to venture on philosophic dissertations of any kind, we would encourage by the assurance that the Messieurs CARR, have contrived to mingle their profoundest speculations, with literary extracts and allusions, and apt poetical quotations, in a very agreeable and enlivening manner. With the help of these stepping-stones light readers may get fairly through; and then, perhaps, be tempted, and find courage to wade, and strength to stem the stream, in a second transit.

THE REFORMER.*—This novel is commenced on one plan, continued on another, and finished on a third. This pre-supposes abundant inconsistency, and incoherence; yet the work is not without merit. Mr. Keith, THE REFORMER, of whom we see little, is an absurd and extravagant visionary; his opinions and conduct a caricature and dull burlesque on a speculative Radical. His daughter Clara, converted from "Liberty and Equality" by the rough discipline of a mob, and a secret unrequited *penchant* for a Tory nobleman, is as over-strained a personage as her father is an absurd one. There is considerable vigour in the conception of the character of the *Radical*, Robert Kerr, though he also is a palpable exaggeration. The converted and bitterly penitent Clara, is repaid for her secret love, her political repentance, and her exertions in preserving family jewels, and family peace, by the hand of the noble aristocrat, and all ends as happily as if Clara's conversion had staid that mighty tide of opinion, to which this little book is considerably less than Dame Partington's mop, opposed to the waves of the Atlantic.

A MANCHESTER STRIKE, No. 7. COUSIN MARSHALL;† No. 8. OF ILLUSTRATIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, BY MISS MARTINEAU.—Two more numbers of this lady's admirable little books have appeared since we had an opportunity of noting her progress. The subjects, from their nature, are much less agreeable than *Brooke Farm*; for that was a picture of a rural community passing from a bad state to one much happier; but they are as important and pressing. In the *Strike*, the character of the master manufacturers, and the leaders of the operatives, are sketched with truth and

* Simpkin and Marshall, royal 8vo, pp. 335.

* Effingham Wilson, London. 3 volumes.
† Fox, London, p. 132, 136.

spirit. The degradation and sufferings of the self-devoted and really excellent persons, who lead two *strikes*, leave a painful impression on the reader; but Miss Martineau has thought it necessary to execute rigid justice upon them. One becomes a strolling drummer, the other, who is an intelligent, noble-minded, and benevolent man, is doomed to drive a water-cart about the streets of Manchester, a warning against making *Strikes*. Miss Martineau, in re-capitulating the principles illustrated in this tale, states the following as the circumstances by which "the condition of labourers may be best improved:—1st, By inventions and discoveries, which create capital. 2d, By husbanding, instead of wasting capital: for instance, by making savings instead of strikes. 3d, By Adjusting the Proportion of Population to Capital." This question of Population and the Poor Laws forms the subject of Cousin Marshall. The story, from its very nature, cannot, by any process, be made agreeable. Drunken, lying, worthless paupers, breeding, and feeding on the rate, are a disgusting theme; and it required some moral courage in a lady to venture on the discussion of it. Miss Martineau is, from her creed, a determined enemy to Poor Laws; but, even in arguing this difficult and perplexed question, it cannot be necessary to picture the pauper-population of England as so shockingly depraved and degraded. We have also immense doubts of the truth of half those traditionary stories of beggars making three guineas a-week, feasting "on turkies and pease in the prime of the season, delicate lamb chops, and asparagus." Such scenes are very well for the Beggars' Bush of Beaumont and Fletcher, (our own "Jolly Beggars" had no such nicety of palate,) but are scarcely fair illustrations of the *actual* condition of any portion of the poor, even the most dissolute: this beggar banquet, however, makes a spirited and amusing scene. The summary of principles illustrated in *Cousin Marshall* are, "that the subsistence-fund must be employed productively, and capital and labour be allowed to take their natural course; *i. e.* the pauper system must, by some means, be extinguished."

"The number of consumers must be proportioned to the subsistence-fund. To this end, all encouragement to the increase of population should be withdrawn; and every sanction given to the preventive check; *i. e.* charity must be directed to the enlightenment of the mind, instead of the relief of bodily wants." What follows is awful. "If not adopted speedily, all measures will be too late to prevent the universal prevalence of poverty in this kingdom, the legal provision for the indigent now operating the extinction of our national resources at a perpetually increasing rate." Cousin Marshall, the heroine of the tale, is one of the *noble* poor: would that she had been happier;—that her life had been less a struggle,—her mind less anxious! but truth does not admit of softer limning.

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THE FINE ARTS.

FINDEN'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF BYRON.—PORTRAITS OF THE PRINCIPAL FEMALE CHARACTERS IN THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.—These periodicals of the Fine Arts claim notice from their connexion with the works they illustrate, though we are not in the habit of devoting space to pictorial criticism. Of FINDEN'S *Illustrations of Murray's complete Edition of the Works of Byron*, there are now six Numbers published, each containing seven pictures. In this galaxy of the brilliant and the beautiful, it is not easy to single out for notice each "bright peculiar star;" and our remarks must be brief and cursory on a work which unites, in an unrivalled degree, cheapness, with talent in art, and beauty of imagination. Most of the engravings are executed by the Findens, which may often mean under their superintendence. The drawings are by different artists and amateurs; a few gems of art are by TURNER. We cannot even mention all the names of artists without unduly extending the notice.

In Part I., we have *Byron* as a sailor lad, at the age of nineteen—an attractive picture; a *View of Cadiz*, by Stanfield, and one of Lochin-y-gair, that scene on the Highland Dee, celebrated by the *minor* poet. *Belem Castle, Lisbon*, is a clear and distinct print; *Yanina* is a fine subject, with somewhat of the charm of oriental costume, and of the picturesque in architecture, which is more elaborately developed in subsequent views of the series. In this Part is an exquisite girlish head, Theresa, the *Maid of Athens*, drawn by STONE, from the sketch of an amateur. Part II. contains a view of *the Palace of Ali Pacha, Constantinople!* a delicately finished vignette; a view of *Corfu from the Sea*, with a splendid range of mountains; the *Franciscan Convent at Athens*, an effective picture of an old building; *Lisbon from Fort Almeida*, which rather disappoints, as views of modern cities, from their hard outline, and rigid angularity, must very often do. The foreground of this view is more within the line of painting, and consequently more attractive. *The Ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus at Athens* are not liable to these objections. The ruins are fine—the sky glorious. A portrait of *Ali Pacha* might do for a head of Wolsey. It represents the ample and furrowed brow, the bold broad hook-nose, and resolute expression of countenance, imagination assigns to this redoubtable personage; but not in the least the mild mealy-mouthed gentleman whom Byron has described.

The illustrations improve as the numbers advance. Part III. gives us *Marathon*, a lovely vignette; and a *Street in Athens*, an agreeable picture. *Geneva, Chamouni*, and a *View on the Lake of Como*, are all good prints, and, along with them, we have the early love of Byron, *Miss Chaworth*, at the age of seventeen. Though the face looks not more than thirteen, it is full of latent character. This head is beautifully engraved by MOTE, as are all the portraits. On the head of *Ada*, the daughter of

Byron, great pains have been bestowed: there is an expression of thought in the sweet little face, not common to childhood, and deeply affecting. The face of the little girl (now a young lady of seventeen) possesses beauty of the kind which grows as we gaze upon it. This portrait is in Part IV., which contains two charming vignettes;—the *Coliseum from the Orto Farnesa*, and view of the *Wengen Alps*, by HULMANDELL; in which bare pine trees, log-houses, felled timber, peasants and cattle, and "Alps on Alps," tell that intelligible story which gives a picture its stirring vital interest. *Cintra* forms one of the most delightful views of the series. In delineating that

> ..... variegated maze of mount and glen,

the poet has inspired the painter. We have here

> The horrid crags, by toppling convent crowned,
> The cork-trees hoar, that clothe the shaggy steep,
> The mountain-moss, by scorching skies embrowned,
> The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
> The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
> The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
> The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
> The vine on high, the willow branch below,
> Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

The Mosque of St. Sophia, from the Bosphorus, is a superb architectural subject, but too stiffly and precisely given to inspire that feeling of the majestic for which we seek in views of this nature. The water and the vessels lighten and relieve the view. *Mafra*, a stately and magnificent edifice, is more interesting to the architect than the lover of painting, who may turn to the *Castle of Chillon*—a fresh life-like portrait of a place, with which all the readers of Byron are familiar. The "massy waters" of Lake Leman are holding their troubled coil around its foundations, heaving and pitching the boats, as if they were about to descend to the dark dungeon vaults over which they are rocking. Part V., which is the most splendid in the series, contains two drawings from the magic pencil of Turner. One a lovely vignette, of which the subject is the *Church of Santa Maria Della Spina* at Pisa,—Italian groups in boats in the foreground; and towers, and turrets, and enriched buildings, springing from the water, like the creations of enchantment. This, decidedly, is the most brilliant vignette of the whole, yet brilliant is not the term. The *Hellespont Sestos* and *Abydos*, is a clear, truth-telling picture. The *Acropolis* is another master-piece of Turner;—sunset behind the dark temple-crowned mountain, and ruin-clad steeps rising boldly from the wide plain, over which parties of Turkish troops are careering, with flying banners and glancing scimitars. Noble action, and majestic repose, are the grand elements of this splendid specimen of Turner's pencil. *Santa Maura* possesses nearly the same character as the view on the Hellespont. The stretch of mountains rising sheer from the water, is hard and stiff; the bridge not unlike the jagged edge of a small saw; but the foreground is rich and pictorial. *The Piazzetta of St. Mark's Place, Venice*, in this number of the illustrations, is an effective picture in its own style. It is by Prout. There is a distant view of the churches beyond the lagune. The enriched surface of the pillars, and the fret-work of that old artist Time, are spiritedly engraved. *Ithaca* and *Delphi* are interesting subjects. In the latter the rocky gulf is boldly given; the scanty waterfall is very bald and very stiff.

The Sixth Part of the illustrations abound in beauty. There are four home views; three of them by Westall,—*Newstead Abbey; the Old Fountain at Newstead;* and *Hucknall Church.* These, the two first especially, are charming unpretending pictures. The folinge in the *Old Fountain*, and the ivy embowering the windows of the Abbey are delicately handled. *Lochin-y-gair*, the second, is a true Highland landscape; groups of deer scattered over a rough heath in the foreground, with a few broad-topped pine-trees; a castle smoke rising peacefully in the middle distance, and the vale opening on a view of wild and dreary Scottish mountains. *Malta*, though the artist is Turner, does not steer clear of the paste-board hardness of surface and outline, inseparable from a view of rows of houses. *Cadiz*, by Colonel Batty, though otherwise a fine picture, is liable to the same insuperable objection. *The Maid of Saragossa*, an imaginary portrait, we presume, is not taken "in her softer hour." It is, however, a fine, unexaggerated, dark, female countenance; expressive of strength of character, but of no passion. *Lady Byron's* picture is in this number. From an incidental, but it may be an incorrect source, we learn that her ladyship sat on purpose for this portrait, that her picture might go among the other embellishments of this edition of her husband's works. Apart from the knowledge of the fact, that this is the portrait of *the wife of Byron*, of a lady mixed up with so many calamities and mysteries, there is nothing *noticeable* in the countenance, one way or another. It is a *neutral* physiognomy; the face of a person likely to hold on the even tenor of her way, if once fairly set out upon it; of a quiet, calm, unpretending woman, without one strik-

ing feature, or any indication of a character beyond the common-place. The pleasure with which we have gone over this work of art, marks a high opinion of its merits. It is beautiful in itself, unrivalled in cheapness, and, from its connexion with this new edition of Byron, will be always interesting and valuable, and in a few years *rare*.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF MODERN SCULPTURE, No. I., *with Descriptive Prose and Illustrative Poetry*. By J. K. HERVEY.—We hope the periodicals of the Fine Arts, which are becoming so plentiful, will drive half the *Annuals* to the wall, and that we shall have works which are one thing or another. This is a splendid publication. The Specimens of Sculpture are selected from the finest works of the best modern artists. They are beautifully drawn by Corbould, and engraved with great care and delicacy. There are three plates in the Number. *The Happy Mother*, from a work of Westmacott, is exquisitely soft; the picture of maternal affection in beautiful repose—

Patient as the brooding dove.

A Dancing Girl, Canova, forms the second subject. There is some dispute about the idea intended to be conveyed by this sculpture. In the Illustrations, it is called *the Dancing Girl in Repose*. "Nothing," says Mr. Hervey, "can exceed the grace of attitude, or the sweetness of expression, in this figure. The gentle inclination of the head to meet the raised forefinger; the chaplet loosened from the hair, and hung carelessly over the arm, which supports the languid frame; the relaxation and abandonment of the limbs; and the sweet and voluptuous expression of the face, speak at once of the past excitement and toil, and the present weariness and repose; while the drapery is arranged in folds, which are made to exhibit the richest contours of form, and produce lines of infinite beauty." *The third groupe* is from a basso relievo by Flaxman, *Mercury and Pandora*. It is somewhat heavy, whether the fault lie with the painter or engraver. The verses descriptive of this print possess great beauty. We shall watch the progress of this beautiful work with interest; and can assure such of our readers as may not have seen it, that it will well repay the trouble of examination.

The Scott Gallery of Beauties commences under many disadvantages. The artist who assumes the nearly impossible task of passing off as the real persons, portraits which a vivid preconception rejects as counterfeits, must not wonder if he fails, though his works should even transcend previous imaginations. Every man has a *Flora Macivor* of his own, hung in fancy's gallery. We all know the antique style of the classic features of the high-souled and enthusiastic maiden, whose beauty was but the softened reflection of her heroic brother. CHALON has given us, for Flora, a beautiful young female; but one who, we can swear, we never saw before, and wholly disclaim as the sister of *Vich Ian Vhor*. The same thing holds throughout. The sweet, baby-faced girl, with her golden locks fantastically arranged, whom Leslie has painted, is not Rose Bradwardine,—cannot be: this is a simple pretty girl, whose soul has not yet been awakened. In the sweet composure, and nun-like beauty of *Mary of Avenel*, one is more disposed to recognize an original; probably, because this quiet character is less one of the haunters of imagination than Rose or Flora. *Mysie Happer* is another failure, from the same unconquerable cause. Here is a pretty girl with a pleasing expression of face. She may be a milliner girl; or one who would hand ices or jellies charmingly over a counter, or twenty other things, but it is impossible she can be that rustic Juliet, the *Miller's Daughter*. We will not have her palmed off upon us; and positively deny her identity, even to that small *parcel* of her charms, the "very seducing dimple."—And who shall venture to present the world with a *Rebecca*, an *Amy Robsart*, a *Minna Troil*? that world which has its mind made up on the subject, and its imagination full of them, each a distinct image. Why, then, attempt impossibilities? But this is an objection which, besides closing the *Sir Walter Gallery*, would put an end to half the business of life, shut up the theatres, arrest the printing press, suspend the operations of gravers and pencils. Such attempts must be made, whether they wholly succeed or not. Many imaginations are still a *carte blanche* on which any image desired may be traced; others are so ductile as easily to receive new impressions; and many, under the power of habit, will feel the first painting of their own fancy becoming dim, and flitting from memory, as they contemplate the newer portrait; as a second love *in sight* insensibly supplants a first, removed in time and place.

A series of fine female portraits, like these, are worth having, (when they can be obtained so cheaply,) although they may not do that impossible thing, realize a million differing fancies of their fair pro-

totypes. There is dogmatism in our first opinion. Though this splendid creature may not be our *Flora*, she may be many a man's Flora; and though this is not our *Mysie Happer*, we never saw a fairer.

THE ALBUM WREATH.—A weekly periodical intended for ladies and young persons, consisting of original poetry, select sentences, and so forth; printed on tinted paper, with blank pages, and Medallion borders, for appropriate illustrations and sketches. It is too cheap. Luxuries in printing, as in every other art, must be paid for. The design is better than the execution, which is not very effective, nor can be at such price. Some of the verses are pretty.

MAJOR'S CABINET GALLERY OF PICTURES, NO. I., WITH *Critical and Historical Descriptions, by* ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.—The plan of this publication is excellent. It is to give in monthly numbers a series of pictures from the finest specimens of paintings, by the old and modern masters, which are to be found in the public or private galleries of Britain. Nor is there any law, we presume, to limit the selections to pictures within the four seas. There is no reason why transcripts of the beauties of the Italian galleries may not be brought to our own fire-sides. Mr. Major's first number contains three prints, *Bacchus and Ariadne*, by TITIAN, from the National Gallery. *Christ in the Sepulchre*, by GUERCINO, and the *Market Cart*, a charming *English* composition by GAINSBOROUGH. These pictures, fair transcripts of the valuable originals, may be brought to any table in the three kingdoms, at the cost of half-a-crown; and along with them a rare *Cicerone*, Mr. Allan Cunningham, telling us their story, and the history of their makers, and how to look at them. The printed illustrations of this number make sixteen pages of elegant letter-press. It is like the prints with which it is stitched up, of super-royal size, and will, with them, make a splendid volume. Is it judicious in the expositor to tantalize *provincials* with his eloquent eulogium on the colouring of the original TITIAN? Do not his just criticisms on the GUERCINO intimate that this is not the sort of subject for a popular selection? The GAINSBOROUGH will please every body. Of it the illustrator says, "The picture before us is one of singular truth, airiness, and beauty; all is home-bred about it. The stamp of Old England is impressed upon it every where." Those late agreeable works of Mr. Allan Cunningham's—his somewhat *embellished* LIVES OF BRITISH PAINTERS have given him ease, fulness, and facility in handling this subject; but besides his ability in this department, we are certain he could give professional people most useful hints in making a *popular* selection from the best paintings, for English purchasers. Mr. Major deserves praise for his attempt; and is safely entitled to our best wishes for his success, since nothing short of continuing to combine the same degree of talent and beauty, with cheapness, can, now-a-days ensure prosperity to his work.

PYNE'S POCKET SKETCHING COMPANION.—Many of these little sketches possess character, spirit, and freedom. Those in No. I. are capital. Our cheapness in prints will soon be, if it be not already, as wonderful as in needles, pins, and cottons. We shall beat the globe, which some of our first publishers have already challenged.

THE DRAMA.

EVERY body says, and consequently every body believes, that the palmy days of the Drama are for ever gone, and its glory utterly shadowed; the fact, waiving its melancholy attire, is interesting were it only for speculation's sake; as there stands not, perhaps, out of Euclid, a prettier problem for solution, than an inquiry into the causes of the present degraded state of theatricals. We are not about to work it, but will content ourselves with simply naming, for the edification of the thoughtless, a few of those which have been enumerated. Ingenuity is ever most fertile, where uncertainty prevails, and accordingly this lamentable consequence has been severally ascribed to the frown of fashion,—to the capricious disfavour of the press,—the straightened purses of pleasure-hunters,—the misguidance of managerial monarchs,—public apathy,—monopolies,—the absence of general talent, as well among histrionic artisans, as in dramatic composition,—and a crowd of minor suppositions, any one of all which, were sufficient to have wrought, in a greater or less degree, to the sore prejudice of the acted drama. Now fashion may have done much, but fashion, though a leader, is itself led; managerial influences may have accomplished much, for they are as omnipotent as they have been allegedly deleterious; but (to pass by the other attributed reasons as of less

comparative force) much more in the opinion of many whose thoughts are worth the having, has been effected by the hearty, unqualified, and concurrent censure in which the press has, for some years past, indulged. If there be one power of easier achievement, and of more general exercise than another, it is the power to find fault; and that disposition is of prescriptive right, exhibited upon all fitting occasions by the critics of this favoured land, in a peculiar degree, for grumbling is the birthright of every Englishman. Undeniably one unceasing growl, most untowardly for the dynasty of the drama, has issued from the sensorial throats of our literary guardians, the *primum mobile* of which it were now difficult to discover. All our scribes, it is quite certain, have long concurred, with most felicitous unanimity, in smothering it under the cumuli of their rancorous hostility. Fierce as fighting-cocks in their general inter-enmity, they have united in accordant fraternity to pour upon it the phials of their aggregated wrath, or to use it in commonality, as the waste-pipe for the escape of their unlovely humours;—that there has been fair reason for much of this acerbity, no one can doubt, and no one can doubt, moreover, that it has necessarily increased the evil it sought to redress.

The continued strain of this unrelenting vituperation could not fail ultimately to induce a corresponding tone among those who were its warmest supporters; and the public, a sad weak-minded monster, enjoying a grunt to the full as well as his betters, rose of course *en masse* and followed in the merciless desecration, till at length every seventeen-year-old frequenter of the two shilling galleries began to babble forth second hand iterations, touching the decline of the drama and the pervertion of its legitimate objects, with as much confident flippancy as any learned Theban of them all.

The public, however, still cherishes towards the drama feelings of greater fondness than he cares to avow, or has shrewdness to suspect. He loves a play to his very soul, (let him consult his conscience,) and though he jauntily turn his countenance contemptuously from it, his latent attachment is firm and faithful, and its interests are still dear to him. Much as it is decried, few subjects are more attractive; and, had he common penetration, he would see that the vivid eagerness he unconsciously manifests for all kinds of theatric intelligence, (which, because he clothes his thoughts in hard and unpleasant words, he fancies he despises,) betrays but his unconquered regards.

It is partly on account of the universality of this feeling, denied as it may be, partly because our purpose is not altogether unsolicited, and partly from reasons which are not the less cogent for being unmentioned, that we have come to the intention of directing our profundity towards the drama, and those of its collateral branches which form the source, if not of amusement, of animadversion to thankless multitudes. We have therefore invested ourselves with all proper parental attributes, and shall straightway exercise our important functions, by watching over its doings, directing its steps, pointing out the course of duty, and, so far as our authority shall extend, enforceing its fulfilment. Publicity is a mighty incentive to good behaviour, and we shall record its advancement to, or retrogression (if *further* be possible) from the propriety of excellence with even-handed impartiality, lamenting for the error of its ways; in its well-doing rejoicing.

As our remarks will be based upon as much liberality as is consistent with truth in its nudest state, and an indifferently fair share of comparative honesty, we shall be sore wounded if our sagacity do not supply such a monthly commentary as shall at least show our desire to serve the interests thus taken under the wings of our protection, and prove to the outermost ends of the earth, the rigorous equity of our decisions, tempered, as they ever are, with clemency in this, as in all other matters, submitted to our decretal judgment.

MUSIC.

THE only publications that have reached us for notice this month are three vocal sacred quartetts, composed by the late C. W. Bannister, and edited by his son Mr. H. J. Bannister, who has added to each a separate piano-forte accompaniment. The late Mr. Bannister's compositions are, we believe, much esteemed by the dissenting congregations in England. The quartetts before us, entitled *Nebo*, *Shirley*, and *Consummation*, are well constructed compositions, in the anthem style The subjects are simple and melodious; and the harmony is uniformly accurate and effective. Although not, perhaps, exactly calculated to gratify the scientific amateur, these compositions well deserve the extensive circulation they have obtained. They are the productions of a tasteful and well-informed musician, and are well fitted to inspire devotional feeling.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At 15, Drummond Place, on the 23d August, Mrs William Douglas, of a daughter.

At 37, Great King Street, on the 23d August, Mrs Archibald Boyd, of a son.

At 108, Lauriston Place, on the 23d August, Mrs MacLachlan, of a daughter.

The Lady Sussex Lennox of a still-born child.

At 32, Howard Place, on the 25th August, Mrs William Napier, of a daughter.

On the 24th August, The Lady Garvagh of a son.

At Tanfield, on the 11th August, Mrs Rennie of a daughter,

At the Marquis of Northampton's, Castle Ashley, on the 29th August, the Baroness de Normann, of a son.

At 7, Athol Crescent, on the 30th August, Mrs Hugh Dunlop, of a son.

At 50, Cumberland Street, on the 28th August, Mrs MacPherson, of a daughter.

At Gloucester Place, London, on the 27th August, the Lady of the Hon. Frederick Talmash, of a daughter.

At Blackett Place, on the 29th August, Mrs Turnbull, of a son.

At Minto Street, Newington, on the 1st September, Mrs Spittal, of a son

At 14, Shandwick Place, on the 31st August, Mrs Dauney of a daughter.

At 14, Atholl Crescent, on the 20th August, Mrs Graham, of a daughter.

At 18, Charlotte Square, on the 24th August, Mrs Robertson, of a daughter.

At 15, Drummond Place, on the 23d August, Mrs. William Douglas, of a daughter.

At 37, Great King Street, on the 23d August, Mrs Archibald Boyd, of a son.

At Mellerstain, on the 20th August, the Lady of George Baillie, Esq., junior, of Jerriswood, of a son.

At 16, Atholl Cresent, on the 28th August, Mrs Cadell, of a daughter.

At Worton Hall, on the 28th August, the Right Hon. Lady Louth, of a son and heir.

At Auchlyne House, on the 22d August, the Lady of George Andrew Campbell, Esq., of a daughter.

At Jedburgh, on the 4th September, Mrs Brown, wife of Bailie Brown, of a son.

At Coldstream, on the 26th August, the Lady of Thomas Fair, Esq., of Buenos Ayres, of a son.

At Montrose, on the 18th August, Mrs Lillie, wife of the Rev James Lillie, of a son.

At Horsleyhill, on the 29th August, Mrs Douglas, of a son.

At 29, Great King Street, on the 2d September, Mrs M. N. Macdonald, of a son.

At 36, Melville Street, 24th August, Mrs Thomas Riddell, of a son.

At 11, St. John Street, on the 2d September, Mrs Yule, of a son.

At Legerwood Manse, on the 10th September, Mrs. Cupples, of a son.

At Kirkaldy, on the 22d August, Mrs Stocks of Abden, of a daughter,

At 31, St Andrews Square, on the 29th August, Mrs George Law, of a daughter.

At West End Lodge, Thames Ditton, on the 1st September, the Lady of Francis Horsley, Esq., of a daughter.

At Morrison's Place, Piershill, the Lady of Henry Robert Addison, Esq., 2d Dragoon Guards, of a son.

At Pitfour Castle, on the 6th September, Mrs. Richardson, of a daughter.

At Stevenson, near Haddington, on the 8th September, the Lady of Sir John Gordon Sinclair, of a daughter.

At Grove House, Brompton, on the 7th September, the widow of Mr. David Blackie, W.S., of a daughter.

At 4, Heriot Row, on the 12th September, the Lady of James Robert Hart, Esq., of Drumcross Hall, of a son and heir.

At Bighouse, on the 9th September, the Lady of Major M'Kay of a daughter.

At Aberdeen, on the 6th September, Mrs Alexander Jopp, of a daughter.

At Old Windsor, on the 11th September, the Hon. Mrs Every, of a daughter.

At 30, Clarence Street, on the 9th September, the Lady of Captain James Buchanan, Honourable East India Company's Service, of a daughter.

At 62, Hanover Street, on the 9th September, the Lady of Francis Hamilton, Esq., W S of a daughter

At Runcorne, Cheshire, on the 31st August, the Lady of the Rev. Edward Allan, of a son

At Limecraigs, near Campbleton, on the 11th September, Mrs Stewart of Glenbuckie, of a daughter.

At Claremont Crescent, on the 16th September, Mrs Stone, of a daughter.

At 26, Charlotte Square, on the 17th September, the Lady of Colonel Pittman, C. B., and of the East India Company's Service, of a son.

At Springhall, on the 16th September, the Lady of George Forbes, Esq., of a daughter.

At Glasgow, on the 16th September, the Lady of John Fleming, Esq., Clermont, of a son.

At Camberwell Grove, on the 11th September, the Lady of the Rev. Henry Melville, of a son.

At Minsteed Lodge, on the 9th September, Lady Catherine Buckley, of a daughter.

At Fairfield, Somerset, the Lady of Sir Peregrine Palmer Palmer Acland, Bart, of a daughter

At Stamford Hill, on the 12th September, the Lady of J A. Droop, Esq., of a son.

At Charterhouse Square, London, on the 12th September, the Lady of the Rev. William Goode, of a daughter, still-born.

At Park Street, London, on the 6th September, the Lady Elizabeth Trefuses, of a daughter.

On the 31st August, the Lady of J. D. Alexander, Esq., M. P. of a daughter.

At Gifford's Hall, Suffolk, the Lady of Patrick Mannock, Esq, of a son.

At Brockwell Hall, Surrey, on the 31st August, the Lady of Joshua Blackburn, Esq. of a son.

At Fleet Street, London, on the 1st instant, the Lady of S. F. T. Wilde, Esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At Ludgate Lodge, Ratho, on 31st August, William Hutcheson, Esq. surgeon, South Queensferry, to Isabella, youngest daughter of the late John Hooper, Esq.

At London, Arthur W. Torrens, son of the late Major-General Sir H. Torrens, Adjutant-General, to Maria Jane, daughter of the late General Murray.

At London, on 18th August, the Hon. Henry Howard, eldest son of Lord Howard of Effingham, to Eliza, only daughter of General Sir Gordon Drummond, G. C. B.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, London, on the 21st August, F. Murray, Esq., son of the late General Murray, to Catharine Elizabeth, daughter of Lady Caroline Dundas.

At Weymouth, on 22d August, John Muir Mackenzie, Esq. younger of Delvin, to Sophia

Matilda, fifth daughter of the late James Raymond Johnston of Alva, Stirlingshire.

At Keith, on 21st August, John Wilson, Esq., Tochineal, to Helen, eldest daughter of Alexander Thorburn, Esq.

At Camperdown, Forfarshire, on 28th August, John James Allen, Esq. Royal Navy, eldest son of John Lee Allen, Esq. of Errol Park, to the Lady Henrietta Dundas Duncan, eldest daughter of the Earl of Camperdown.

At Edinburgh, on 5th September, Adam Rolland, Esq., younger of Gask, to Charlotte, daughter of the late John Craigie, Esq. of Quebec, and niece of Lord Craigie.

At Seafield, on 4th September, Mr James Wilson, merchant, Edinburgh, to Elizabeth, second daughter of the late John Clark.

At Inverin, on 11th August, the Rev. Archibald Colquhoun, to Anne, third daughter of the late John MacIntyre, Esq, Letterew.

At 10, Ainslie Place, on 6th September, Dr. William Pulteney Alison, Professor of the Theory of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh, to Margaret Crawford, eldest daughter of the late Dr. James Gregory.

At Edinburgh, on 12th September, Evan MacPherson, Esq. of Glentruim, to Helen, eldest daughter of the deceased George Birrell, Esq., late of the Hon. East India Company's service.

At Dysart, on 11th September, Montague William Perreau, Esq. of the Madras Army, to Mary, third daughter of the late Captain John Reddie.

At Dundee, on 31st August, Mr. James Bathgate, to Agnes, youngest daughter of the late Mr William Young, builder, Pathhead.

At St George's, Hanover Square, London, on 5th September, the Rev. E. Nepean, youngest son of the late Right Hon. Sir Evan Nepean, of Loders, in the county of Dorset, Bart. to Anne, second daughter of Sir H. Jenner, Knt. his Majesty's Advocate General.

At Buccleuch Street, on 31st September, Mr Richard Murray, cabinet-maker, Edinburgh, to Mrs. Wilhelmina Scott Brown, daughter of the late Mr William Brown.

At Tidsbury, on 27th August, Arthur Fane, Esq. youngest son of Lieutenant-General Sir H. Fane, G.C.B., to Lucy H. Bennet, eldest daughter of John Bennet, Esq. of Pythouse, M.P. for the county of Wilts.

At London, on 29th August, the Rev. Montague James Taylor, vicar of Harrold, Bedfordshire, to Louisa Ann, fifth daughter of Sir William Curtis, Bart. of Portland Place.

At Holland, in the county of Lancaster, on 22d August, Captain Hunter Ward, of the 43d Light Infantry, to Harriet Jane, second daughter of J. A. Hodson, Esq. of Holland Grove.

At London, on 28th August, the Rev. J. Berry, M.A. vicar of Hoxton, Cambridgeshire, to Jane, youngest daughter of the late Robert Gilbert, Esq. of St. John's Square, Clerkenwell.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, London, on 28th August, the Rev. George William Brooks, rector of Hampden, and chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Leeds, to Jane Mary, youngest daughter of William Shepherd, Esq. of Half Moon Street, Piccadilly.

At Stillorgan Church, on 28th August, Dennis Henry Kelly, Esq. eldest son of the Rev. Armstrong Kelly, of Castle Kelly, in the county of Galway, to Elizabeth Diana, eldest daughter of John Castor, Esq of Beckenham Place, Kent.

At St. Pancras New Church, London, on 25th August, Mr. James Lindley, of Camden Town, to Miss Ann M. Clough, of Brompton, Middlesex.

At Trieste, on 18th August, Charles Grotte, Esq. of Threadneedle Street, London, to Isabella, eldest daughter of George Moore, Esq. of Trieste.

At Everton, on 4th September, Thomas, eldest son of Thomas Quintin, Esq. of Hatley Park, Cambridgeshire, to Louisa, third daughter of William Astell, M.P. of Everton House, Bedfordshire.

At North Tuddenham, the Rev. John Culling Evans, to Marianne Louisa, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Day, rector of North Tuddenham.

At Greenwich, on 6th September, Henry Hamilton Douglas, Esq. late of his Majesty's Life Guards, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the late John Allen, Esq. of the Paragon, Blackheath.

At Lowestoft, on 5th September, the Rev. W. Herbert Chapman, M.A. of Emanuel College, Cambridge, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Porter Bringloe, Esq. of Hingham, in the county of Norfolk.

At St. James's Church, London, on 6th September, William Gilbert, Esq. of Clapham, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. Skelton of Piccadilly.

At Shieldhall, on 5th September, Alexander Macfadzean, Esq. M.D. to Miss Margaret Oswald, youngest daughter of the late Alexander Oswald, Esq. of Shieldhall.

At London, on 3d September, Robert Frederick Gower, Esq. to Lillias Miller, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Stewart of Kirkowan, Wigtonshire.

At Edinburgh, on 10th September, Robert Horsburgh, Esq. accountant, to Mary, second daughter of the late Alexander Marjoribanks, Esq. of Marjoribanks.

At Craig, on 12th September, by the Rev. P. Comrie, the Rev. Lewis H. Irving, minister of Abercorn, to Isabella, only surviving child of Archibald Carruthers, Esq., of Craig, Stewartry of Kircudbright.

At Luffness House, East Lothian, on 12th September, Lord Henry Francis Charles Kerr, second son of the late Marquis of Lothian, to Lousia Dorothea, only daughter of General the Hon. Sir Alexander Hope, of Craighall and Waughton, G. C. B.

At Edinburgh, on the 18th September, Mr Thomas Greig, writer, to Jane, eldest daughter of Mr George Bookless.

At Montrose, on the 7th September, the Rev. Andrew Wilson, to Catherine, daughter of the late Mr John Kinnear, merchant, Montrose.

At St. James', Piccadilly, London, on the 10th September, Hugh William Gordon, Esq., of Hans Place, only son of the late Robert Gordon, Esq., of Fort St. George, Madras, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Francis Lovell, Esq., of Sloane Street, London.

At Oxton, on 11th September, Charles, son of the Rev. Sir Charles Anderson, Bart. of Lea, in Lincolnshire, to Emma, youngest daughter of the late John Savile Folgambe, Esq. of Aldwark, in the county of York.

At Whitechurch, on 11th September, Charles T. Gaskell, Esq., of Stanmore, Middlesex, to Charlotte, daughter of the late General Bruce, of Elstree, Herts.

At Hampstead church, on 12th September, the Rev. George Payton Harvey, Rector of Horton, in Staffordshire, to Sarah Frances, eldest daughter of Thomas Sheppard, Esq., of Hampstead Heath.

At St. James' Church, London, on 10th September, James Williams Braine, Esq., of St. James' Square, to Francis Amelia, second daughter of the late Allyett Woodhouse, Esq, Advocate-General of Bombay.

At Newton Valence, on 8th September, R. Henley Payne, Esq, second son of Sir Peter Payne, Bart., M.P., of Knuston Hall, Northampton, to Lousia, youngest daughter of Henry Chawner, Esq, of Newton Manor House, Hants.

At St. Andrew's, Holborn, London, on 8th September, Andrew Playfair, of the Bank of England, Esq, to Miss Jane Dixon, late of Twickenham.

At Chepstow Church, Monmouthshire, on 11th September, Robert Gun Cunningham, Esq., of Newland Park, Gloucestershire, and Mount Kennedy, County Wicklow, Ireland, to the Hon. Arabella Eliza Pery, eldest daughter of Viscount Glentworth.

At St. Mary's Church, Bryanston Square, London, on 8th September, Elliot Roberts, Esq, of Manchester Square, to Elizabeth, widow of the late Captain Julius Johnson, of the Madras Army, daughter of Colonel Barton, Deputy Quarter Master-General, of Cawnpour, India.

At Teddesley Park, Staffordshire, Viscount Newark, to Emily, Daughter of E. J. Littleton, Esq. M.P.

DEATHS.

At 30 Morrison Street, Edinburgh, on the 29th August, Patrick Wemyss M'Arthur, eldest son of the late Captain Doual M'Arthur, retired list, 2d Royal Veteran Battalion.

At Rothsay, on the 18th August, Miss Ann Crawfurd M'Dougall, daughter of the late Colonel M'Dougall, of Polquhairn.

At Sydney, New South Wales, on 15th February last, Mr. Henry C. Newton, youngest son of the late Mr John Newton, Shipowner, Leith.

At 31, Ann Street, Edinburgh, on the 21st August, Mrs Jean Tennent, daughter of the late John Wallace, Esq. of Dambead.

On 20th August, Mr John Paul, Spirit Merchant, Candlemaker Row, Edinburgh.

At Fisherrow, on the 17th August, Mrs. Christian MacMillan, wife of Mr William Watt, merchant.

At Scone, Perth, on 18th August, Miss L. H. Dick, youngest daughter of the late Alex. Dick. Esq. accountant, Edinburgh.

At 6, Elm Row, on 21st August, Mr. Thomas Watson, upholsterer.

At 18, St Andrew's Square, on 26th August, Mrs Lillias Moore Stewart, wife of William Newbigging, Esq. surgeon.

At 3, Lauriston Lane, on 24th August, Miss Christian Erskine, daughter of the late Dr. John Erskine of Carnock.

At Edinburgh, on 29th August, Miss Jane Moir, youngest daughter of the late Andrew Moir, of Otterburn.

At 2 Shandwick Place, on the 31st August, Mary Elizabeth, youngest daughter of James Anderson, Esq. civil engineer.

At the Manse of Stromness, Orkney, on 20th August, the Rev. William Clouston, minister of Stromness and Shandwick.

At East Polten Mains, Lasswade, on 25th August, Mrs Jane Reid, relict of Mr George Dobbie, late farmer there.

At Broughton Place, Peebles-shire, on 17th August, Mr John Anderson, Cramelt.

At Peebles, on 30th August, Mr John Anderson, late in Henderland.

At Chelsea Hospital, Sir E. Home, Bart.

At Falkirk, on 22d August, Thomas William Henbest, Esq. surgeon.

At Sea, on 5th January last, Captain Duncan Ross Taylor, youngest son of the late Reverend Joseph Taylor, minister of Cambeo, Fifeshire.

At 10, Abbey Hill, on 16th August, Mr William Miller, writer, second son of the deceased Thomas Miller Esq. extractor of records.

At 45, Constitution Street, Leith, on 1st August Mr. A. D. Barclay.

At Glasgow, on 4th September, Rachel, youngest child of Mr William Dunnet, teacher, Edinburgh.

At 3, Davie Street, on 1st September, Miss Marion Shaw.

At Candlemaker Row, on 31st August, Mrs Huntly, Harrow Inn.

At Inchyra, on 26th August, Elizabeth, wife of Lieutenant Colonel Campbell, 95th Regiment, and eldest daughter of the late James Richardson, Esq. of Pitfour.

On 28th August, on his passage from London to Kirkcaldy, Mr James Forrester, mathematical instrument-maker, London.

At Bayswater, on 3d September, David Blackie, Esq. W.S. late of Edinburgh.

On 1st September, J. Wade, Esq., son of the late General Wade, and grandson to the Field-Marshal Wade.

At Lower Berkely Street, London, Cecilia, infant daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Lindsay.

At London, on 1st September, Mr. William Young, of Downe's Wharf.

At Belladrum House, Inverness-shire, on 6th September, Buchanan M'Millan, Esq. of Bow Street, Covent Garden, Printer in Ordinary to his Majesty.

At 3, Davie Street, on 1st September, Miss Marion Shaw.

At the Manse of Gladsmuir, on 4th September, the Rev. George Hamilton, D.D. minister of Gladsmuir.

Drowned, in the River Hooghly, East Indies, on 22d of March last. Mr Alexander Campbell, son of the late Donald Campbell, Esq. Ballymartin, Islay.

At 3, North Hanover Street, Glasgow, on 8th September, Margaret Young, wife of Mr Andrew Tennent, merchant.

At Glasgow, on 6th September, Mr Peter M'Nicol, wright.

At George Street, Glasgow, on 5th September, Mr Malcolm, wright.

At Finnich Malice, Stirlingshire, on 6th September, George Buchanan, Esq. late of Demerara.

At London, on 22d August, Lady Lowe, wife of Lieutenant-General Sir Hudson Lowe.

At Whitefordhill, Ayr, on 24th August, Mrs. Elizabeth Muir, wife of Mr Thomas Young, farmer.

At 36, Clyde Buildings, Glasgow, on 5th September, Mr James Young, commission merchant.

At Aberdeen, on 4th September, Ann, wife of Captain David Scott.

At Thurso, on 30th August, Lieutenant Alexander Robeson, R.N.

At Montreal, on 4th July, Mr Andrew Darling, late of Edinburgh.

At Rome, on 13th August, Gilbert Laing Meason, Esq. of Lindertis.

At Portobello, on 9th September, Isabella Corneila, youngest daughter of William Blair, Esq. advocate.

At 28, Inverleith Row, on 1st September, Jane, daughter of Captain Grace.

At 14, Carlton Place, on 3d September, Augusta Walker Campbell, daughter of Charles Campbell, Esq.

At 1, Grove Street, on 1st September, the Rev. Alexander Harper, late of Lanark.

At Wedderlie, parish of Westruther, on 2d September, Agnes Peacock.

At Wick, on 30th August, Mr. John Calder, fish-curer, Leith.

At Pathhead, on 7th September, Eliza Trail Craigie, wife of Mr. Dove, of the Customs, Kirkaldy.

At London, on 6th September, George Watt, W.S.

At George Street, on 12th September, Major H. Cheape, of the Military Establishment.

At Charlotte Street, on 7th September, Mr John Gibb, writer.

At Cornwall, Upper Canada, in June, Mr James Thomson, late farmer at Oatridge.

At Carluke, on 29th Augusr, Helen Cunningham, wife of Mr James Kay.

At Green Lettuce Lane, London, Mrs Elizabeth Airy.

At Lorne House, Isle of Man, on 21st August, Christian Taubman, widow of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Cunninghame, 58th regiment.

At Ragcate, on 26th March, Lieutenant Alex Moir, 15th regiment, Bombay Native Infantry, youngest son of the late William Moir, Esq. Newgrange.

At Cardinnis, on 22d August, Mrs. Katherine Tod, wife of Patrick Begbie, Esq.

At Annfield Place, Musselburgh, on 10th September, Mrs Ann Lamont, wife of Mr John Telfer merchant.

At Palaincottah, in March last, the Lady of Captain Carteret George Scott, 1st regiment, Native Infantry.

At Newcastle, on 5th September, Thomas Trotter, M.D.

At Hawick, on the 12th September, the Rev. John Cochrane.

At Edinburgh, on 12th September, The Rev. Alexander Nisbet, minister of the United Associate Congregation of Portsburgh.

At Quebec, on 26th July, Thomas Gordon, Esq., merchant.

At 126, Lauriston Place, on 10th September, Lieutenant J. C. Mitchell, Fife Militia.

At Edinburgh, on the 12th Septembef, Mr Andrew Craig M'Lehose, junior, son of Mr M'Lehose, W.S.

At 12, Roxburgh Place, on 10th September, Mary, eldest daughter of the late Mr Robert Pridie, hat manufacturer.

At James's Court, on 16th September, Mr Charles Stewart, printer.

At Edinburgh, on 16th September, Mrs Jean Forbes, wife of Hugh Sinclair, printer.

At Edinburgh, on 31st August, Mr Robert Hannay.

At Morrison Place, Piershill, on 16th September, Mrs Addison, wife of Lieutenant Henry Addison, Queen's Bays.

At Cadogan Place, London, on 13th September, Lady MacLean, wife of Lieut.-General, Sir Fitzroy MacLean, Bart.

At Aberdeen, on 10th September, James Calder, Esq., wine-merchant.

At Guernsey, on 9th September, Charles Tyndall, Esq., son of the late Thomas Tyndall, Esq., of the Fort near Bristol.

At Quebec, on 13th August, the Rev. Joseph L. Mills, D.D., Chaplain to his Majesty's Forces, Quebec.

At Colombo, on 31st March, Mrs Hamilton Bailey, daughter of the Right Rev. Bishop Gleig, and spouse of the Rev. Benjamin Bailey, senior chaplain of Ceylon.

At Norwood Lodge, Surrey on 11th September, Elizabeth Mary, wife of John Rays, Esq.

At Leiston House, Saxmundham, on 8th September, Charles Calvert, Esq., M.P.

At Bruges, on 5th September, Thomas Drury, Esq., Admiral of the Red.

At Wimbledon Common, on 8th September, Arthur Tyton, Esq., late of his Majesty's Customs.

At North Brixton, on 9th September, Sarah, relict of the late James Brewer, Esq., of Clapham Common.

At Chelmsford, William Meggry, Esq.

On the 1st September, T. Wilshire, Esq. of Hitchin, Herts.

At Bryanston Square, London, on 10th September, Tully Higgons, Esq.

At Dalham, Suffolk, Miss Affleck, sister of General Sir J. Affleck, Bart.

At Boulogne, on 25th August, the Rev. John Fisher, Archdeacon of Berks.

At Grotto, near Reading, Caroline Anna Maria Frederica, daughter of the Hon. Arthur Thelluson.

At Cheltenham, on 4th September, Lee Steere Steere, Esq., of Jayes, Surrey.

At Logie, on 24th August, the Rev. Dr James Robertson, South Leith.

On Friday, 21st September, at ½ past 1 P.M., Walter Scott departed. He cannot be said, at his years, and after his labours, to have been prematurely taken from us; yet so strong was the principle of vitality in his frame, so apparent is the fact that a partial giving way of the organic structure alone has occasioned his death, that we cannot look upon him as one who has lived out his full term of years. His death is "matter for a greater moan, and that we'll spend hereafter." Of all the authors of our day he was the one to whose works the term healthy may be applied. His power was of that true and conscious kind, which is at times forgotten in the intense depth of its repose. His imagination, free from the currents and eddies of passion, was the fathomless pellucid lake which mirrors everything truly but lovelier. His soul was mirrored in his features:—colossal, homely, with an expression in which shrewdness gave a playful cast to intense kindliness; as if in him love, instead of being diminished, had but been afforded fuller scope and freer play by knowledge; as if the characteristics of the cherub and seraph had in him been blended together.

J. Johnstone, Printer, 19, St. James's Square.